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THE WORKS

OF

Laurence Sterne

WITH A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

EDITED BY

JAMES P. BROWNE, M.D.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS STOTHARD, R.A.

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOL. II.

LONDON
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1885

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THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

Dixero si quid forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris
Cum venia dabis.—— —HOR.

Si quis calumnietur levius esse quam decet theologum, aut mordacius quam deceat Christianum—non Ego, sed Democritus dixit.
—ERASMUS.

Si quis Clericus, aut Monachus, verba joculatoria, risum moventia, sciebat, anathema esto. —SECOND COUNCIL OF CARTHAGE.

VOL. V. ORIG. EDIT.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN, LORD VISCOUNT SPENCER.

MY LORD,

I HUMBLY beg leave to offer you these Two Volumes:* they are the best my talents, with such bad health as I have, could produce:—had Providence granted me a larger stock of either, they had been a much more proper present to your Lordship.

I beg your Lordship will forgive me, if, at the same time I dedicate this Work to you, I join Lady SPENCER; in the liberty I take of inscribing the Story of Le Fevre, in the sixth volume, to her name; for which I have no other motive, which my heart has informed me of, but that the story is a humane one.

I am,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most devoted

and most humble Servant,

LAUR. STERNE.

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THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

CHAPTER I.

IF it had not been for these two mettlesome tits, and that madcap of a postillion who drove them from Stilton to Stamford, the thought had never entered my head. He flew like lightning:—there was a slope of three miles and a half;—we scarce touched the ground,—the motion was most rapid,—most impetuous;—'twas communicated to my brain,—my heart partook of it.—"By the great God of day," —said I, looking towards the Sun, and thrusting my arm out of the fore-window of the chaise, as I made my vow, "I will lock up my study-door the moment I get home, and throw the key of it ninety feet below the surface of the earth, into the draw-well at the back of my house."

The London waggon confirmed me in my resolution; it hung tottering upon the hill, scarce progressive, dragg'd,—dragg'd up by eight *heavy beasts*,—"by main strength!"—quoth I, nodding; "but your betters draw the same way,—and something of everybody's!—O rare!"

Tell me, ye learned, shall we for ever be adding so much to the *bulk*,—so little to the *stock?*

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Shall we for ever make new books, as apothecaries make new mixtures, by pouring only out of one vessel into another?

Are we for ever to be twisting and untwisting the same rope? for ever in the same track,—for ever at the same pace?

Shall we be destined to the days of eternity; on holidays as well as working days, to be showing the *relics of learning*, as monks do the relics of their saints,—without working one,—one single miracle with them?

Who made Man, with powers which dart him from earth to heaven in a moment;—that great, that most excellent, and most noble creature of the world,—the *miracle* of nature, as Zoroaster, in his book *περὶ Φύσεως*, called him;—the *Shekinah* of the Divine Presence, as Chrysostom;—the *image* of God, as Moses;—the *ray* of Divinity, as Plato;—the *marvel* of *marvels*, as Aristotle,—to go sneaking on at this pitiful,—pimping,—pettifogging rate?

I scorn to be as abusive as Horace upon the occasion; but if there is no catachresis in the wish, and no sin in it, I wish from my soul, that every imitator in Great Britain, France, and Ireland, had the farcy for his pains; and that there was a farcical house, large enough to hold,—ay,—and sublimate them, *tag-rag* and *bob-tail*, male and female, all together: and this leads me to the affair of *whiskers*;—but by what chain of ideas,—I leave as a legacy in *mortmain* to Prudes and Tartufs, to enjoy and make the most of.

UPON WHISKERS.

I'm sorry I made it;—'twas as inconsiderate a promise as ever entered a man's head.—A chapter upon whiskers! alas! the world will not bear it!—'tis a delicate world; but I knew not of what mettle it was made,—nor had I ever seen the under-written fragment; otherwise, as surely as noses are noses, and whiskers are whiskers still (let the world say what it will to the contrary), so surely would I have steered clear of this dangerous chapter.

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THE FRAGMENT.

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——You are half asleep, my good lady, said the old gentleman, taking hold of the old lady's hand, and giving it a gentle squeeze as he pronounced the word *whiskers*.—Shall we change the subject?—By no means, replied the old lady;—I like your account of those matters: so throwing a thin gauze handkerchief over her head, and leaning it back upon the chair, with her face turned towards him, and advancing her two feet as she reclined herself,—I desire, continued she, you will go on.

The old gentleman went on as follows:—Whiskers! cried the Queen of Navarre, dropping her knotting-ball as La Fosseuse uttered the word.—Whiskers, Madam! said La Fosseuse, pinning the ball to the queen's apron, and making a courtesy as she repeated it.

La Fosseuse's voice was naturally soft and low, yet 'twas an articulate voice; and every letter of the word *whiskers* fell distinctly upon the Queen of Navarre's ear.——Whiskers! cried the queen, laying a greater stress upon the word, and as if she had still distrusted her ears.——Whiskers! replied La Fosseuse, repeating the word a third time.—There is not a cavalier, Madam, of his age in Navarre, continued the maid of honour, pressing the page's interest upon the queen, that has so gallant a pair—— Of what? cried Margaret, smiling.——Of whiskers, said La Fosseuse, with infinite modesty.

The word *whiskers* still stood its ground, and continued to be made use of in most of the best companies throughout the little kingdom of Navarre, notwithstanding the indiscreet use which La Fosseuse had made of it: the truth was, La Fosseuse had pronounced the word not only before the queen, but upon sundry other occasions at court, with an accent which always implied something of a mystery.—And as the court of Margaret, as all the world knows, was at that time a mixture of gallantry and devotion—and whiskers

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being as applicable to the one as the other, the word naturally stood its ground:—it gained full as much as it lost; that is, the clergy were for it,—the laity were against it, and for the women,—*they* were divided.

The excellency of the figure and mien of the young Sieur de Croix was at that time beginning to draw the attention of the maids of honour towards the terrace before the palace-gate, where the guard was mounted. The Lady De Baussiere fell deeply in love with him,—La Battarelle did the same;—it was the finest weather for it that ever was remembered in Navarre.—La Guyol, La Maronette, La Sabatiere, fell in love with the Sieur De Croix also;—La Rebours and La Fosseuse knew better:—De Croix had failed in an attempt to recommend himself to La Rebours; and La Rebours and La Fosseuse were inseparable.

The Queen of Navarre was sitting with her ladies in the painted bow-window, facing the gate of the second court, as De Croix passed through it.—He is handsome, said the Lady Baussiere.——He has a good mien, said La Battarelle.——He is finely shaped, said La Guyol.——I never saw an officer of the horse-guards in my life, said La Maronette, with two such legs;——Or who stood so well upon them, said La Sabatiere.——But he has no whiskers, cried La Fosseuse.——Not a pile, said La Rebours.

The queen went directly to her oratory, musing all the way, as she walked through the gallery, upon the subject; turning it this way and that way in her fancy.—Ave Maria!—what can La Fosseuse mean? said she, kneeling down upon the cushion.

La Guyol, La Battarelle, La Maronette, La Sabatierre, retired instantly to their chambers. Whiskers! said all four of them to themselves, as they bolted their doors on the inside.

The Lady Carnavallette was counting her beads with both hands, unsuspected, under her farthingale.—From St. Anthony down to St. Ursula, inclusive, not a saint passed through her fingers without whiskers; St. Francis, St. Dominick, St. Bene't, St. Basil, St. Bridget, had all whiskers.

The Lady Baussiere had got into a wilderness of conceits,

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with moralising too intricately upon La Fosseuse's text:—she mounted her palfrey, her page followed her,—the host passed by,—the Lady Baussiere rode on.

One denier, cried the Order of Mercy,—one single denier, in behalf of a thousand patient captives, whose eyes look towards Heaven and you for their redemption!

——The Lady Baussiere rode on.

Pity the unhappy, said a devout, venerable, hoary-headed man, meekly holding up a box begirt with iron, in his withered hands. I beg for the unfortunate:—good, my lady, 'tis for a prison,—for an hospital,—'tis for an old man,—a poor man undone by shipwreck, by suretyship, by fire!—I call God and all His angels to witness,—'tis to clothe the naked,—to feed the hungry,—'tis to comfort the sick and the broken-hearted!

The Lady Baussiere rode on.

A decayed kinsman bowed himself to the ground.

——The Lady Baussiere rode on.

He ran begging bare-headed on one side of her palfrey, conjuring her by the former bonds of friendship, alliance, consanguinity, &c.——Cousin, aunt, sister, mother,—for virtue's sake, for your own, for mine, for Christ's sake, remember me!—pity me!

——The Lady Baussiere rode on.

Take hold of *my whiskers*, said the Lady Baussiere.——The page took hold of *her palfrey*. She dismounted at the end of the terrace.

There are some trains of certain ideas which leave prints of themselves about our eyes and eyebrows; and there is a consciousness of it, somewhere about the heart, which serves but to make these etchings the stronger.—We see, spell, and put them together without a dictionary.

Ha, ha! he, hee! cried La Guyol and La Sabatiere, looking close at each other's prints. Ho, ho! cried La Battarelle and Maronette, doing the same.—Whist! cried one;—st, st, said a second;—hush, quoth a third; poo, poo, replied a fourth;—gramercy! cried the Lady Carnavallette;—'twas she who bewhisker'd St. Bridget.

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La Fosseuse drew her bodkin from the knot of her hair; and having traced the outline of a small whisker, with the blunt end of it, upon one side of her upper lip, put it into La Rebours' hand.—La Rebours shook her head.

The Lady Baussiere coughed thrice into the inside of her muff.——La Guyol smiled.——Fy! said the Lady Baussiere. The Queen of Navarre touched her eye with the tip of her forefinger,—as much as to say, I understand you all.

'Twas plain to the whole court the word was ruined: La Fosseuse had given it a wound, and it was not the better for passing through all these defiles.—It made a faint stand, however, for a few months; by the expiration of which, the Sieur De Croix, finding it high time to leave Navarre for want of whiskers,—the word in course became indecent, and (after a few efforts) absolutely unfit for use.

The best word in the best language of the best world, must have suffered under such combinations.——The Curate d'Estella wrote a book against them, setting forth the dangers of accessory ideas, and warning the Navarrois against them.

Does not all the world know, said the Curate d'Estella, at the conclusion of his work, that Noses ran the same fate, some centuries ago, in most parts of Europe, which whiskers have now done in the kingdom of Navarre?—The evil, indeed, spread no farther then; but have not beds and bolsters, and night-caps, and chamber-pots, stood upon the brink of destruction ever since? Are not trouse, and placket-holes, and pump-handles,—and spigots and faucets, in danger still from the same association?—Chastity, by nature, the gentlest of all affections,—give it but its head,—'tis like a ramping and roaring lion.

The drift of the Curate d'Estella's argument was not understood: they ran the scent the wrong way. The world bridled his ass at the tail.—And when the *extremes* of *Delicacy*, and the *beginnings* of *Concupiscence*, hold their next provincial chapter, they may decree *that* bawdy also.

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CHAPTER II.

WHEN my father received the letter which brought him the melancholy account of my brother Bobby's death, he was busy calculating the expense of his riding post from Calais to Paris, and so on to Lyons.

'Twas a most inauspicious journey; my father having had every foot of it to travel over again, and his calculation to begin afresh, when he had almost got to the end of it, by Obadiah's opening the door to acquaint him the family was out of yeast,—and to ask whether he might not take the great coach-horse early in the morning, and ride in search of some.——With all my heart, Obadiah, said my father (pursuing his journey);—take the coach-horse, and welcome.——But he wants a shoe, poor creature! said Obadiah.——Poor creature! said my uncle Toby, vibrating the note back again, like a string in unison.——Then ride the Scotch horse, quoth my father hastily.——He cannot bear a saddle upon his back, quoth Obadiah, for the whole world.——The Devil's in that horse! then take Patriot, cried my father, and shut the door.——Patriot is sold, said Obadiah.——Here's for you! cried my father, making a pause, and looking into my uncle Toby's face as if the thing had not been a matter of fact.——Your Worship ordered me to sell him last April, said Obadiah.——Then go on foot for your pains, cried my father.——I had much rather walk than ride, said Obadiah, shutting the door.

What plagues! cried my father, going on with his calculations.—But the waters are out, said Obadiah,—opening the door again.

Till that moment, my father, who had a map of Sanson's, and a book of the post-roads before him, had kept his hand upon the head of his compasses, with one foot of them fixed upon Nevers, the last stage he had paid for,—purposing to go on from that point with his journey and calculation, as soon as Obadiah quitted the room: but this second attack of Obadiah's, in opening the door and laying the whole

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country under water, was too much.—He let go his compasses,—or rather, with a mixed motion between accident and anger, he threw them upon the table: and then there was nothing for him to do, but to return back to Calais (like many others) as wise as he set out.

When the letter was brought into the parlour, which contained the news of my brother's death, my father had got forwards again upon his journey to within a stride of the compasses of the very same stage of Nevers.——By your leave, Mons. Sanson, cried my father, striking the point of his compasses through Nevers into the table,—and nodding to my uncle Toby, to see what was in the letter,—twice in one night is too much for an English gentleman and his son, Mons. Sanson, to be turned back upon so lousy a town as Nevers. What think'st thou, Toby? added my father in a sprightly tone.——Unless it be a garrison-town, said my uncle Toby; for then——I shall be a fool, said my father, smiling to himself, as long as I live.—So giving a second nod, and keeping his compasses still upon Nevers with one hand, and holding his book of the post-roads in the other,—half calculating and half listening, he leaned forwards upon the table with both elbows, as my uncle Toby hummed over the letter.

—— —— —— ——
—— —— —— ——
—— —— —— ——
—— —— —— he's gone!

said my uncle Toby.——Where?—Who? cried my father. ——My nephew, said my uncle Toby.——What,—without leave,—without money,—without governor? cried my father in amazement.——No:—he is dead, my dear brother, quoth my uncle Toby. Without being ill? cried my father again. ——I dare say not, said my uncle Toby, in a low voice, and fetching a deep sigh from the bottom of his heart; he has been ill enough, poor lad! I'll answer for him,—for he is dead.

When Agrippina was told of her son's death, Tacitus informs us, that, not being able to moderate the violence

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of her passions, she abruptly broke off her work.——My father stuck his compasses into Nevers but so much the faster.—What contrarieties! his, indeed, was matter of calculation! Agrippina's must have been quite a different affair; who else could pretend to reason from history?

How my father went on, in my opinion, deserves a chapter to itself.

CHAPTER III.

——AND a chapter it shall have, and a devil of a one too;—so look to yourselves.

'Tis either Plato, or Plutarch, or Seneca, or Xenophon, or Epictetus, or Theophrastus, or Lucian,—or some one, perhaps, of later date,—either Cardan, or Budæus, or Petrarch, or Stella,—or, possibly, it may be some divine or father of the Church; St. Austin, or St. Cyprian, or Barnard, who affirms, that it is an irresistible and natural passion to weep for the loss of our friends or children;—and Seneca (I'm positive) tells us somewhere, that such griefs evacuate themselves best by that particular channel: and accordingly we find, that David wept for his son Absalom, Adrian for his Antinous, Niobe for her children, and that Apollodorus and Crito both shed tears for Socrates before his death.

My father managed his affliction otherwise; and, indeed, differently from most men, either ancient or modern; for he neither wept it away, as the Hebrews and the Romans,—nor slept it off, as the Laplanders,—nor hanged it, as the English,—nor drowned it, as the Germans;—nor did he curse it, or damn it, or excommunicate it, nor rhyme it, nor *lillibullero* it.

—He got rid of it, however.

Will your Worships give me leave to squeeze in a story between these two pages?

When Tully was bereft of his dear daughter Tullia, at first he laid it to his heart,—he listened to the voice of

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nature, and modulated his own unto it.—O my Tullia! my daughter! my child!—still, still, still,—'twas O my Tullia! —my Tullia! Methinks I see my Tullia, I hear my Tullia, I talk with my Tullia. But, as soon as he began to look into the stores of philosophy, and consider how many excellent things might be said upon the occasion,—nobody upon earth can conceive, says the great orator, how happy, how joyful it made me.

My father was as proud of his eloquence as Marcus Tullius Cicero could be for his life, and, for aught I am convinced of to the contrary at present, with as much reason: it was, indeed, his strength—and his weakness too. —His strength, for he was by nature eloquent; and his weakness, for he was hourly a dupe to it; and, provided an occasion in life would but permit him to shew his talents, or say either a wise thing, a witty, or a shrewd one—(bating the case of a systematic misfortune)—he had all he wanted. —A blessing which tied up my father's tongue, and a misfortune which set it loose with a good grace, were pretty equal: sometimes, indeed, the misfortune was the better of the two; for instance, where the pleasure of the harangue was as *ten*, and the pain of the misfortune but as *five*,—my father gained half in half; and, consequently, was as well again off as if it had never befallen him.

This clue will unravel what otherwise would seem very inconsistent in my father's domestic character;—and it is this, that, in the provocations arising from the neglects and blunders of servants, or other mishaps unavoidable in a family, his anger, or rather the duration of it, eternally ran counter to all conjecture.

My father had a favourite little mare, which he had consigned over to a most beautiful Arabian horse, in order to have a pad out of her for his own riding. He was sanguine in all his projects; so talked about his pad every day, with as absolute security as if it had been reared, broke,—and bridled and saddled at his door ready for mounting. By some neglect or other in Obadiah, it so fell out that my father's expectations were answered with nothing better than

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a mule, and as ugly a beast of the kind as ever was produced.

My mother and my uncle Toby expected my father would be the death of Obadiah,—and that there would never be an end of the disaster——See here! you rascal, cried my father, pointing to the mule, what you have done!——It was not I, said Obadiah.——How do I know that? replied my father.

Triumph swam in my father's eyes at the repartee,—the Attic salt brought water into them;—and so Obadiah heard no more about it.

Now let us go back to my brother's death.

Philosophy has a fine saying for everything.—For Death, it has an entire set: the misery was, they all at once rushed so into my father's head, that 'twas difficult to string them together, so as to make anything of a consistent show out of them.—He took them as they came.——

"'Tis an inevitable chance,—the first statute in Magna Charta;—it is an everlasting act of parliament, my dear brother,—*All must die.*

"If my son could not have died, it had been matter of wonder;—not that he is dead.

"Monarchs and princes dance in the same ring with us.

"—*To die,* is the great debt and tribute due unto nature: tombs and monuments, which should perpetuate our memories, pay it themselves; and the proudest pyramid of them all, which Wealth and Science have erected, has lost its apex, and stands obtruncated in the traveller's horizon."——(My father found he got great ease, and went on)—"Kingdoms and provinces, and towns and cities, have they not their periods? and when those principles and powers, which at first cemented and put them together, have performed their several evolutions, they fall back."——Brother Shandy, said my uncle Toby, laying down his pipe at the word *evolutions,*——Revolutions, I meant, quoth my father;—by Heaven! I meant revolutions, brother Toby;—evolutions is nonsense.——'Tis not nonsense,—said my uncle Toby.——But is it not nonsense to break the

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thread of such a discourse upon such an occasion? cried my father:—do not, dear Toby, continued he, taking him by the hand,—do not—do not, I beseech thee, interrupt me at this crisis.——My uncle Toby put his pipe into his mouth.

"Where is Troy and Mycenæ, and Thebes and Delos, and Persepolis and Agrigentum?" continued my father, taking up his book of post-roads, which he had laid down.—"What is become, brother Toby, of Nineveh and Babylon, of Cyzicum and Mitylenæ? The fairest towns that ever the sun rose upon are now no more; the names only are left; and those (for many of them are wrong spelt) are falling themselves by piece-meal to decay, and in length of time will be forgotten, and involved with everything in a perpetual night. The world itself, brother Toby, must—must come to an end.

"Returning out of Asia, when I sailed from Ægina towards Megara," (when can this have been? thought my uncle Toby) "I began to view the country round about.—Ægina was behind me, Megara was before, Piræeus on the right hand, Corinth on the left.—What flourishing towns now prostrate upon the earth! Alas! alas! said I to myself, that man should disturb his soul for the loss of a child, when so much as this lies awfully buried in his presence!—Remember, said I to myself again, remember thou art a man."

Now, my uncle Toby knew not that this last paragraph was an extract of Servius Sulpicius's consolatory letter to Tully:—he had as little skill, honest man, in the fragments, as he had in the whole pieces of antiquity:—and as my father, whilst he was concerned in the Turkey trade, had been three or four different times in the Levant, in one of which he had stayed a whole year and a half at Zante, my uncle Toby naturally concluded, that, in some one of these periods, he had taken a trip across the Archipelago into Asia; and that all this sailing affair, with Ægina behind, and Megara before, and Piræeus on the right hand, &c., &c., was nothing more than the true course of my father's

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voyage and reflections.—'Twas certainly in his *manner;* and many an undertaking critic would have built two stories higher upon worse foundations.——And pray, brother, quoth my uncle Toby, laying the end of his pipe upon my father's hand in a kindly way of interruption,—but waiting till he finished the account,—What year of our Lord was this?——'Twas no year of our Lord, replied my father.——That's impossible, cried my uncle Toby.——Simpleton! said my father,—'twas forty years before Christ was born.

My uncle Toby had but two things for it; either to suppose his brother to be the Wandering Jew, or that his misfortunes had disordered his brain.——"May the Lord God of heaven and earth protect and restore him!" said my uncle Toby, praying silently for my father, and with tears in his eyes.——

My father placed the tears to a proper account, and went on with his harangue with great spirit.——

"There is not such great odds, brother Toby, betwixt good and evil, as the world imagines."—(This way of setting off, by the bye, was not likely to cure my uncle Toby's suspicions.)——"Labour, sorrow, grief, sickness, want, and woe, are the sauces of life."——Much good may it do them!—said my uncle Toby to himself.——

"My son is dead!—so much the better;—'tis a shame, in such a tempest to have but one anchor.

"But he is gone for ever from us!—be it so.—He is gone from under the hands of his barber before he was bald;—he is but risen from a feast before he was surfeited;—from a banquet before he had got drunken.

"The Thracians wept when a child was born,"—(and we were very near it, quoth my uncle Toby)—"and feasted and made merry when a man went out of the world; and with reason. Death opens the gate of Fame, and shuts the gate of Envy after it:—it unlooses the chain of the captive,—and puts the bondsman's task into another man's hands.

"Shew me the man, who knows what life is, who dreads it—and I'll shew thee a prisoner who dreads his liberty."——

Is it not better, my dear brother Toby, (for mark,—our

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appetites are but diseases)—is it not better not to hunger at all, than to eat?—not to thirst,—than to take physic to cure it?

Is it not better to be freed from cares and agues,—from love and melancholy,—and the other hot and cold fits of life, than, like a galled traveller, who comes weary to his inn, to be bound to begin his journey afresh.

There is no terror, brother Toby, in his looks, but what it borrows from groans and convulsions,—and the blowing of noses and the wiping away of tears with the bottoms of curtains, in a dying man's room.—Strip it of these,—What is it?——'Tis better in battle than in bed, said my uncle Toby.—Take away its hearses, its mutes, and its mourning,—its plumes, escutcheons, and other mechanic aids,—What is it?—*Better in battle!* continued my father, smiling, for he had absolutely forgot my brother Bobby;—'tis terrible no way,—for consider, brother Toby,—when we *are*, death is *not*;—and when death *is*,—we are *not*.—My uncle Toby laid down his pipe to consider the proposition: my father's eloquence was too rapid to stay for any man;—away it went,—and hurried my uncle Toby's ideas along with it.——

For this reason, continued my father, 'tis worthy to recollect, how little alteration, in great men, the approaches of death have made.—Vespasian died in a jest upon his close-stool;—Galba with a sentence;—Septimius Severus in a despatch;—Tiberius in dissimulation;—and Cæsar Augustus in a compliment.——I hope 'twas a sincere one!—quoth my uncle Toby.—

'Twas to his wife,—said my father.

CHAPTER IV.

——And lastly,—for of all the choice anecdotes which history can produce of this matter, continued my father,—this, like the gilded dome which covers in the fabric,—crowns all.——

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'Tis of Cornelius Gallus the prætor,—which I dare say, brother Toby, you have read.——I dare say I have not, replied my uncle.——He died, said my father, as * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *——And if it was with his wife, said my uncle Toby,—there could be no hurt in it.——That's more than I know,—replied my father.

CHAPTER V.

My mother was going very gingerly in the dark along the passage which led to the parlour, as my uncle Toby pronounced the word *wife*.—'Tis a shrill penetrating sound of itself, and Obadiah had helped it by leaving the door a little a-jar, so that my mother heard enough of it to imagine herself the subject of the conversation; so laying the edge of her finger across her two lips,—holding in her breath, and bending her head a little downwards, with a twist of her neck—(not towards the door, but from it, by which means her ear was brought to the chink)—she listened with all her powers:—the listening slave, with the Goddess of Silence at his back, could not have given a finer thought for an intaglio.

In this attitude I am determined to let her stand for five minutes,—till I bring up the affairs of the kitchen (as Rapin does those of the church) to the same period.

CHAPTER VI.

Though, in one sense, our family was certainly a simple machine, as it consisted of a few wheels; yet there was thus much to be said for it, that these wheels were set in motion by so many different springs, and acted one upon the other from such a variety of strange principles and impulses,—that though it was a simple machine, it had all the honour

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and advantages of a complex one,—and a number of as odd movements within it as ever were beheld in the inside of a Dutch silk-mill.

Amongst these there was one, I am going to speak of, in which, perhaps, it was not altogether so singular as in many others; and it was this, that whatever motion, debate, harangue, dialogue, project, or dissertation, was going forward in the parlour, there was generally another at the same time, and upon the same subject, running parallel along with it in the kitchen.

Now to bring this about, whenever an extraordinary message, or letter, was delivered in the parlour,—or a discourse suspended till a servant went out,—or the lines of discontent were observed to hang upon the brows of my father or mother;—or, in short, when anything was supposed to be upon the tapis worth knowing or listening to, 'twas the rule to leave the door, not absolutely shut, but somewhat a-jar,—as it stands just now;—which, under covert of the bad hinge (and that possibly might be one of the many reasons why it was never mended), it was not difficult to manage; by which means, in all these cases, a passage was generally left, not indeed so wide as the Dardanelles, but wide enough, for all that, to carry on as much of this windward trade as was sufficient to save my father the trouble of governing his house:—my mother at this moment stands profiting by it.—Obadiah did the same thing, as soon as he had left the letter upon the table which brought the news of my brother's death; so that before my father had well got over his surprise, and entered upon his harangue,—had Trim got upon his legs, to speak his sentiments upon the subject.

A curious observer of nature, had he been worth the inventory of all Job's stock,—tho', by the bye, *your curious observers are seldom worth a groat*,—would have given the half of it to have heard Corporal Trim and my father, two orators so contrasted by nature and education, haranguing over the same bier.

My father,—a man of deep reading,—prompt memory,—

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—with Cato, and Seneca, and Epictetus, at his fingers' ends:—

The Corporal,—with nothing—to remember;—of no deeper reading than his muster-roll,—or greater names at his fingers' end than the contents of it.

The one proceeding from period to period, by metaphor and allusion, and striking the fancy as he went along (as men of wit and fancy do) with the entertainment and pleasantry of his pictures and images.

The other, without wit, or antithesis, or point, or turn, this way or that; but leaving the images on one side, and the pictures on the other, going straight forwards, as nature could lead him, to the heart.—O Trim! would to Heaven thou hadst a better historian!—Would thy historian had a better pair of breeches!——O ye critics! will nothing melt you?

CHAPTER VII.

——My young master in London is dead! said Obadiah.

——A green satin night-gown of my mother's, which had been twice scoured, was the first idea which Obadiah's exclamation brought into Susannah's head.——Well might Locke write a chapter upon the imperfections of words. ——Then, quoth Susannah, we must all go into mourning. ——But note a second time: the word *mourning*, notwithstanding Susannah made use of it herself,—failed also of doing its office; it excited not one single idea, tinged either with grey or black:—all was green.—The green satin night-gown hung there still.——

—Oh! 'twill be the death of my poor Mistress, cried Susannah.—My mother's whole wardrobe followed.—What a possession! her red damask,—her orange-tawny,—her white and yellow lustrings,—her brown taffeta,—her bone-laced caps, her bed-gowns, and comfortable under-petticoats.—Not a rag was left behind.—"*No;—she will never look up again!*" said Susannah.

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We had a fat, foolish scullion;—my father, I think, kept her for her simplicity;—she had been all autumn struggling with a dropsy.—He is dead, said Obadiah;—he is certainly dead!——So am not I, said the foolish scullion.

——Here is sad news, Trim, cried Susannah, wiping her eyes as Trim stepp'd into the kitchen;—Master Bobby is dead and *buried!*—the funeral was an interpolation of Susannah's;—we shall have all to go into mourning, said Susannah.

I hope not, said Trim.——You hope not! cried Susannah earnestly.—The mourning ran not in Trim's head, whatever it did in Susannah's.——I hope,—said Trim, explaining himself, I hope in God the news is not true.——I heard the letter read with my own ears, answered Obadiah; and we shall have a terrible piece of work of it in stubbing the Ox-moor.——Oh! he's dead, said Susannah.——As sure, said the scullion, as I'm alive.

I lament for him from my heart and my soul, said Trim, fetching a sigh. Poor creature!—poor boy!—poor gentleman!

——He was alive last Whitsuntide! said the coachman.——Whitsuntide! alas! cried Trim, extending his right arm, and falling instantly into the same attitude in which he read the sermon,—what is Whitsuntide, Jonathan (for that was the coachman's name), or Shrovetide, or any tide or time past, to this? Are we not here now, continued the Corporal (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly upon the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability);—and are we not—(dropping his hat upon the ground) gone! in a moment!—'Twas infinitely striking! Susannah burst into a flood of tears.—We are not stocks and stones.——Jonathan, Obadiah, the cook-maid, all melted.—The foolish fat scullion herself, who was scouring a fish-kettle upon her knees, was rous'd by it.—The whole kitchen crowded about the Corporal.

Now, as I perceive plainly, that the preservation of our constitution in church and state,—and possibly the preservation of the whole world,—or, what is the same thing,

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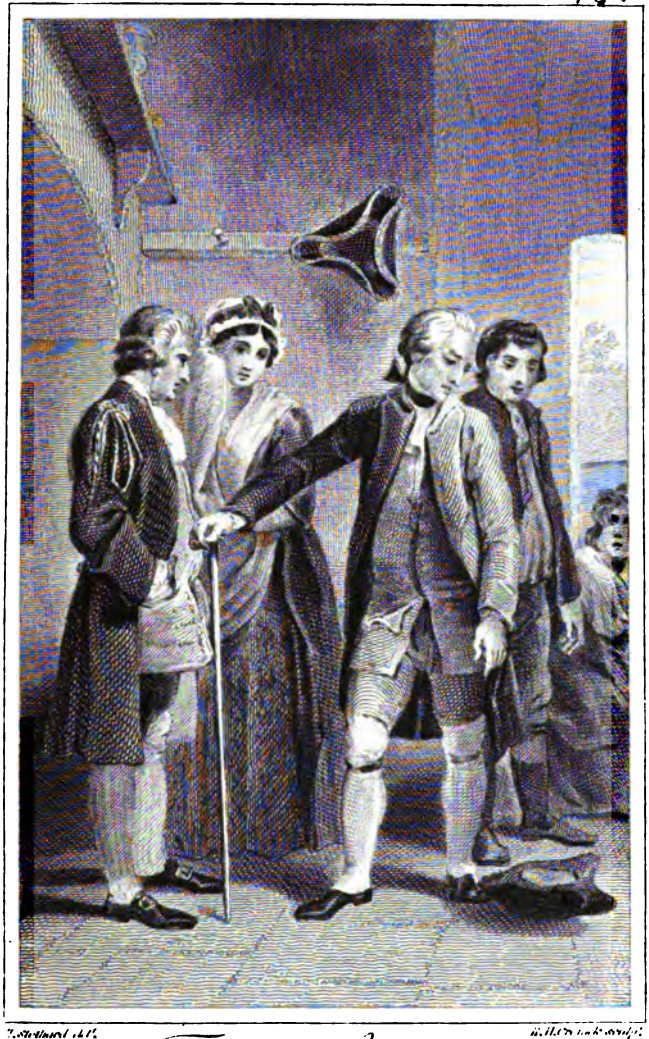
Vol. 1. p. 322.



T. Stothard del.t W. H. Cromek sculp.t

Tristram Shandy. Ch. 7.

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the distribution and balance of its property and power, may, in time to come, depend upon the right understanding of this stroke of the Corporal's] eloquence,—I do demand your attention:—your Worships and Reverences, for any ten pages together, take them where you will in any other part of the work, shall sleep for it at your ease.

I said, "We are not stocks and stones:"—'tis very well. I should have added, nor are we angels,—I wish we were! but men clothed with bodies, and governed by our imaginations;—and what a junketing piece of work of it there is betwixt these and our seven senses, especially some of them; for my own part, I own it, I am ashamed to confess. Let it suffice to affirm, that of all the senses, the eye (for I absolutely deny the touch, tho' most of your *Barbati,* I know, are for it) has the quickest commerce with the soul,—gives a smarter stroke, and leaves something more inexpressible upon the fancy than word can either convey,—or sometimes get rid of.

—I've gone a little about; no matter, 'tis for health,—let us only carry it back in our mind, to the mortality of Trim's hat.—"Are we not hear now,—and gone in a moment?"—There was nothing in the sentence;—'twas one of your self-evident truths we have the advantage of hearing every day; and if Trim had not trusted more to his hat than his head,—he had made nothing at all of it.

——"Are we not here now?" continued the Corporal; "and are we not——" (dropping his hat plump upon the ground,—and pausing, before he pronounced the word)—"gone! in a moment?"—The descent of the hat was as if a heavy lump of clay had been kneaded into the crown of it.—Nothing could have expressed the sentiment of mortality, of which it was the type and forerunner, like it;—his hand seemed to vanish from under it;—it fell dead;—the Corporal's eye fixed upon it as upon a corpse;—and Susannah burst into a flood of tears.

Now,—ten thousand, and ten thousand times ten thousand (for matter and motion are infinite) are the ways by which a hat may be dropped upon the ground without any

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effect.—Had he flung it, or thrown it, or cast it, or skimmed it, or squirted it, or let it slip or fall in any possible direction under heaven,—or in the best direction that could be given to it; had he dropped it like a goose,—like a puppy,—like an ass;—or in doing it, or even after he had done it, had he looked like a fool,—like a ninny,—like a nincompoop,—it had fail'd, and the effect upon the heart had been lost.

Ye who govern this mighty world and its mighty concerns with its engines of eloquence;—who heat it, and cool it, and melt it, and mollify it,—and then harden it again to your purpose:——

Ye who wind and turn the passions with this great windlass; and, having done it, lead the owners of them whither ye think meet:—

Ye, lastly, who drive——; and why not? Ye also who are driven, like turkeys, to market, with a stick and a red clout,—meditate,—meditate, I beseech you, upon Trim's hat.

CHAPTER VIII.

Stay,—I have a small account to settle with the reader before Trim can go on with his harangue.—It shall be done in two minutes.

Amongst many other book-debts, all of which I shall discharge in due time,—I own myself a debtor to the world for two items,—a chapter upon chamber-maids and button-holes; which, in the former part of my work, I promised and fully intended to pay off this year: but some of your Worships and Reverences telling me that the two subjects, especially so connected together, might endanger the morals of the world,—I pray the chapter upon chamber-maids and button-holes may be forgiven me,—and that they will accept of the last chapter in lieu of it; which is nothing, an't please your Reverences, but a chapter of chamber-maids, green growns, and old hats.

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Trim took his hat off the ground,—put it upon his head, —and then went on with his oration upon death, in a manner and form following:—

CHAPTER IX.

——To us, Jonathan, who know not what want or care is, —who live here in the service of two of the best of masters —(bating, in my own case, his Majesty King William the Third, whom I had the honour to serve both in Ireland and Flanders)—I own it; that from Whitsuntide to within three weeks of Christmas,—'tis not long,—'tis like nothing; but to those, Jonathan, who know what death is, and what havoc and destruction he can make, before a man can well wheel about,—'tis like a whole age.—O Jonathan!—'twould make a good-natured man's heart bleed, to consider, continued the Corporal (standing perpendicularly), how low many a brave and upright fellow has been laid since that time!—And trust me, Susy, added the Corporal, turning to Susannah, whose eyes were swimming in water,—before that time comes round again,—many a bright eye will be dim.——Susannah placed it to the right side of the page; —she wept,—but she court'sied too.—Are we not, continued Trim, looking still at Susannah,—are we not like a flower of the field?——A tear of pride stole in betwixt every two tears of humiliation,—else no tongue could have described Susannah's affliction.——Is not all flesh grass?—'tis clay,— 'tis dirt.——They all looked directly at the scullion;—the scullion had just been scouring a fish-kettle.—It was not fair.—

—What is the finest face that ever man looked at!——I could hear Trim talk so for ever, cried Susannah,—what is it!—(Susannah laid her hand upon Trim's shoulder)—but corruption!——Susannah took it off.

Now I love you for this:—and 'tis this delicious mixture within you which makes you dear creatures what you are:

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—and he who hates you for it——all I can say of the matter is,—That he has either a pumpkin for his head,—or a pippin for his heart;—and whenever he is dissected, 'twill be found so.

CHAPTER X.

WHETHER Susannah, by taking her hand too suddenly from off the Corporal's shoulder (by the whisking about of her passions)—broke a little the chain of his reflections,—

Or whether the Corporal began to be suspicious he had got into the Doctor's quarters, and was talking more like the Chaplain than himself,—

Or whether, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Or whether,—for in all such cases a man of invention and parts may, with pleasure, fill a couple of pages with suppositions,—which of all these was the cause, let the curious physiologist, or the curious anybody determine,—'tis certain, at least, the Corporal went on thus with his harangue:—

For my own part, I declare it, that out of doors, I value not death at all:—not this .. . added the Corporal, snapping his fingers;—but with an air which no one but the Corporal could have given to the sentiment.—In battle, I value not death this . . . and let him not take me cowardly, like poor Joe Gibbons, in scouring his gun.—What is he?—A pull of a trigger,—a push of a bayonet an inch this way or that,—makes the difference.—Look along the line—to the right,—see! Jack's down! Well,—'tis worth a regiment of horse to him.—No;—'tis Dick.—Then Jack's no worse.—Never mind which;—we pass on,—in hot pursuit: the wound itself which brings him is not felt,—the best way is to stand up to him;—the man who flies is in ten times more danger than the man who marches up into his jaws.—I've looked him, added the Corporal, an hundred times in the face,—and know what he is.—He's nothing, Obadiah, at all in the field.——But he's very frightful in a house, quoth Obadiah.

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——I never minded it myself, said Jonathan, upon a coach-box.——It must, in my opinion, be most natural in bed, replied Susannah.——And could I escape him by creeping into the worst calf's skin that ever was made into a knapsack, I would do it there,—said Trim;—but that is nature.

——Nature is nature, said Jonathan.——And that is the reason, cried Susannah, I so much pity my Mistress.—She will never get the better of it.——Now I pity the Captain the most of any one in the family, answered Trim.—Madam will get ease of heart in weeping,—and the Squire in talking about it,—but my poor Master will keep it all in silence to himself.—I shall hear him sigh in his bed for a whole month together, as he did for Lieutenant Le Fevre. An' please your Honour, do not sigh so piteously, I would say to him, as I lay beside him.—I cannot help it, Trim, my Master would say;—'tis so melancholy an accident,—I cannot get it off my heart.——Your Honour fears not death yourself. ——I hope, Trim, I fear nothing, he would say, but the doing a wrong thing.—Well, he would add, whatever betides, I will take care of Le Fevre's boy.—And with that, like a quieting draught, his Honour would fall asleep.

I like to hear Trim's stories about the Captain, said Susannah——He is a kindly-hearted gentleman, said Obadiah, as ever lived.——Ay, and as brave a one too, said the Corporal, as ever stept before a platoon.—There never was a better officer in the King's army,—or a better man in God's world; for he would march up to the mouth of a cannon, though he saw the lighted match at the very touch-hole;—and yet, for all that, he has a heart as soft as a child for other people:—he would not hurt a chicken.——I would sooner, quoth Jonathan, drive such a gentleman for seven pounds a year, than some for eight.——Thank thee, Jonathan! for thy twenty shillings,—as much, Jonathan, said the Corporal, shaking him by the hand, as if thou hadst put the money into my own pocket.—I would serve him to the day of my death out of love. He is a friend and a brother to me; and could I be sure my poor brother Tom was dead,—continued the Corporal, taking out his handkerchief,—was

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I worth ten thousand pounds, I would leave every shilling of it to the Captain.—Trim could not refrain from tears at this testamentary proof he gave of his affection to his Master.—The whole kitchen was affected.——Do tell us the story of the poor Lieutenant, said Susannah.——With all my heart, answered the Corporal.

Susannah, the cook, Jonathan, Obadiah, and Corporal Trim, formed a circle about the fire; and as soon as the scullion had shut the kitchen door,—the Corporal began.—

CHAPTER XI.

I AM a Turk if I had not as much forgot my mother, as if Nature had plastered me up, and set me down naked upon the banks of the river Nile, without one.—Your most obedient servant, Madam,—I've cost you a great deal of trouble,—I wish it may answer;—but you have left a crack in my back;—and here's a great piece fallen off here before:—and what must I do with this foot?—I shall never reach England with it.

For my own part I never wonder at anything;—and so often has my judgment deceived me in my life, that I always suspect it, right or wrong;—at least, I am seldom hot upon cold subjects. For all this, I reverence truth as much as anybody; and when it has slipped us, if a man will but take me by the hand, and go quietly and search for it, as for a thing we have both lost, and can neither of us do well without,—I'll go to the world's end with him. But I hate disputes,—and therefore (bating religious points, or such as touch society) I would almost subscribe to anything which does not choke me in the first passage, rather than be drawn into one.—But I cannot bear suffocation;—and bad smells worst of all.—For which reasons, I resolved from the beginning, That if ever the army of Martyrs was to be augmented, or a new one raised,—I would have no hand in it, one way or t'other.

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CHAPTER XII.

—BUT to return to my mother.

My uncle Toby's opinion, Madam, "That there could be no harm in Cornelius Gallus, the Roman prætor's lying with his wife;"—or rather the last word of that opinion,—(for it was all my mother heard of it)—caught hold of her by the weak part of the whole sex:—you shall not mistake me,—I mean her curiosity;—she instantly concluded herself the subject of the conversation; and with that prepossession upon her fancy, you will readily conceive, every word my father said was accommodated either to herself or her family-concerns.

—Pray, Madam, in what street does the lady live who would not have done the same?

From the strange mode of Cornelius's death my father had made a transition to that of Socrates, and was giving my uncle Toby an abstract of his pleading before his judges;—'twas irresistible:—not the oration of Socrates,—but my father's temptation to it.—He had wrote the Life of Socrates* himself the year before he left off trade; which, I fear, was the means of hastening him out of it;—so that no one was able to set out with so full a sail, and in so swelling a tide of heroic loftiness upon the occasion, as my father was. Not a period in Socrates's oration which closed with a shorter word than transmigration, or annihilation,—or a worse thought in the middle of it than *to be,—or not to be,*—the entering upon a new and untried state of things,—or upon a long, a profound and peaceful sleep, without dreams, without disturbance!—*That we and our children were born to die,—but neither of us born to be slaves.*—No, there I mistake; that was part of Eleazer's oration, as recorded by Josephus (de Bell. Judaic). Eleazer owns he had it from the philosophers of India. In all likelihood, Alexander the

* This book my father would never consent to publish: 'tis in manuscript, with some other tracts of his, in the family; all, or most of which, will be printed in due time.

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Great, in his irruption into India, after he had overrun Persia, amongst the many things he stole,—stole that sentiment also; by which means it was carried, if not all the way by himself (for we all know he died at Babylon), at least by some of his marauders, into Greece,—from Greece it got to Rome,—from Rome to France,—and from France to England.—So things come round:—

By land-carriage: I can conceive no other way.—

By water, the sentiment might easily have come down the Ganges into the Sinus Gangeticus, or Bay of Bengal, and so into the Indian Sea; and, following the course of trade (the way from India by the Cape of Good Hope being then unknown), might be carried, with other drugs and spices, up the Red Sea to Joddah, the port of Mecca, or else to Tor or Suez, towns at the bottom of the Gulf; and from thence by caravans to Coptos, but three days' journey distant, so down the Nile directly to Alexandria, where the *sentiment* would be landed at the very foot of the great staircase of the Alexandrian library;—and from that storehouse it would be fetched.—Bless me! what a trade was driven by the learned in those days!

CHAPTER XIII.

—Now my father had a way a little like that of Job's (in case there ever was such a man)—if not, there's an end of the matter.—

Though, by the bye, because your learned men find some difficulty in fixing the precise æra in which so great a man lived;—whether, for instance, before or after the patriarchs, &c.—to vote, therefore, that he never lived at all, is a little cruel;—'tis not doing as they would be done by.—Happen that as it may,—my father, I say, had a way, when things went extremely wrong with him, especially upon the first sally of his impatience,—of wondering why he was begot;—wishing himself dead;—sometimes worse:—and when the

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provocation ran high, and grief touched his lips with more than ordinary powers,—Sir, you scarce could have distinguished him from Socrates himself.—Every word would breathe the sentiments of a soul disdaining life, and careless about all its issues; for which reason, though my mother was a woman of no deep reading, yet the abstract of Socrates's oration, which my father was giving my uncle Toby, was not altogether new to her.—She listened to it with composed intelligence, and would have done so to the end of the chapter, had not my father plunged (which he had no occasion to have done) into that part of the pleading where the great philosopher reckons up his connections, his alliances, and children; but renounces a security to be so won, by working upon the passions of his judges.—"I have friends, —I have relations,—I have three desolate children,"—says Socrates.—

——Then, cried my mother, opening the door,—you have one more, Mr. Shandy, than I know of.

——By Heaven! I have one less,—said my father, getting up and walking out of the room.

CHAPTER XIV.

——THEY are Socrates's children, said my uncle Toby.—— He has been dead a hundred years ago, replied my mother.

My uncle Toby was no chronologer;—so not caring to advance one step but upon safe ground, he laid down his pipe deliberately upon the table, and rising up, and taking my mother most kindly by the hand, without saying another word, either good or bad, to her, he led her out after my father, that he might finish the eclaircissement himself.

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CHAPTER XV.

HAD this volume been a farce, which, unless every one's Life and Opinions are to be looked upon as a farce as well as mine, I see no reason to suppose—the last chapter, Sir, had finished the first act of it; and then this chapter must have set off thus:—

Ptr..r..r..ing, — twing, — twang, —prut, — trut; — 'tis a cursed bad fiddle.—Do you know whether my fiddle's in tune or no?—trut..prut..—They should be fifths.——'Tis wickedly strung,—tr...a.e.i.o.u. twang.—The bridge is a mile too high, and the sound-post absolutely down, else,—trut.. prut.—Hark! 'tis not so bad a tone.—Diddle diddle, diddle diddle, diddle diddle, dum. There is nothing in playing before good judges;—but there's a man there,—no, —not him with a bundle under his arm,—the grave man in black.—'Sdeath! not the gentleman with the sword on. —Sir, I had rather play a Capriccio to Calliope herself, than draw my bow across my fiddle before that very man; and yet I'll stake my Cremona to a Jew's trump, which is the greatest musical odds that ever were laid, that I will this moment stop three hundred and fifty leagues out of tune upon my fiddle, without punishing one single nerve that belongs to him.—Twaddle diddle,—tweddle diddle—twiddle diddle,—twoddle diddle,—twuddle diddle;—prut-trut,— krish,—krash,—krush.—I've undone you, Sir,—but you see he's no worse;—and was Apollo to take his fiddle after me, he can make him no better.

Diddle diddle, diddle diddle, diddle diddle,—hum,—dum, —drum.

Your Worships and your Reverences love music,—and God has made you all with good ears,—and some of you play delightfully yourselves;—trut-prut, prut-trut.

Oh! there is—whom I could sit and hear whole days,— whose talents lie in making what he fiddles to be felt;—who inspires me with his joys and hopes, and puts the most hidden springs of my heart into motion.—If you would

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borrow five guineas of me, Sir,—which is generally ten guineas more than I can spare,—or you, Messrs. Apothecary and Tailor, want your bills paying,—that's your time.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE first thing which entered my father's head, after affairs were a little settled in the family, and Susannah had got possession of my mother's green satin night-gown,—was to sit down coolly, after the example of Xenophon and write a *Tristra-pædia*, or system of education for me; collecting first for that purpose his own scattered thoughts, counsels, and notions; and binding them together, so as to form an INSTITUTE for the government of my childhood and adolescence.—I was my father's last stake,—he had lost my brother Bobby entirely,—he had lost, by his own computation, full three-fourths of me,—that is, he had been unfortunate in his three first great casts for:—my geniture, nose, and name:—there was but this one left; and accordingly my father gave himself up to it with as much devotion as ever my uncle Toby had done to his doctrine of projectiles.—The difference between them was, that my uncle Toby drew his whole knowledge of projectiles from Nicholas Tartaglia.—My father spun his, every thread of it, out of his own brain,—or had so reeled and cross-twisted what all other spinners and spinsters had spun before him, that 'twas pretty near the same torture to him.

In about three years, or something more, my father had got advanced almost into the middle of his work.—Like all other writers, he met with disappointments.—He imagined he should be able to bring whatever he had to say into so small a compass, that when it was finished and bound, it might be rolled up in my mother's housewife.—Matter grows under our hands.—Let no man say,—"Come,—I'll write a *duodecimo*."

My father gave himself up to it, however, with the most

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painful diligence, proceeding step by step in every line with the same kind of caution and circumspection (though I cannot say upon quite so religious a principle) as was used by John de la Casse, the Lord Archbishop of Benevento, in compassing his Galatea; in which his Grace of Benevento spent forty years of his life; and when the thing came out, it was not of above half the size or the thickness of a Rider's Almanack. —How the holy man managed the affair, unless he spent the greatest part of his time in combing his whiskers, or playing at *primero* with his chaplain,—would pose any mortal not let into the true secret;—and therefore 'tis worth explaining to the world, was it only for the encouragement of those few in it, who write not so much to be fed, —as to be famous.

I own, had John de la Casse, the Archbishop of Benevento, for whose memory (notwithstanding his Galatea) I retain the highest veneration,—had he been, Sir, a slender clerk,—of dull wit,—slow parts, costive head, and so forth, —he and his Galatea might have jogged on together to the age of Methuselah for me;—the phenomenon had not been worth a parenthesis.—

But the reverse of this was the truth: John de la Casse was a genius of fine parts and fertile fancy; and yet with all these great advantages of nature, which should have pricked him forwards with his Galatea, he lay under an impuissance at the same time of advancing above a line and a half in the compass of a whole summer's day. This disability in his Grace arose from an opinion he was afflicted with;—which opinion was this,—viz., That whenever a Christian was writing a book (not for his private amusement, but) where his intent and purpose was, *bonâ fide*, to print and publish it to the world,—his first thoughts were always the temptations of the evil one.—This was the state of ordinary writers: but when a personage of venerable character and high station, either in church or state, once turned author,—he maintained, that from the very moment he took pen in hand,—all the Devils in hell broke out of their holes to cajole him.—'Twas Term-time with them;—

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every thought, first and last, was captious;—how specious and good soever,—'twas all one;—in whatever form or colour it presented itself to the imagination,—'twas still a stroke of one or other of 'm levell'd at him, and was to be fenced off.—So that the life of a writer, whatever he might fancy to the contrary, was not so much a state of *composition*, as a state of *warfare;* and his probation in it, precisely that of any other man militant upon earth,—both depending alike, not half so much upon the degrees of his wit,—as his *resistance.*

My father was hugely pleased with this theory of John de la Casse, Archbishop of Benevento; and (had it not cramped him a little in his creed) I believe would have given ten of the best acres in the Shandy estate to have been the broacher of it.—How far my father actually believed in the Devil, will be seen, when I come to speak of my father's religious notions, in the progress of this work: 'tis enough to say here, as he could not have the honour of it, in the literal sense of the doctrine,—he took up with the allegory of it; and would often say, especially when his pen was a little retrograde, there was as much good meaning, truth, and knowledge, couched under the veil of John de la Casse's parabolical representation,—as was to be found in any one poetic fiction or mystic record of antiquity.—Prejudice of education, he would say, *is the Devil,*—and the multitudes of them which we suck in with our mother's milk,—*are the Devil and all.*—We are haunted with them, brother Toby, in all our lucubrations and researches; and was a man fool enough to submit tamely to what they obtruded upon him,—what would his book be? Nothing,—he would add, throwing his pen away with a vengeance;—nothing but a farrago of the clack of nurses, and of the nonsense of the old women (of both sexes) throughout the kingdom.

This is the best account I am determined to give of the slow progress my father made in his *Tristrapædia;* at which (as I said) he was three years, and something more, indefatigably at work, and, at last, had scarce completed, by

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his own reckoning, one half of his undertaking: the misfortune was, that I was all that time totally neglected and abandoned to my mother; and, what was almost as bad, by the very delay, the first part of the work, upon which my father had spent the most of his pains, was rendered entirely useless;—every day a page or two became of no consequence.

——Certainly it was ordained as a scourge upon the pride of human wisdom, That the wisest of us all should thus outwit ourselves, and eternally forego our purposes in the intemperate act of pursuing them.

In short, my father was so long in all his acts of resistance,—or, in other words,—he advanced so very slow with his work, and I began to live and get forwards at such a rate, that if an event had not happened,—which, when we get to it, if it can be told with decency, shall not be concealed a moment from my reader.—I verily believe, I had put by my father, and left him drawing a sun-dial, for no better purpose than to be buried under ground.

CHAPTER XVII.

——'Twas nothing:—I did not lose two drops of blood by it:—'twas not worth calling in a surgeon, had he lived next door to us.—Thousands suffer by choice, what I did by accident.—Doctor Slop made ten times more of it than there was occasion.—Some men rise by the art of hanging great weights upon small wires:—and I am this day (August the 10th, 1761) paying part of the price of this man's reputation.—Oh 'twould provoke a stone, to see how things are carried on in this world!—The chamber-maid had left no ******* *** under the bed.—— Cannot you contrive, master, quoth Susannah, lifting up the sash with one hand, as she spoke, and helping me up into the window-seat with the other,—cannot you manage, my dear, for a single time, to **** *** ** *** ******?——

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I was five years old.—Susannah did not consider that nothing was well hung in our family;—so, slap came the sash down like lightning upon us.——Nothing is left,—cried Susannah,—nothing is left—for me, but to run my country.——

CHAPTER XVIII.

When Susannah told the Corporal the misadventure of the sash, with all the circumstances which attended the *murder* of me,—(as she called it)—the blood forsook his cheeks:—all accessories in murder being principals,—Trim's conscience told him he was as much to blame as Susannah;—and if the doctrine had been true, my uncle Toby had as much of the bloodshed to answer for to Heaven as either of 'em;—so that neither reason nor instinct, separate or together, could possibly have guided Susannah's steps to so proper an asylum.—It is in vain to leave this to the reader's imagination:—to form any kind of hypothesis that will render these propositions feasible, he must cudgel his brains sore;—and to do it without,—he must have such brains as no reader ever had before him.—Why should I put them either to trial or to torture?—'Tis my own affair: I'll explain it myself.

CHAPTER XIX.

'Tis a pity, Trim, said my uncle Toby, resting with his hand upon the Corporal's shoulder, as they both stood surveying their works,—that we have not a couple of field-pieces to mount in the gorge of that new redoubt;—'twould secure the lines all along there, and make the attack on that side quite complete. — Get me a couple cast, Trim.——

Your Honour shall have them, replied Trim, before to-morrow morning.——

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It was the joy of Trim's heart; nor was his fertile head ever at a loss for expedients in doing it, to supply my uncle Toby in his campaigns, with whatever his fancy called for: had it been his last crown, he would have sat down and hammered it into a paderero, to have prevented a single wish in his master.—The Corporal had already,—what with cutting off the ends of my uncle Toby's spouts,—hacking and chiselling up the sides of his leaden gutters,—melting down his pewter shaving-basin;—and going at last, like Lewis the Fourteenth, on to the top of the church for spare ends, &c.—he had that very campaign brought no less than eight new battering cannons, besides three demi-culverins, into the field. My uncle Toby's demands for two more pieces for the redoubt, had set the Corporal at work again; and no better resource offering, he had taken the two leaden weights from the nursery-window; and as the sash pulleys, when the lead was gone, were of no kind of use, he had taken them away also, to make a couple of wheels for one of their carriages.

He had dismantled every sash-window in my uncle Toby's house long before, in the very same way,—though not always in the same order; for sometimes the pulleys had been wanted, and not the lead,—so then he began with the pulleys;—and the pulleys being kicked out, then the lead became useless;—and so the lead went to pot too.

—— A great MORAL might be picked handsomely out of this, but I have not time;—'tis enough to say, Wherever the demolition began, 'twas equally fatal to the sash-window.

CHAPTER XX.

THE Corporal had not taken his measures so badly in this stroke of artilleryship, but that he might have kept the matter entirely to himself, and left Susannah to have sustained the whole weight of the attack as she could: true courage is not content with coming off so.—The Corporal,

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whether as general or comptroller of the train,—'twas no matter,—had done that, without which, as he imagined, the misfortune could never have happened,—*at least in Susannah's hands.*—How would your Honours have behaved? — He determined at once, not to take shelter behind Susannah,—but to give it; and, with this resolution upon his mind, he marched upright into the parlour, to lay the whole *manœuvre* before my uncle Toby.

My uncle Toby had just then been giving Yorick an account of the battle of Steinkirk, and of the strange conduct of Count Solmes, in ordering the foot to halt, and the horse to march where it could not act; which was directly contrary to the king's command, and proved the loss of the day.

There are incidents in some families so pat to the purpose of what is going to follow,—they are scarce exceeded by the invention of a dramatic writer,—I mean of ancient days.—

Trim, by the help of his fore-finger laid flat upon the table, and the edge of his hand striking across it at right angles, made a shift to tell his story so, that priests and virgins might have listened to it!—and the story being told, the dialogue went on as follows:—

CHAPTER XXI.

——I WOULD be piquetted to death, cried the Corporal as he concluded Susannah's story, before I would suffer the woman to come to any harm:—'twas my fault, an' please your Honour,—not hers.

Corporal Trim, replied my uncle Toby, putting on his hat, which lay upon the table, if anything can be said to be a fault, when the service absolutely requires it should be done, 'tis I certainly who deserve the blame:—you obeyed your orders.

Had Count Solmes, Trim, done the same at the battle of Steinkirk, said Yorick, drolling a little upon the Corporal, who had been run over by a dragoon in the retreat,—he

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had saved thee——Saved! cried Trim, interrupting Yorick, and finishing the sentence for him after his own fashion,—he had saved five battalions, an' please your Reverence, every soul of them.—There was Cutts's, continued the Corporal, clapping the forefinger of his right hand upon the thumb of his left, and counting round his hand,—there was Cutts's,—Mackay's,—Angus's,—Graham's,—and Leven's, all cut to pieces;—and so had the English Life-guards, too, had it not been for some regiments upon the right, who marched up boldly to their relief, and received the enemy's fire in their faces, before any one of their own platoons discharged a musket.—They'll go to Heaven for it, added Trim.——Trim is right, said my uncle Toby, nodding to Yorick;—he's perfectly right.——What signified his marching the horse, continued the Corporal, where the ground was so strait, that the French had such a nation of hedges, and copses, and ditches, and fell'd trees laid this way and that, to cover them (as they always have)?—Count Solmes should have sent us;—we would have fired muzzle to muzzle with them for their lives.—There was nothing to be done for the horse:—he had his foot shot off, however, for his pains, continued the Corporal, the very next campaign, at Landen.——Poor Trim got his wound there, quoth my uncle Toby.——'Twas owing, an' please your Honour, entirely to Count Solmes; had he drubbed them soundly at Steinkirk, they would not have fought us at Landen.——Possibly not, Trim, said my uncle Toby; though, if they have the advantage of a wood, or you give them a moment's time to intrench themselves, they are a nation which will pop and pop for ever at you. There is no way but to march coolly up to them, receive their fire, and fall in upon them, pell-mell;——Ding-dong, added Trim;——Horse and foot, said my uncle Toby;——Helter skelter, said Trim;——Right and left, cried my uncle Toby.——Blood an' ounds! shouted the Corporal:—the battle raged; Yorick drew his chair a little to one side for safety; and, after a moment's pause, my uncle Toby, sinking his voice a note, resumed the discourse as follows:—

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CHAPTER XXII.

KING WILLIAM, said my uncle Toby, addressing himself to Yorick, was so terribly provoked at Count Solmes for disobeying his orders, that he would not suffer him to come into his presence for many months after.——I fear, answered Yorick, the Squire will be as much provoked at the Corporal, as the King at the Count.—But 'twould be singularly hard in this case, continued he, if Corporal Trim, who has behaved so diametrically opposite to Count Solmes, should have the fate to be rewarded with the same disgrace: —too often, in this world, do things take that train.——I would spring a mine, cried my uncle Toby, rising up, and blow up my fortifications, and my house with them, and we would perish under their ruins, ere I would stand by and see it.——Trim directed a slight, but a grateful bow towards his master,—and so the chapter ends.

CHAPTER XXIII.

—THEN, Yorick, replied my uncle Toby, you and I will lead the way abreast;——and do you, Corporal, follow a few paces behind us.——And Susannah, an' please your Honour, said Trim, shall be put in the rear.—'Twas an excellent disposition; and in this order, without either drums beating or colours flying, they marched slowly from my uncle Toby's house to Shandy-Hall.

——I wish, said Trim, as they entered the door, instead of the sash weights, I had cut off the church-spout, as I once thought to have done.——You have cut off spouts enow, replied Yorick.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

As many pictures as have been given of my father, how like him soever in different airs and attitudes,—not one, nor all of them, can ever help the reader, to any kind of preconception of how my father would think, speak, or act, upon any untried occasion or occurrence of life.—There was that infinitude of oddities in him, and of chances along with it, by which handle he would take a thing,—it baffled, Sir, all calculations. The truth was, his road lay so very far on one side from that wherein most men travelled, that every object before him presented a face and section of itself, to his eye, altogether different from the plan and elevation of it seen by the rest of mankind.—In other words, 'twas a different object, and, in course, was differently considered.

This is the true reason that my dear Jenny and I, as well as all the world besides us, have such eternal squabbles about nothing. She looks at her outside;—I, at her in—. How is it possible we should agree about her value?

CHAPTER XXV.

'Tis a point settled, and I mention it for the comfort of Confucius,* who is apt to get entangled in telling a plain story,—that provided he keeps along the line of his story, he may go backwards and forwards as he will, 'tis still held to be no disgression.

This being premised, I take the benefit of the *act of going backwards* myself.

* Mr. Shandy is supposed to mean * * * * * * * * * * *, Esq., member for * * * * *,—and not the Chinese Legislator.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

FIFTY thousand pannier-loads of Devils—(not of the Archbishop of Benevento's,—I mean of Rabelais's Devils) with their tails chopped off by their rumps, could not have made so diabolical a scream of it as I did—when the accident befell me: it summoned up my mother instantly into the nursery;—so that Susannah had but just time to make her escape down the back-stairs, as my mother came up the fore.

Now, though I was old enough to have told the story myself,—and young enough, I hope, to have done it without malignity,—yet Susannah, in passing by the kitchen, for fear of accidents, had left it in short-hand with the cook; the cook had told it, with a commentary, to Jonathan; and Jonathan to Obadiah: so that, by the time my father had rung the bell half-a-dozen times, to know what was the matter above,—was Obadiah enabled to give him a particular account of it, just as it had happened.——I thought as much, said my father, tucking up his night-gown;—and so walked upstairs.

One would imagine from this—(though for my own part I somewhat question it)—that my father, before that time, had actually wrote that remarkable character in the *Tristrapædia*, which to me is the most original and entertaining in the whole book,—and that is the *chapter upon sash windows*, with a bitter *Philippic* at the end of it, upon the forgetfulness of chambermaids—I have but two reasons for thinking otherwise.

First, had the matter been taken into consideration before the event happened, my father certainly would have nailed up the sash-window for good an' all; which, considering with what difficulty he composed books, he might have done with ten times less trouble than he could have wrote the chapter. This argument, I foresee, holds good against his writing a chapter, even after the event; but 'tis obviated under the second reason, which I have the honour to offer

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to the world in support of my opinion, that my father did not write the chapter upon sash-windows and chamber-pots at the time supposed,—and it is this:—

That, in order to render the *Tristra-pædia* complete, I wrote the chapter myself.

CHAPTER XXVII.

My father put on his spectacles,—looked,—took them off,—put them into the case,—all in less than a statutable minute; and, without opening his lips, turned about and walked precipitately downstairs. My mother imagined he had stepped down for lint and basilicon; but seeing him return with a couple of folios under his arm, and Obadiah following him with a large reading-desk, she took it for granted it was an Herbal, and so drew him a chair to the bed-side, that he might consult upon the case at his ease.

——If it be but right done, said my father, turning to the section—*de sede vel subjecto circumcisionis*,—for he had brought up *Spenser de Legibus Hebræorum Ritualibus*,—and *Maimonides*, in order to confront and examine us altogether;——

——If it be but right done, quoth he,——Only tell us, cried my mother, interrupting him, what herbs?——For that, replied my father, you must send for Dr. Slop.

My mother went down, and my father went on reading the section as follows:—

* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * ——Very well, — said my father,
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
* *—nay, if it has that convenience,—and so without stopping a moment to settle it first in his mind, whether the Jews had it from the Egyptians, or the Egyptians from the Jews,—he rose up, and rubbing his

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forehead two or three times across with the palm of his hand, in the manner we rub out the footsteps of care, when evil has trod lighter upon us than we foreboded,—he shut the book, and walked downstairs.——Nay, said he, mentioning the name of a different great nation upon every step as he set his foot upon it,—if the Egyptians,—the Syrians,—the Phœnicians,—the Arabians,—the Cappadocians,—if the Colchi and Trogodytes did it,—if Solon and Pythagoras submitted,—what is Tristram?—Who am I, that I should fret or fume one moment about the matter?

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Dear Yorick, said my father, smiling, (for Yorick had broke his rank with my uncle Toby in coming through the narrow entry, and so had stept first into the parlour) this Tristram of ours, I find, comes very hardly by all his religious rites. Never was the son of Jew, Christian, Gentile, Turk, or Infidel, initiated into them in so oblique and slovenly a manner.——But he is no worse, I trust, said Yorick.——There has been certainly, continued my father, the deuce and all to do in some part or other of the ecliptic, when this offspring of mine was formed.——*That* you are a better judge of than I, replied Yorick.——Astrologers, quoth my father, know better than us both: the time and sextile aspects have jumped awry,—or the opposite of their ascendents have not hit it as they should,—or the lords of the genitures (as they call them) have been at *bo-peep*,—or something has been wrong above, or below, with us.

'Tis possible, answered Yorick.——But is the child, cried my uncle Toby, the worse?——The Troglodytes say not, replied my father. And your theologists, Yorick, tell us ——Theologically, said Yorick;—or speaking after the

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manner of apothecaries? * — statesmen? † — or washer-women? ‡

——I'm not sure, replied my father; but they tell us, brother Toby, he's the better for it.——Provided, said Yorick, you travel him into Egypt.——Of that, answered my father, he will have the advantage, when he sees the Pyramids.

——Now, every word of this, quoth my uncle Toby, is Arabic to me.——I wish, said Yorick, 'twas so to half the world.

——Ilus,§ continued my father, circumcised his whole army one morning.——Not without a court-martial? cried my uncle Toby.——Though the learned, continued he, taking no notice of my uncle Toby's remark, but turning to Yorick—are greatly divided still, who Ilus was;—some say Saturn;—some the Supreme Being;—others, no more than a brigadier-general under Pharaoh-Necho.——Let him be who he will, said my uncle Toby, I know not by what article of war he could justify it.

The controvertists, answered my father, assign two-and-twenty different reasons for it:—others, indeed, who have drawn their pens on the opposite side of the question, have shown the world the futility of the greatest part of them.—But then again, our best polemic divines,——I wish there was not a polemic divine, said Yorick, in the kingdom:—one ounce of practical divinity—is worth a painted ship-load of all their Reverences have imported these fifty years.——Pray, Mr. Yorick, quoth my uncle Toby,—do tell me what a polemic divine is?——The best description, Captain Shandy, I have ever read, is of a couple of 'em, replied Yorick, in the account of the battle fought, single hands, betwixt Gymnast and Captain Tripet; which I have in my pocket.——I beg I may hear it, quoth my uncle Toby, earnestly. —— You shall, said Yorick. —— And as the

* Χαλεπῆς νόσου, καὶ δυσιάτου ἀπαλλαγὴ, ἢν ἄνθρακα καλοῦσιν.—PHILO.

† Τὰ τεμνόμενα τῶν ἐθνῶν πολυγονώτατα, καὶ πολυανθρωπότατα εἶναι.

‡ Καθαριότητος εἵνεκεν.—BOCHART.

§ Ὁ Ἶλος τὰ αἰδοῖα περιτέμεται· ταυτὸ ποιῆσαι καὶ τοὺς ἅμ' αὐτῷ συμμάχους καταναγκάσας.—SANCHONIATHO.

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Corporal is waiting for me at the door,—and I know the description of a battle will do the poor fellow more good than his supper,—I beg, brother, you'll give him leave to come in.——With all my soul! said my father.——Trim came in, erect and happy as an emperor; and having shut the door, Yorick took a book from his right-hand coat-pocket, and read, or pretended to read, as follows:—

CHAPTER XXIX.

——"WHICH words being heard by all the soldiers who were there, divers of them being inwardly terrified, did shrink back and make room for the assailant. All this did Gymnast very well remark and consider; and, therefore, making as if he would have alighted from off his horse, as he was poising himself on the mounting side, he most nimbly (with his short sword by his thigh) shifting his feet in the stirrup, and performing the stirrup-leather feat, whereby, after the reclining of his body downwards, he forthwith launched himself aloft in the air, and placed both his feet together upon the saddle, standing upright, with his back turned towards his horse's head.—Now (said he) my case goes forward. Then suddenly, in the same posture wherein he was, he fetched a gambol upon one foot, and turning to his left hand, failed not to carry his body perfectly round, just into his former position, without missing one jot.——Ha! said Tripet, I will not do that at this time; and not without cause.——Well, said Gymnast, I have failed,—I will undo this leap; then, with a marvellous strength and agility, turning towards the right hand, he fetched another frisking gambol as before; which done, he set his right-hand thumb upon the bow of the saddle, raised himself up, and sprang into the air, poising and upholding his own weight upon the muscle and nerve of the said thumb, and so turned and whirled himself about three times: at the fourth, reversing his body, and overturning it upside down, and

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foreside back, without *touching anything*, he brought himself betwixt the horse's two ears; and then giving himself a jerking swing, he seated himself upon the crupper—"

(This can't be fighting, said my uncle Toby.——The Corporal shook his head at it.——Have patience, said Yorick.)

"Then (Tripet) pass'd his right leg over his saddle, and placed him *en croup*.—But, said he, 'twere better for me to get into the saddle. Then putting the thumbs of both hands upon the crupper before him, and thereupon leaning himself, as upon the only supporters of his body, he incontinently turned heels over head in the air, and straight found himself betwixt the bow of the saddle, in a tolerable seat; then springing into the air with a summerset, he turned him about like a wind-mill, and made above a hundred frisks, turns, and demi-pommadas."——Good God! cried Trim, losing all patience,—one home-thrust of a bayonet is worth it all.——I think so too, replied Yorick.——

I am of a contrary opinion, quoth my father.

CHAPTER XXX.

——No;—I think I have advanced nothing, replied my father, making no answer to a question which Yorick had taken the liberty to put to him,—I have advanced nothing in the *Tristra-pædia*, but what is as clear as any one proposition in Euclid.—Reach me, Trim, that book from off the scrutoire.—It has oftentimes been in my mind, continued my father, to have read it over both to you, Yorick, and to my brother Toby; and I think it a little unfriendly in myself, in not having done it long ago.—Shall we have a short chapter or two now,—and a chapter or two hereafter, as occasions serve; and so on, till we get through the whole?——My uncle Toby and Yorick made the obeisance which was proper; and the Corporal, though he was not included in the compliment, laid his hand upon his breast, and made

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his bow at the same time.—The company smiled.——Trim, quoth my father, has paid the full price for staying out the entertainment.——He did not seem to relish the play, replied Yorick.——'Twas a tom-fool battle, an' please your Reverence, of Captain Tripet's and that other officer, making so many summersets as they advanced:—the French come on capering now and then in that way,—but not quite so much.

My uncle Toby never felt the consciousness of his existence with more complacency than what the Corporal's and his own reflections made him do at that moment:—he lighted his pipe,—Yorick drew his chair closer to the table,—Trim snuff'd the candle,—my father stirr'd up the fire, took up the book,—cough'd twice, and began.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE first thirty pages, said my father, turning over the leaves,—are a little dry; and as they are not closely connected with the subject,—for the present we'll pass them by: 'tis a prefatory introduction, continued my father, or an introductory preface (for I am not determined which name to give it) upon political or civil government: the foundation of which being laid in the first conjunction betwixt male and female, for procreation of the species,—I was insensibly led into it.——Twas natural, said Yorick.

The original of society, continued my father, I'm satisfied, is what Politian tells us, *i.e.* merely conjugal; and nothing more than the getting together of one man and one woman:—to which (according to Hesiod) the philosopher adds a servant:—but supposing in the first beginning there were no men-servants born,—he lays the foundation of it in a man,—a woman,—and a bull.——I believe 'tis an ox, quoth Yorick, quoting the passage (*οἶκον μὲν πρώτιστα, γυναῖκα τε, βοῦν τ' ἀροτῆρα*)—A bull must have given more trouble than his head was worth.—But there is a better reason still,

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said my father (dipping his pen into his ink); for the ox being the most patient of animals, and the most useful withal in tilling the ground for their nourishment,—was the properest instrument, and emblem too, for the new-joined couple, that the creation could have associated with them. ——And there is a stronger reason, added my uncle Toby, than them all for the ox.—My father had not power to take his pen out of his ink-horn till he had heard my uncle Toby's reason.——For when the ground was tilled, said my uncle Toby, and made worth inclosing, then they began to secure it by walls and ditches; which was the origin of fortification.——True, true, dear Toby, cried my father, striking out the bull, and putting the ox in his place.

My father gave Trim a nod, to snuff the candle, and resumed his discourse.

—I enter upon this speculation, said my father carelessly, and half shutting the book, as he went on, merely to shew the foundation of the natural relation between a father and his child; the right and jurisdiction over whom he acquires these several ways,—

First, By marriage;

Secondly, By adoption;

Thirdly, By legitimation;

And fourthly, By procreation; all which I consider in their order.

I lay a slight stress upon one of them, replied Yorick,—the act; especially where it ends there, in my opinion, lays as little obligation upon the child as it conveys power to the father.——You are wrong—said my father, argutely; and for this plain reason * * * *

* * * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * *

—I own, added my father, that the offspring, upon this account, is not so under the power and jurisdiction of the mother.——But the reason, replied Yorick, equally holds good for her.——She is under authority herself, said my father:—and besides, continued my father, nodding his head, and laying his finger on the side of his nose as he

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assigned his reason,—*she is not the principal agent,* Yorick.——In what? quoth my uncle Toby, stopping his pipe.——Though by all means, added my father (not attending to my uncle Toby), "*The son ought to pay her respect;*" as you may read, Yorick, at large in the first book of the Institutes of Justinian, at the eleventh title and the tenth section.——I can read it as well, replied Yorick, in the Catechism.

CHAPTER XXXII.

TRIM can repeat every word of it by heart, quoth my uncle Toby.——Pugh! said my father, not caring to be interrupted by Trim's saying his Catechism.——He can, upon my honour, replied my uncle Toby.——Ask him, Mr. Yorick, any question you please.——

—The Fifth Commandment, Trim?—said Yorick, speaking mildly, and with a gentle nod, as to a modest catechumen.—The Corporal stood silent.——You don't ask him right, said my uncle Toby, raising his voice, and giving it rapidly like the word of command:—The fifth?—cried my uncle Toby.——I must begin with the first, an' please your Honour, said the Corporal.——

—Yorick could not forbear smiling.—Your Reverence does not consider, said the Corporal, shouldering his stick like a musket, and marching into the middle of the room to illustrate his position,—that 'tis exactly the same thing as doing one's exercise in the field.—

"*Join your right hand to the firelock,*" cried the Corporal, giving the word of command, and performing the motion.—

"*Poise your firelock,*" cried the Corporal; doing the duty still both of adjutant and private man.

"*Rest your firelock,*"—One motion, an' please your Reverence, you see leads into another.—If his Honour will begin but with the first——

The First?—cried my uncle Toby, setting his hand upon

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his side,— * * * * * * *
* * * * *

The Second?—cried my uncle Toby, waving his tobacco-pipe, as he would have done his sword at the head of a regiment.—The Corporal went through his *manual* with exactness; and having *honoured his father and mother,* made a low bow, and fell back to the side of the room.

Everything in this world, said my father, is big with jest, and has wit in it, and instruction too,—if we can but find it out.

—Here is the *scaffold-work of Instruction;* its true point of folly, without the *building* behind it.

—Here is the glass for pedagogues, preceptors, tutors, governors, gerund-grinders, and bear-leaders, to view themselves in, in their true dimensions.—

Oh! there is a husk and shell, Yorick, which grows up with learning, which their unskilfulness knows not how to fling away!

—*Sciences may be learned by rote, but Wisdom not.*

Yorick thought my father inspired.—I will enter into obligations this moment, said my father, to lay out all my aunt Dinah's legacy in charitable uses (of which, by the bye, my father had no high opinion) if the Corporal has any one determinate idea annexed to any one word he has repeated.—Prithee, Trim, quoth my father, turning round to him,—What dost thou mean by "*honouring thy father and thy mother?*"——

Allowing them, an' please your Honour, three half-pence a day out of my pay, when they grow old.——And didst thou do that, Trim? said Yorick.——He did indeed, replied my uncle Toby.——Then, Trim, said Yorick, springing out of his chair, and taking the Corporal by the hand, thou art the best commentator upon that part of the Decalogue; and I honour thee more for it, Corporal Trim, than if thou hadst had a hand in the Talmud itself.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

O BLESSED health! cried my father, making an exclamation, as he turned over the leaves to the next chapter, thou art above all gold and treasure: 'tis thou who enlargest the soul, —and openest all its powers to receive instruction and relish virtue.—He that has thee, has little more to wish for;—and he that is so wretched as to want thee,—wants everything with thee.

I have concentrated all that can be said upon this important head, said my father, into very little room; therefore we'll read the chapter quite through.

My father read as follows:—

"The whole secret of health depending upon the due contention for mastery betwixt the radical heat and the radical moisture,"——You have proved that matter of fact, I suppose, above, said Yorick.——Sufficiently, replied my father.

In saying this, my father shut the book,—not as if he resolved to read no more of it, for he kept his fore-finger in the chapter:—not pettishly,—for he shut the book slowly: his thumb resting, when he had done it, upon the upper side of the cover, as his three fingers supported the lower side of it without the least compressive violence.—

I have demonstrated the truth of that point, quoth my father, nodding to Yorick, most sufficiently in the preceding chapter.

Now could the man in the moon be told that a man in the earth had wrote a chapter sufficiently demonstrating, That the secret of all health depended upon the due contention for mastery betwixt the *radical heat* and the *radical moisture*;—and that he had managed the point so well, that there was not one single word, wet or dry, upon radical heat or radical moisture, throughout the whole chapter,—or a single syllable in it, *pro* or *con*, directly or indirectly, upon the contention betwixt these two powers in any part of the animal economy,—

"O thou eternal Maker of all things!"—he would cry,

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striking his breast with his right hand (in case he had one) —"Thou whose power and goodness can enlarge the faculties of thy creatures to this infinite degree of excellence and perfection!—What have we *Moonites* done?"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

With two strokes, the one at Hippocrates, the other at Lord Verulam, did my father achieve it.

The stroke at the Prince of Physicians, with which he began, was no more than a short insult upon his sorrowful complaint of the *ars longa*,—and *vita brevis*.—Life short, cried my father, and the art of healing tedious! And who are we to thank for both the one and the other, but the ignorance of quacks themselves,—and the stage-loads of chymical nostrums, and peripatetic lumber, with which, in all ages, they have first flatter'd the world, and at last deceived it?

—O my Lord Verulam! cried my father, turning from Hippocrates, and making his second stroke at him, as the principal of nostrum-mongers, and the fittest to be made an example of to the rest,—What shall I say to thee, my great Lord Verulam? What shall I say to thy internal spirit,—thy opium,—thy saltpetre,—thy greasy unctions,—thy daily purges,—thy nightly clysters, and succedaneums?

—My father was never at a loss what to say to any man upon any subject; and had the least occasion for the exordium of any man breathing. How he dealt with his Lordship's opinion,—you shall see;—but when,—I know not:—we must first see what his Lordship's opinion was.

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CHAPTER XXXV.

"THE two great causes which conspire with each other to shorten life, says Lord Verulam, are, first,—

"The internal spirit, which, like a gentle flame, wastes the body down to death:—and, secondly, The external air, that parches the body up to ashes:—which two enemies attacking us on both sides of our bodies together, at length destroy our organs, and render them unfit to carry on the functions of life."

This being the state of the case, the road to longevity was plain: nothing more being required, says his Lordship, but to repair the waste committed by the internal spirit, by making the substance of it more thick and dense, by a regular course of opiates on one side, and by refrigerating the heat of it on the other, by three grains and a half of saltpetre every morning before you got up.——

Still this frame of ours was left exposed to the inimical assaults of the air without;—but this was fenced off again by a course of greasy unctions, which so fully saturated the pores of the skin, that no spicula could enter;—nor could any one get out.—This put a stop to all perspiration, sensible and insensible; which being the cause of so many scurvy distempers,—a course of clysters was requisite to carry off redundant humours,—and render the system complete.

What my father had to say to my Lord of Verulam's opiates, his saltpetre, and greasy unctions and clysters, you shall read,—but not to-day,—or to-morrow: time presses upon me,—my reader is impatient,—I must get forwards.—You shall read the chapter at your leisure (if you choose it) as soon as ever the *Tristra-pædia* is published.—

Suffice it at present to say,—My father levelled the hypothesis with the ground: and in doing that, the learned know, he built up and established his own.——

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE whole secret of health, said my father, beginning the sentence again, depending evidently upon the due contention betwixt the radical heat and radical moisture within us;—the least imaginable skill had been sufficient to have maintained it, had not the school-men confounded the task, merely (as Van Helmont, the famous chemist, has proved) by all along mistaking the radical moisture for the tallow and fat of animal bodies.

Now the radical moisture is not the tallow or fat of animals, but an oily and balsamous substance; for the fat or tallow, as also the phlegm or watery parts, are cold; whereas the oily and balsamous parts are of a lively heat and spirit; which accounts for the observation of Aristotle, *Quòd omne animal post coïtum este* triste.

Now it is certain that the radical heat lives in the radical moisture; but whether *vice versâ*, is a doubt: however, when the one decays, the other decays also; and then is produced either an unnatural heat, which causes an unnatural dryness,—or an unnatural moisture, which causes dropsies:—so that if a child, as he grows up, can but be taught to avoid running into fire and water, as either of 'em threaten his destruction,—'twill be all that is needful to be done upon that head.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE description of the siege of Jericho itself could not have engaged the attention of my uncle Toby more powerfully than the last chapter;—his eyes were fixed upon my father throughout it;—he never mentioned radical heat and radical moisture, but my uncle Toby took his pipe out of his mouth, and shook his head; and as soon as the chapter was finished, he beckoned to the Corporal to come close to his chair, to ask him the following question,—*aside*:— * * *

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* * * * * * * * .——It was at the siege of Limerick, 'an please your Honour, replied the Corporal, making a bow.——

The poor fellow and I, quoth my uncle Toby, addressing himself to my father, were scarce able to crawl out of our tents at the time the siege of Limerick was raised, upon the very account you mention.——Now what can have got into that precious noddle of thine, my dear brother Toby? cried my father mentally.——By Heaven! continued he, communing still with himself, it would puzzle an Œdipus to bring it in point.

I believe, 'an please your Honour, quoth the Corporal, that if it had not been for the quantity of brandy we set fire to every night, and the claret and cinnamon with which I plied your Honour off,——And the Geneva, Trim, added my uncle Toby, which did us more good than all,——I verily believe, continued the Corporal, we had both, an' please your Honour, left our lives in the trenches, and been buried in them too.——The noblest grave, Corporal, cried my uncle Toby, his eyes sparkling as he spoke, that a soldier could wish to lie down in!——But a pitiful death for him! an' please your Honour, replied the Corporal.——

All this was as much Arabic to my father as the rites of the Colchi and Troglodytes had been before to my uncle Toby: my father could not determine whether he was to frown or to smile.

My uncle Toby, turning to Yorick, resumed the case at Limerick more intelligibly than he had begun it,—and so settled the point for my father at once.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

It was undoubtedly, said my uncle Toby, a great happiness for myself and the Corporal, that we had all along a burning fever, attended with a most raging thirst, during the whole five-and-twenty days the flux was upon us in the

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camp; otherwise, what my brother calls the radical moisture, must, as I conceive it, inevitably have got the better.——My father drew in his lungs topfull of air, and, looking up, blew it forth again, as slowly as he possibly could.——

It was Heaven's mercy to us, continued my uncle Toby, which put it into the Corporal's head to maintain that due contention betwixt the radical heat and the radical moisture, by reinforcing the fever, as he did all along with hot wine and spices; whereby the Corporal kept up (as it were) a continual firing; so that the radical heat stood its ground from the beginning to the end, and was a fair match for the moisture, terrible as it was.——Upon my honour, added my uncle Toby, you might have heard the contention with our bodies, brother Shandy, twenty toises.——If there was no firing, said Yorick.——

Well,—said my father, with a full aspiration, and pausing awhile after the word,——was I a judge, and the laws of the country which made me one permitted it, I would condemn some of the worst malefactors, provided they had had their clergy,——

——Yorick, foreseeing the sentence was likely to end with no sort of mercy, laid his hand upon my father's breast, and begged he would respite it for a few minutes, till he asked the Corporal a question.——Prithee, Trim, said Yorick, without staying for my father's leave,—tell us honestly,—what is thy opinion concerning this self-same radical heat and radical moisture?——

With humble submission to his Honour's better judgment, quoth the Corporal, making a bow to my uncle Toby,——Speak thy opinion freely, Corporal, said my uncle Toby. ——The poor fellow is my servant,—not my slave,—added my uncle Toby, turning to my father.——

The Corporal put his hat under his left arm, and with his stick hanging upon the wrist of it, by a black thong split into a tassel about the knot, he marched up to the ground where he had performed his catechism; then touching his under-jaw with the thumb and fingers of his right hand before he opened his mouth,—he delivered his notion thus:—

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

Just as the Corporal was hemming to begin,—in waddled Dr. Slop.——'Tis not two-pence matter,—the Corporal shall go on in the next chapter, let who will come in.——

Well, my good doctor, cried my father sportively, for the transitions of his passions were unaccountably sudden:—and what has this whelp of mine to say to the matter?——

Had my father been asking after the amputation of the tail of a puppy dog,—he could not have done it in a more careless air: the system which Dr. Slop had laid down to treat the accident by, no way allowed of such a mode of enquiry—He sat down.——

Pray, Sir, quoth my uncle Toby, in a manner which could not go unanswered,—In what condition is the boy?——'Twill end in a *phimosis*, replied Dr. Slop.——

I am no wiser than I was, quoth my uncle Toby, returning his pipe into his mouth.——Then let the Corporal go on, said my father, with his medical lecture.——The Corporal made a bow to his old friend, Dr. Slop, and then delivered his opinion concerning radical heat and radical moisture, in the following words:——

CHAPTER XL.

The city of Limerick, the siege of which was begun under his Majesty King William himself, the year after I went into the army,—lies, an' please your Honours, in the middle of a devilish wet swampy country.——'Tis quite surrounded, said my uncle Toby, with the Shannon; and is, by its situation, one of the strongest fortified places in Ireland.—

I think this is a new fashion, quoth Dr. Slop, of beginning a medical lecture.——'Tis all true, answered Trim.——Then I wish the faculty would follow the cut of it, said Yorick.——'Tis all cut through, an' please your Reverence,

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said the Corporal, with drains and bogs; and besides, there was such a quantity of rain fell during the siege, the whole country was like a puddle;—'twas that, and nothing else, which brought on the flux, and which had like to have killed both his Honour and myself. Now there was no such thing, after the first ten days, continued the Corporal, for a soldier to lie dry in his tent, without cutting a ditch round it, to draw off the water;—nor was that enough for those who could afford it, as his Honour could, without setting fire every night to a pewter-dish-full of brandy which took off the damp of the air, and made the inside of the tent as warm as a stove.—

And what conclusion dost thou draw, Corporal Trim, cried my father, from all these premises?——

I infer, an' please your Worship, replied Trim, that the radical moisture is nothing in the world but ditch-water;—and that the radical heat of those who can go to the expense of it, is burnt brandy:—the radical heat and moisture of a private man, an' please your Honours, is nothing but ditch-water—and a dram of Geneva:—and give us but enough of it, with a pipe of tobacco, to give us spirits and drive away the vapours,—we know not what it is to fear death.——

I am at a loss, Captain Shandy, quoth Dr. Slop, to determine in which branch of learning your servant shines most; whether in physiology or divinity.—Slop had not forgot Trim's comment upon the sermon.——

It is but an hour ago, replied Yorick, since the Corporal was examined in the latter, and passed muster with great honour.——

The radical heat and moisture, quoth Dr. Slop, turning to my father, you must know, is the basis and foundation of our being,—as the root of a tree is the source and principle of its vegetation.—It is inherent in the seeds of all animals, and may be preserved sundry ways; but principally, in my opinion, by *consubstantials*, *impriments*, and *occludents*.—Now this poor fellow, continued Dr. Slop, pointing to the Corporal, has had the misfortune to have heard some superficial empiric discourse upon this nice point.——That he

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has,—said my father.——Very likely, said my uncle.——I'm sure of it,—quoth Yorick.——

CHAPTER XLI.

DOCTOR SLOP being called out to look at a cataplasm he had ordered, it gave my father an opportunity of going on with another chapter in the *Tristra-pædia.*——Come! cheer up, my lads; I'll show you land;—for when we have tugged thro' that chapter, the book shall not be opened again this twelvemonth.—Huzza!—

CHAPTER XLI.

——FIVE years with a bib under his chin;

Four years in travelling from Christ-cross-row to Malachi;

A year and a half in learning to write his own name;

Seven long years and more τυπτω-ing it, at Greek and Latin;

Four years at his *probations* and his *negations*;—the fine statue still lying in the middle of the marble block,—and nothing done, but his tools sharpened to hew it out!—'Tis a piteous delay!—Was not the great Julius Scaliger within an ace of never getting his tools sharpened at all?—Forty-four years old was he before he could manage his Greek;—and Peter Damianus, Lord Bishop of Ostia, as all the world knows, could not so much as read when he was of man's estate;—and Baldus himself, as eminent as he turned out after, entered upon the law so late in life, that everybody imagined he intended to be an advocate in the other world. No wonder, when Eudamidas, the son of Archidamus, heard Xenocrates at seventy-five disputing about *wisdom*, that he asked gravely,—"If the old man be yet disputing and enquiring concerning wisdom,—what time will he have to make use of it?"

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Yorick listened to my father with great attention: there was a seasoning of wisdom unaccountably mixed up with his strangest whims; and he had sometimes such illumination in the darkest of his eclipses, as almost atoned for them. —Be wary, Sir, when you imitate him.

I am convinced, Yorick, continued my father, half reading and half discoursing, that there is a north-west passage to the intellectual world; and that the soul of man has shorter ways of going to work, in furnishing itself with knowledge and instruction, than we generally take with it.—But, alack! all fields have not a river or a spring running beside them; —every child, Yorick, has not a parent to point it out.

—The whole entirely depends, added my father, in a low voice, upon the *auxiliary verbs*, Mr. Yorick.

Had Yorick trod upon Virgil's snake, he could not have looked more surprised.—I am surprised too, cried my father, observing it;—and I reckon it as one of the greatest calamities which ever befell the republic of letters, that those who have been entrusted with the education of children, and whose business it was to open their minds and stock them early with ideas, in order to set the imagination loose upon them, have made so little use of the auxiliary verbs in doing it, as they have done;—so that, except Raymond Lullius, and the elder Pelegrini, the last of whom arrived to such perfection in the use of 'em, with his topics, that, in a few lessons, he could teach a young gentleman to discourse with plausibility upon any subject, *pro* and *con*, and to say and write all that could be spoken or written concerning it, without blotting a word, to the admiration of all who beheld him.——I should be glad, said Yorick, interrupting my father, to be made to comprehend this matter.——You shall, said my father.

The highest stretch of improvement a single word is capable of, is a high metaphor;—for which, in my opinion, the idea is generally the worse, and not the better;—but, be that as it may,—when the mind has done that with it, —there is an end;—the mind and the idea are at rest,— until a second idea enters;—and so on.

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Now the use of the *Auxiliaries* is, at once to set the soul a-going by herself upon the materials as they are brought her; and by the versability of this great engine, round which they are twisted, to open new tracts of enquiry, and make every idea engender millions.

You excite my curiosity greatly, said Yorick.

For my own part, quoth my uncle Toby, I have given it up.——The Danes, an' please your Honour, quoth the Corporal, who were on the left at the siege of Limerick, were all auxiliaries.——And very good ones, said my uncle Toby.—And your Honour roul'd with them,—captains with captains,—very well, said the Corporal.——But the auxiliaries, Trim, my brother is talking about, answered my uncle Toby,—I conceive to be different things.

——You do? said my father, rising up.

CHAPTER XLIII.

My father took a single turn across the room, then sat down and finished the chapter.

The verbs auxiliary we are concerned in here, continued my father, are, *am, was, have, had, do, did, make, made, suffer, shall, should, will, would, can, could, owe, ought, used,* or *is wont*;—and these, varied with tenses, *present, past, future,* and conjugated with the verb *see,*—or with these questions added to them:—*Is it? Was it? Will it be? Would it be? May it be? Might it be?*—and these again put negatively, *Is it not? Was it not? Ought it not?*—or affirmatively,—*It is, It was, It ought to be*;—or chronologically,—*Has it been always? Lately? How long ago?*—or hypothetically,—*If it was? If it was not?*—what would follow?—If the French should beat the English?—If the Sun go out of the Zodiac?

Now, by the right use and application of these, continued my father, in which a child's memory should be exercised, there is no one idea can enter his brain, how barren soever,

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but a magazine of conceptions and conclusions may be drawn forth from it—Didst thou ever see a white bear? cried my father, turning his head round to Trim, who stood at the back of his chair.——No, an' please your Honour, replied the Corporal.——But thou could'st discourse about one, Trim, said my father, in case of need?——How is it possible, brother, quoth my uncle Toby, if the Corporal never saw one?—'Tis the fact I want, replied my father;—and the possibility of it is as follows:—

A WHITE BEAR! Very well. Have I ever seen one? Might I ever have seen one? Am I ever to see one? Ought I ever to have seen one? Or can I ever see one?

Would I had seen a white bear! (for how can I imagine it?)

If I should see a white bear, what should I say? If I should never see a white bear, what then?

If I never have, can, must, or shall see a white bear alive,—have I ever seen the skin of one? Did I ever see one painted?—described? Have I never dreamed of one?

Did my father, mother, uncle, aunt, brothers or sisters, ever see a white bear? What would they give? How would they behave? How would the white bear have behaved? Is he wild? Tame? Terrible? Rough? Smooth?

—Is the white bear worth seeing?

—Is there no sin in it?

—Is it better than a *black one?*

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THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOL. VI. ORIG. EDIT.

Dixero si quid forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris
Cum venia dabis.—— —HOR.

Si quis calumnietur levius esse quam decet theologum, aut mordacius quam deceat Christianum—non Ego, sed Democritus dixit.
—ERASMUS.

Si quis Clericus, aut Monachus, verba joculatoria, risum moventia, sciebat, anathema esto. —SECOND COUNCIL OF CARTHAGE.

CHAPTER I.

WE'LL not stop two moments, my dear Sir;—only, as we have got thro' these five volumes * (do, Sir, sit down upon a set,—they are better than nothing), let us just look back upon the country we have passed through.

——What a wilderness it has been! and what a mercy that we have not both of us been lost, or devoured by wild beasts in it!

Did you think the world itself, Sir, had contained such a number of Jack Asses?——How they view'd and review'd

* Seven, according to the original edition.

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us, as they passed over the rivulet at the bottom of that little valley!—and when we climbed over that hill, and were just getting out of sight,—good God! what a braying did they all set up together!

—Prithee, Shepherd, who keeps all those Jack Asses? * * *

—Heaven be their comforter!—What! are they never curried?—Are they never taken in in winter?—Bray,—bray,—bray. Bray on,—the world is deeply your debtor;—louder still; that's nothing:—in good sooth, you are ill-used.—Was I a Jack Ass, I solemnly declare, I would bray in G-sol-re-ut from morning even unto night.

CHAPTER II.

When my father had danced his white bear backwards and forwards, through half-a-dozen pages, he closed the book for good an' all;—and, in a kind of triumph, redelivered it into Trim's hand, with a nod to lay it upon the 'scrutoire, where he found it.——Tristram, said he, shall be made to conjugate every word in the Dictionary, backwards and forwards the same way:—every word, Yorick, by this means, you see, is converted into a thesis, or an hypothesis;—every thesis and hypothesis have an offspring of propositions;—and each proposition has its own consequences and conclusions; every one of which leads the mind on again into fresh tracts of enquiries and doubtings.—The force of this engine, added my father, is incredible in opening a child's head.——'Tis enough, brother Shandy, cried my uncle Toby, to burst it into a thousand splinters.——

I presume, said Yorick, smiling,—it must be owing to this,—(for let logicians say what they will, it is not to be accounted for sufficiently from the bare use of the ten predicaments)—that the famous Vincent Quirino, amongst the many other astonishing feats of his childhood,—of which the Cardinal Bembo has given the world so exact a story,—should be able to paste up in the public schools at Rome,

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so early as in the eighth year of his age, no less than four thousand five hundred and sixty different theses, upon the most abstruse theology;—and to defend and maintain them in such sort, as to cramp and dumbfound his opponents. ——What is that, cried my father, to what is told us of Alphonsus Tostatus, who, almost in his nurse's arms, learned all the sciences and liberal arts, without being taught any one of them?—What shall we say of the great Peireskius? ——That's the very man, cried my uncle Toby, I once told you of, brother Shandy, who walked a matter of five hundred miles, reckoning from Paris to Schevling, and from Schevling back again, merely to see Stevinus's flying chariot. —He was a very great man! added my uncle Toby (meaning Stevinus.)——He was so, brother Toby, said my father, (meaning Peireskius);—and had multiplied his ideas so fast, and increased his knowledge to such a prodigious stock, that, if we may give credit to an anecdote concerning him, which we cannot withhold here, without shaking the authority of all anecdotes whatever,—at seven years of age, his father committed entirely to his care the education of his younger brother, a boy of five years old,—with the sole management of all his concerns.——Was the father as wise as the son? quoth my uncle Toby.——I should think not, said Yorick.——But what are these, continued my father—(breaking out in a kind of enthusiasm)—what are these, to those prodigies of childhood in Grotius, Scioppius, Heinsius, Politian, Pascal, Joseph Scaliger, Ferdinand de Cordouè, and others;—some of whom left off their *substantial forms* at nine years old, or sooner, and went on reasoning without them;—others went through their classics at seven;—wrote tragedies at eight.—Ferdinand de Cordouè was so wise at nine,—'twas thought the Devil was in him;—and at Venice gave such proofs of his knowledge and goodness, that the monks imagined he was Antichrist, or nothing.——Others were masters of fourteen languages at ten; finished the course of their rhetoric, poetry, logic, and ethics, at eleven; —put forth their commentaries upon Servius and Martianus Capella at twelve;—and at thirteen, received their degrees

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in philosophy, laws, and divinity.——But you forgot the great Lipsius, quoth Yorick, who composed a work * the day he was born.——They should have wiped it up, said my uncle Toby, and said no more about it.

CHAPTER III.

When the cataplasm was ready, a scruple of decorum had unseasonably rose up in Susannah's conscience, about holding the candle whilst Slop tied it on: Slop had not treated Susannah's distemper with anodynes;—and so a quarrel had ensued betwixt them.

—Oh! oh!—said Slop, casting a glance of undue freedom in Susannah's face, as she declined the office;—then, I think I know you, Madam.——You know me, Sir! cried Susannah fastidiously, and with a toss of her head, levelled evidently, not at his profession, but at the Doctor himself;—you know me! cried Susannah again.——Dr. Slop clapped his finger and his thumb instantly upon his nostrils;——Susannah's spleen was ready to burst at it;——'Tis false, said Susannah.——Come, come, Mrs. Modesty, said Slop, not a little elated with the success of his last thrust;—if you won't hold the candle and look,—you may hold it and shut your eyes.——That's one of your Popish shifts, cried Susannah.——'Tis better, said Slop, with a nod, than no shift at all, young woman.——I defy you, Sir, cried Susannah, pulling her shift-sleeve below her elbow.

It was almost impossible for two persons to assist each other, in a surgical case, with a more splenetic cordiality.

* Nous aurions quelque intérêt, says Baillet, de montrer qu'il n'a rien de ridicule s'il étoit véritable, au moins dans le sens énigmatique que Nicius Erythræus a tâché de lui donner. Cet auteur dit que pour comprendre comme Lipse, il a pû composer un ouvrage le premier jour de sa vie, il faut s'imaginer, que se premier jour n'est pas celui de sa naissance charnelle, mais celui au quel il a commencé d'user de la raison; il veut que ç'ait été à l'âge de neuf ans; et il nous veut persuader que ce fut en cet âge, que Lipse fit un poëme.—Le tour est ingénieux, &c., &c.

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Slop snatched up the cataplasm;—Susannah snatched up the candle.——A little this way, said Slop.—Susannah, looking one way, and rowing another, instantly set fire to Slop's wig; which, being somewhat bushy and unctuous withal, was burnt out before it was well kindled.——You impudent whore! cried Slop,—(for what is passion but a wild beast?) —you impudent whore! cried Slop, getting upright, with the cataplasm in his hand.——I never was the destruction of anybody's nose, said Susannah;—which is more than you can say.——Is it? cried Slop, throwing the cataplasm in her face.——Yes it is! cried Susannah, returning the compliment with what was left in the pan.

CHAPTER IV.

Doctor Slop and Susannah filed cross-bills against each other in the parlour: which done, as the cataplasm had failed, they retired into the kitchen to prepare a fomentation for me;—and whilst that was doing, my father determined the point, as you will read.

CHAPTER V.

You see 'tis high time, said my father, addressing himself equally to my uncle Toby and Yorick, to take this young creature out of these women's hands, and put him into those of a private governor. Marcus Antoninus provided fourteen governors all at once, to superintend his son Commodus's education!—and in six weeks he cashiered five of them. I know very well, continued my father, that Commodus's mother was in love with a gladiator at the time of her conception; which accounts for a great many of Commodus's cruelties when he became emperor;—but still I am of

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opinion, that those five whom Antoninus dismissed, did Commodus's temper, in that short time, more hurt than the other nine were able to rectify all their lives long.

Now, as I consider the person who is to be about my son, as the mirror in which he is to view himself from morning to night; and by which he is to adjust his looks, his carriage, and, perhaps, the inmost sentiments of his heart,—I would have one, Yorick, if possible, polished at all points, fit for my child to look into.——This is very good sense, quoth my uncle Toby to himself.

—There is, continued my father, a certain mien and motion of the body and all its parts, both in acting and speaking, which argues a man *well within;* and I am not at all surprised that Gregory of Nazianzum, upon observing the hasty and untoward gestures of Julian, should foretell he would one day become apostate;—or that St. Ambrose should turn his amanuensis out of doors, because of an indecent motion of his head, which went backwards and forwards like a flail;—or that Democritus should conceive Protagoras to be a scholar, from seeing him bind up a faggot, and thrusting, as he did it, the small twigs inwards. —There are a thousand unnoticed openings, continued my father, which let a penetrating eye at once into a man's soul; and I maintain it, added he, that a man of sense does not lay down his hat in coming into a room, or take it up in going out of it, but something escapes, which discovers him.

It is for these reasons, continued my father, that the governor I make choice of shall neither * lisp, nor squint, nor wink, nor talk loud, nor look fierce, nor foolish;—nor bite his lips, nor grind his teeth, nor speak through his nose, nor pick it, nor blow it with his fingers.

He shall neither walk fast, nor slow, nor fold his arms,—for that is laziness;—nor hang them down,—for that is folly; nor hide them in his pocket, for that is nonsense.

He shall neither strike, nor pinch, nor tickle,—nor bite, nor cut his nails, nor hawk, nor spit, nor snift, nor drum with his feet or fingers in company;—nor (according to

* Vid. Pellegrina.

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Erasmus) shall he speak to any one in making water,—nor shall he point to carrion or excrement.——Now this is all nonsense again, quoth my uncle Toby to himself.

I will have him, continued my father, cheerful, *facété*, jovial; at the same time prudent, attentive to business, vigilant, acute, argute, inventive, quick in resolving doubts and speculative questions;—he shall be wise, and judicious, and learned.——And why not humble, and moderate, and gentle-tempered, and good? said Yorick.——And why not, cried my uncle Toby, free, and generous, and bountiful, and brave?——He shall, my dear Toby, replied my father, getting up and shaking him by his hand.——Then, brother Shandy, answered my uncle Toby, raising himself off the chair, and laying down his pipe to take hold of my father's own hand,—I humbly beg I may recommend poor Le Fevre's son to you—(a tear of joy of the first water sparkled in my uncle Toby's eye, and another, the fellow to it, in the Corporal's as the proposition was made)—you will see why, when you read Le Fevre's story.——Fool that I was! nor can I recollect (nor perhaps you) without turning back to the place, what it was that hindered me from letting the Corporal tell it in his own words;—but the occasion is lost, —I must tell it now in my own.

CHAPTER VI.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.

It was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies, which was about seven years before my father came into the country,—and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe;—when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small side-

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board,—I say, sitting,—for in consideration of the Corporal's lame knee, (which sometimes gave him exquisite pain) when my uncle Toby dined or supped alone, he would never suffer the Corporal to stand; and the poor fellow's veneration for his master was such, that, with the proper artillery, my uncle Toby could have taken Dendermond itself, with less trouble than he was able to gain this point over him; for many a time, when my uncle Toby supposed the Corporal's leg was at rest, he would look back, and detect him standing behind him with the most dutiful respect.—This bred more little squabbles between them, than all other causes for five-and-twenty years together; but this is neither here nor there,—why do I mention it? Ask my pen; it governs me,—I govern not it.

He was one evening sitting thus at his supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour, with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack.——'Tis for a poor gentleman, I think, of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste anything, till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast.—*I think*, says he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me.*

If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing, added the landlord, I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill. I hope in God he will still mend! continued he: we are all of us concerned for him.

——Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim, yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too. There must be something more than common in him, that, in so short a time, should win so much upon

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the affections of his host:——And of his whole family, added the Corporal, for they are all concerned for him.——Step after him, said my uncle Toby; do, Trim; and ask if he knows his name.

——I have quite forgot it truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the Corporal;—but I can ask his son again.——Has he a son with him, then? said my uncle Toby.——A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father: he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day. He has not stirred from the bed-side these two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took away, without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

——Stay in the room a little, said my uncle Toby.

Trim, said my uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe, and smok'd about a dozen whiffs.——Trim came in front of his master, and made his bow;—my uncle Toby smok'd on, and said no more.——Corporal! said my uncle Toby;——The Corporal made his bow——My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

Trim! said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my *roquelaure*, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.——Your Honour's *roquelaure*, replied the Corporal, has not once been had on since the night before your Honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas; and, besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the *roquelaure*, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your Honour your death, and bring on your Honour's torment in your groin.——I fear so, replied my uncle Toby; but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me.—I wish I had not known so much of this affair, added my uncle Toby, or that I had known

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more of it. How shall we manage it?——Leave it, an' please your Honour, to me, quoth the Corporal. I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your Honour a full account in an hour.——Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby; and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant.——I shall get it all out of him, said the Corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe: and had it not been that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the *tenaille* a straight line as a crooked one,—he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

CHAPTER VII.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE CONTINUED.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account:

——I despaired at first, said the Corporal, of being able to bring back your Honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick Lieutenant.——Is he in the army, then? said my uncle Toby.——He is, said the Corporal.——And in what regiment? said my uncle Toby.——I'll tell your Honour, replied the Corporal, everything straight forwards, as I learnt it.——Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again.——The Corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it, *Your Honour is good*.—and having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered, and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

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I despaired at first, said the Corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your Honour about the Lieutenant and his son;—for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing everything which was proper to be asked,——(That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby)——I was answered, an' please your Honour, that he had no servant with him; that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed (to join, I suppose, the regiment), he had dismissed the morning after he came. ——If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, we can hire horses from hence. ——But, alas! the poor gentleman will never go from hence, said the landlady to me, for I heard the death-watch all night long; and, when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him, for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the Corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of:—but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth.——Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it.——I believe, Sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself.——I am sure, said I, his Honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.——The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.——Poor youth! said my uncle Toby; he has been bred up from an infant in the army; and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend!—I wish I had him here!

——I never, in the longest march, said the Corporal, had so great a mind for my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company. What could be the matter with me, an' please your Honour?——Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose, but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

——When I gave him the toast, continued the Corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's

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servant, and that your Honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father; and that if there was anything in your house, or cellar——(And thou might'st have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby)——he was heartily welcome to it.——He made a very low bow (which was meant to your Honour), but no answer;—for his heart was full;—so he went upstairs with the toast.—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again. Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen-fire; but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth.——I thought it wrong, added the Corporal.——I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

——When the Lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen, to let me know that, in about ten minutes, he should be glad if I would step upstairs.——I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers; for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side, and, as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.

——I thought, said the Curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.——I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.——Are you sure of it? replied the Curate.——A soldier, an' please your Reverence, said I, prays as often, of his own accord, as a parson; and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.——'Twas well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby.——But when a soldier, said I, an' please your Reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,—or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches;—harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day;—harassing others to-morrow;—detached here;—countermanded there;—resting this night out upon his arms;—beat up in his shirt the next;—benumbed in his joints;—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on;—must say his prayers *how*

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and *when* he can;——I believe, said I,—for I was piqued, quoth the Corporal, for the reputation of the army,—I believe, an' please your Reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily as a parson—though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.——Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby,—for God only knows who is a hypocrite,—and who is not.—At the great and general review of us all, Corporal, at the day of judgment (and not till then)—it will be seen who have done their duties in this world,—and who have not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.——I hope we shall, said Trim.——It is in the Scripture, said my uncle Toby; and I will show it thee to-morrow.—In the meantime we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a Governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be enquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one.——I hope not, said the Corporal.——But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story.——

When I went up, continued the Corporal, into the Lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,—he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it.—The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I suppose he had been kneeling;—the book was laid upon the bed;—and, as he arose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time.——Let it remain there, my dear, said the Lieutenant.——

He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up close to his bedside.——If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me. ——If he was of Levens's,—said the Lieutenant.——I told him your Honour was.——Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him;—but

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'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.—You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a Lieutenant in Angus's; —but he knows me not,—said he, a second time, musing! —possibly he may my story, added he.—Pray tell the Captain, I was the Ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.——I remember the story, an't please your Honour, said I, very well.——Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I.——In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kissed it twice.—Here, Billy, said he;—The boy flew across the room to the bedside,—and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too,—then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.——

I wish, said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh,—I wish, Trim, I was asleep!——

Your Honour, replied the Corporal, is too much concerned.—Shall I pour your Honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?——Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.——

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the Ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted;—and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other (I forget what) was universally pitied by the whole regiment;—but finish the story thou art upon. ——'Tis finished already, said the Corporal,—for I could stay no longer;—so wished his Honour a good night.—Young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders.—But alas! said the Corporal, —the Lieutenant's last day's march is over!——Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE CONTINUED.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour,—though I tell it only for the sake of those who, when coop'd in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not, for their souls, which way in the world to turn themselves,—That, notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously, that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner;—that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp,—and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn: and except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade,—he left Dendermond to itself,—to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor Lieutenant and his son.

——That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this.——

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the Corporal, as he was putting him to bed,—and I will tell thee in what, Trim,—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre,—as sickness and travelling are both expensive,—and thou knowest he was but a poor Lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay,—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.——Your Honour knows, said the Corporal, I had no orders.——True, quoth my uncle Toby,—thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hadst the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby,—when thou offeredst

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him whatever was in my house,—thou shouldst have offered him my house too.—A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim: and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him.—Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim;—and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.

——In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling,—he might march.——He will never march, an' please your Honour, in this world, said the Corporal.——He *will* march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off.——An' please your Honour, said the Corporal, he will never march, but to his grave. ——He *shall* march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he *shall* march to his regiment.——He cannot stand it, said the Corporal.——He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby.——He'll drop at last, said the Corporal; and what will become of his boy?——He *shall not* drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly.——Ah well-a-day!—do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point,—the poor soul will die.——*He shall not die, by G—!* cried my uncle Toby.

——The *accusing spirit*, which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in;—and the *recording angel*, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

CHAPTER IX.

——My uncle Toby went to his bureau,—put his purse into his breeches-pocket, and, having ordered the Corporal to go early in the morning for a physician,—he went to bed, and fell asleep.

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CHAPTER X.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE CONTINUED.

THE sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's;—the hand of Death pressed heavy upon his eyelids;—and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle,—when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the Lieutenant's room, and, without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-side, and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother-officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him;—and without giving him time to answer any one of these inquiries, went on, and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the Corporal the night before for him.

——You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, to my house,—and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter;—and we'll have an apothecary;—and the Corporal shall be your nurse;—and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.——

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby,—not the *effect* of familiarity,—but the *cause* of it,—which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature. To this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.—The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart,—rallied back;—the film forsook his eyes for a moment;—he

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looked up wistfully in my uncle Toby's face;—then cast a look upon his boy;—and that *ligament*, fine as it was,—was never broken.—

Nature instantly ebb'd again;—the film returned to its place;—the pulse fluttered,—stopp'd,—went on,—throbb'd,—stopp'd again,—moved,—stopp'd,——Shall I go on?——No.

CHAPTER XI.

I AM so impatient to return to my own story, that what remains of young Le Fevre's, that is, from this turn of his fortune to the time my uncle Toby recommended him for my preceptor, shall be told in a very few words in the next chapter.—All that is necessary to be added to this chapter is as follows:—

That my uncle Toby, with young Le Fevre in his hand, attended the poor Lieutenant, as chief mourners, to his grave.

That the governor of Dendermond paid his obsequies all military honours;—and that Yorick, not to be behindhand,—paid him all ecclesiastic,—for he buried him in his chancel.—And it appears likewise, he preached a funeral sermon over him.—I say it *appears*,—for it was Yorick's custom, which I suppose a general one with those of his profession, on the first leaf of every sermon which he composed, to chronicle down the time, the place, and the occasion of its being preached: to this he was ever wont to add some short comment or stricture upon the sermon itself,—seldom, indeed, much to its credit.—For instance, "This sermon upon the Jewish dispensation,—I don't like it at all;—though I own there is a world of water-landish knowledge in it;—but 'tis all tritical, and most tritically put together.—This is but a flimsy kind of composition. What was in my head when I made it!

"—*N.B.* The excellency of this text is, that it will suit any sermon;—and of this sermon,—that it will suit any text.

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——"For this sermon I shall be hanged,—for I have stolen the greatest part of it. Doctor Paidagunes found me out. ☞ Set a thief to catch a thief."

On the back of half-a-dozen I find written, *So, so,*—and no more:—and upon a couple, *Moderato;* by which, as far as one may gather from Altieri's Italian Dictionary,—but mostly from the authority of a piece of green whipcord, which seemed to have been the unravelling of Yorick's whip-lash, with which he has left us the two sermons marked *Moderato,* and the half-dozen of *So, so,* tied fast together in one bundle by themselves,—one may safely suppose he meant pretty nearly the same thing.

There is but one difficulty in the way of this conjecture, which is this, that the *moderato*'s are five times better than the *so so*'s:—show ten times more knowledge of the human heart;—have seventy times more wit and spirit in them;—(and, to rise properly in my climax)—discover a thousand times more genius;—and, to crown all, are infinitely more entertaining than those tied up with them:—for which reason, whenever Yorick's *dramatic* sermons are offered to the world, though I shall admit but one out of the whole number of the *so so*'s, I shall, nevertheless, adventure to print the two *moderato*'s without any sort of scruple.

What Yorick could mean by the words *lentamente,—tenute,—grave,*—and sometimes *adagio,*—as applied to theological compositions, and with which he has characterised some of these sermons, I dare not venture to guess. I am more puzzled still, upon finding *a l'octava alta!* upon one;—*con strepito* upon the back of another;—*Siciliana* upon a third;—*alla capella* upon a fourth;—*con l'arco* upon this;—*senza l'arco* upon that.—All I know is, that they are musical terms, and have a meaning;—and as he was a musical man, I will make no doubt but that, by some quaint application of such metaphors to the compositions in hand, they impressed very distinct ideas of their several characters upon his fancy,—whatever they may do upon that of others.

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Amongst these, there is that particular sermon which has unaccountably led me into this digression.—The funeral-sermon upon poor Le Fevre, wrote out very fairly, as if from a hasty copy.—I take notice of it the more, because it seems to have been his favourite composition.—It is upon mortality; and is tied length-ways and cross-ways with a yarn thrum, and then rolled up and twisted round with a half-sheet of dirty blue paper, which seems to have been once the cast cover of a general review, which to this day smells horribly of horse-drugs.—Whether these marks of humiliation were designed,——I something doubt;—because at the end of the sermon (and not at the beginning of it)—very different from his way of treating the rest, he had wrote

Bravo!

—Though not very offensively,—for it was at two inches, at least, and a half's distance from and below the concluding line of the sermon, at the very extremity of the page, and in that right-hand corner of it which, you know, is generally covered with your thumb: and, to do it justice, it is wrote besides with a crow's quill so faintly in a small Italian hand, as scarce to solicit the eye towards the place, whether your thumb is there or not;—so that, from the *manner of it*, it stands half excused; and being wrote, moreover, with very pale ink, diluted almost to nothing,—'tis more like a *ritratto* of the shadow of Vanity than of Vanity herself,—of the two; resembling rather a faint thought of transient applause, secretly stirring up in the heart of the composer, than a gross mark of it, coarsely obtruded upon the world.

With all these extenuations, I am aware, that, in publishing this, I do no service to Yorick's character as a modest man;—but all men have their failings! and what lessens this still farther, and almost wipes it away is this,—That the word was struck through some time afterwards (as appears from a different tint of the ink) with a line quite across it, in this manner, ~~*Bravo*~~,—as if he had retracted, or was ashamed of the opinion he had once entertained of it.

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These short characters of his sermons were always written, except in this one instance, upon the first leaf of his sermon, which served as a cover to it; and usually upon the inside of it, which was turned towards the text;—but at the end of his discourse, where, perhaps, he had five or six pages, and sometimes, perhaps, a whole score to turn himself in,—he took a larger circuit, and, indeed, a much more mettlesome one;—as if he had snatched the occasion of unlacing himself with a few more frolicsome strokes at vice, than the straitness of the pulpit allowed.—These, though, hussar-like, they skirmish lightly and out of all order, are still auxiliaries on the side of Virtue.—Tell me, then, Mynheer Vander Blonederdondergewdenstronke, why they should not be printed together?

CHAPTER XII.

When my uncle Toby had turned everything into money, and settled all accounts betwixt the agent of the regiment and Le Fevre, and betwixt Le Fevre and all mankind, there remained nothing more in my uncle Toby's hands than an old regimental coat and sword; so that my uncle Toby found little or no opposition from the world in taking administration. The coat, my uncle Toby gave the Corporal.—Wear it, Trim, said my uncle Toby, as long as it will hold together, for the sake of the poor Lieutenant.—And this—said my uncle Toby, taking up the sword in his hand, and drawing it out of the scabbard as he spoke,—and this, Le Fevre, I'll save for thee;—'tis all the fortune, continued my uncle Toby, hanging it up upon a crook, and pointing to it,—'tis all the fortune, my dear Le Fevre, which God has left thee; but if he has given thee heart to fight thy way with it in the world,—and thou doest it like a man of honour,—'tis enough for us.

As soon as my uncle Toby had laid a foundation, and taught him to inscribe a regular polygon in a circle, he sent him to a public school, where,—excepting Whitsuntide and

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Christmas, at which time the Corporal was punctually despatched for him,—he remained to the spring of the year seventeen; when the stories of the Emperor's sending his army into Hungary against the Turks, kindling a spark of fire in his bosom, he left his Greek and Latin without leave, and throwing himself upon his knees before my uncle Toby, begged his father's sword, and my uncle Toby's leave along with it, to go and try his fortune under Eugene.—Twice did my uncle Toby forget his wound, and cry out, Le Fevre, I will go with thee, and thou shalt fight beside me!—and twice he laid his hand upon his groin, and hung down his head in sorrow and disconsolation.—

My uncle Toby took down the sword from the crook, where it had hung untouched ever since the Lieutenant's death, and delivered it to the Corporal to brighten up;—and having detained Le Fevre a single fortnight to equip him, and contract for his passage to Leghorn,—he put the sword into his hand,—If thou art brave, Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, this will not fail thee;—but Fortune, said he (musing a little)—Fortune may;—and if she does,—added my uncle Toby, embracing him,—come back again to me, Le Fevre, and we will shape thee another course.

The greatest injury could not have oppressed the heart of Le Fevre more than my uncle Toby's paternal kindness;—he parted from my uncle Toby as the best of sons from the best of fathers:—both dropped tears;—and, as my uncle Toby gave him his last kiss, he slipped sixty guineas, tied up in an old purse of his father's in which was his mother's ring, into his hand,—and bid God bless him.

CHAPTER XIII.

Le Fevre got up to the Imperial army just time enough to try what metal his sword was made of, at the defeat of the Turks before Belgrade; but a series of unmerited mischances pursued him from that moment, and trod close upon his

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heels for four years together after. He had withstood these buffetings to the last, till sickness overtook him at Marseilles; from whence he wrote my uncle Toby word, he had lost his time, his services, his health, and, in short, everything but his sword;—and was waiting for the first ship, to return back to him.

As this letter came to hand about six weeks before Susannah's accident, Le Fevre was hourly expected; and was uppermost in my uncle Toby's mind all the time my father was giving him and Yorick a description of what kind of a person he would choose for a preceptor to me: but as my uncle Toby thought my father at first somewhat fanciful in the accomplishments he required, he forebore mentioning Le Fevre's name,—till the character, by Yorick's interposition, ending, unexpectedly, in one who should be gentle-tempered, and generous, and good, it impressed the image of Le Fevre, and his interest, upon my uncle Toby so forcibly, that he rose instantly off his chair; and laying down his pipe, in order to take hold of both my father's hands,—I beg, brother Shandy, said my uncle Toby, I may recommend poor Le Fevre's son to you.——I beseech you, do! added Yorick.——He has a good heart, said my uncle Toby.——And a brave one too, an' please your Honour, said the Corporal.

——The best hearts, Trim, are ever the bravest, replied my uncle Toby.——And the greatest cowards, an' please your Honour, in our regiment, were the greatest rascals in it.—There was Sergeant Kumber, and Ensign——

We'll talk of them, said my father, another time.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHAT a jovial and a merry world would this be, may it please your Worships, but for that inextricable labyrinth of debts, cares, woes, want, grief, discontent, melancholy, large jointures, impositions, and lies!

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Dr. Slop, like a son of a w——, as my father called him for it,—to exalt himself,—debased me to death,—and made ten thousand times more of Susannah's accident than there was any ground for; so that in a week's time, or less, it was in everybody's mouth, *That poor Master Shandy* * * * * * * * * entirely:—and Fame who loves to double everything,—in three days more, had sworn positively, she saw it;—and all the world, as usual, gave credit to her evidence,—"That the nursery window had not only * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * ;—but that * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * 's also."

Could the world have been sued like a *body-corporate*,—my father had brought an action upon the case, and trounced it sufficiently: but to fall foul of individuals about it,—as every soul who had mentioned the affair, did it with the greatest pity imaginable,—'twas like flying in the very face of his best friends:—and yet to acquiesce under the report in silence, was to acknowledge it openly,—at least in the opinion of one-half of the world; and to make a bustle again, in contradicting it,—was to confirm it as strongly in the opinion of the other half.

—Was ever poor Devil of a country gentleman so hampered? said my father.

——I would show him publicly, said my uncle Toby, at the market cross.

——'Twill have no effect, said my father.

CHAPTER XV.

——I'LL put him, however, into breeches, said my father,—let the world say what it will.

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CHAPTER XVI.

THERE are a thousand resolutions, Sir, both in Church and State, as well as in manners, Madam, of a more private concern,—which, though they have carried all the appearance in the world of being taken, and entered upon in a hasty, hare-brained, and unadvised manner, were, notwithstanding this, (and could you or I have got into the cabinet, or stood behind the curtain, we should have found it was so) weighed, poised, and perpended,—argued upon,—canvassed through,—entered into,—and examined on all sides with so much coolness, that the *Goddess* of *Coolness* herself (I do not take upon me to prove her existence) could neither have wished it, or done it better.

Of the number of these was my father's resolution of putting me into breeches; which, though determined at once,—in a kind of huff, and a defiance of all mankind,—had, nevertheless been, *pro'd* and *conn'd*, and judicially talked over betwixt him and my mother about a month before, in two several *beds of justice*, which my father had held for that purpose. I shall explain the nature of these beds of justice in my next chapter; and in the chapter following that, you shall step with me, Madam, behind the curtain, only to hear in what kind of manner my father and my mother debated between themselves this affair of the breeches;—from which you may form an idea how they debated all lesser matters.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ancient Goths of Germany, who (the learned Cluverius is positive) were first seated in the country between the Vistula and the Oder, and who afterwards incorporated the Herculi, the Bugians, and some other Vandallic clans, to 'em,—had all of them, a wise custom of debating everything of

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importance to their state, twice; that is,—once drunk, and once sober.—Drunk,—that their councils might not want vigour;—and sober,—that they might not want discretion.

Now, my father, being entirely a water-drinker, was a long time gravelled, almost to death, in turning this as much to his advantage, as he did every other thing which the antients did or said; and it was not till the seventh year of his marriage, after a thousand fruitless experiments and devices, that he hit upon an expedient which answered the purpose;—and that was, when any difficult and momentous point was to be settled in the family, which required great sobriety and great spirit too, in its determination,—he fixed and set apart the first Sunday night in the month, and the Saturday night which immediately preceded it, to argue it over, in bed, with my mother: by which contrivance, if you consider, Sir, with yourself, * * *

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These my father, humorously enough, called his *beds of justice*;—for from the two different counsels taken in these two different humours, a middle one was generally found out which touched the point of wisdom as well, as if he had got drunk and sober a hundred times.

It must not be made a secret of to all the world, that this answers full as well in literary discussions, as either in military or conjugal; but it is not every author that can try the experiment as the Goths and Vandals did it;—or, if he can, may it be always for his body's health; and to do it, as my father did it,—am I sure it would be always for his soul's.

My way is this:—

In all nice and ticklish discussions—(of which, Heaven knows, there are but too many in my book)—where I find I cannot take a step without the danger of having either their Worships or their Reverences upon my back,—I write one-half *full*,—and t'other *fasting*; or write it all full,—and correct it fasting;—or write it fasting,—and correct it full;

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for they all come to the same thing.—So that with a less variation from my father's plan, than my father's from the Gothic,—I feel myself upon a par with him in his first bed of justice;—and no way inferior to him in his second.—These different and almost irreconcilable effects flow uniformly from the wise and wonderful mechanism of Nature;—of which,—be hers the honour.—All that we can do, is, to turn and work the machine to the improvement and better manufactory of the Arts and Sciences.

Now, when I write full,—I write as if I was never to write fasting again as long as I live;—that is, I write free from the cares as well as the terrors of the world.—I count not the number of my scars,—nor does my fancy go forth into dark entries and bye-corners to antedate my stabs.—In a word, my pen takes its course; and I write on, as much from the fulness of my heart as my stomach.

But when, 'an please your Honours, I indite fasting, 'tis a different story.—I pay the world all possible attention and respect,—and have as great a share (whilst it lasts) of that under-strapping virtue of discretion as the best of you.—So that betwixt both, I write a careless kind of a civil, nonsensical, good-humoured Shandean book, which will do all your hearts good——

—And all your heads too,—provided you understand it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

We should begin, said my father, turning himself half round in bed, and shifting his pillow a little towards my mother's, as he opened the debate;—we should begin to think, Mrs. Shandy, of putting this boy into breeches.——

We should so,—said my mother.——We defer it, my dear, quoth my father, shamefully.——

I think we do, Mr. Shandy,—said my mother.——

Not but the child looks extremely well, said my father, in his vests and tunicks.——

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He does look very well in them, replied my mother.

——And for that reason it would be almost a sin, added my father, to take him out of 'em.

——It would so, said my mother.——But, indeed he is growing a very tall lad,—rejoined my father.

——He is very tall for his age, indeed,—said my mother.

——I cannot (making two syllables of it) imagine, quoth my father, who the deuce he takes after.

——I cannot conceive, for my life, said my mother.

——Humph!—said my father.

(The dialogue ceased for a moment.)

—I am very short myself, continued my father gravely.

——You are very short, Mr. Shandy, said my mother.

Humph! quoth my father to himself, a second time; in muttering which, he plucked his pillow a little further from my mother's,—and turning about again, there was an end of the debate for three minutes and a half.

——When he gets these breeches made, cried my father in a higher tone, he'll look like a beast in 'em.

——He will be very awkward in them at first, replied my mother.

——And 'twill be lucky, if that's the worst on't, added my father.

——It will be very lucky, answered my mother.

——I suppose, replied my father,—making some pause first,—he'll be exactly like other people's children.

——Exactly, said my mother.

——Though I shall be sorry for that, added my father; and so the debate stopp'd again.

—They should be of leather, said my father, turning him about again.

——They will last him, said my mother, the longest.

——But he can have no linings to 'em, replied my father.

——He cannot, said my mother.

——'Twere better to have them of fustian, quoth my father.

——Nothing can be better, quoth my mother.

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——Except dimity, replied my father.——'Tis best of all, replied my mother.

——One must not give him his death, however,—interrupted my father.

——By no means, said my mother;—and so the dialogue stood still again.

I am resolved, however, quoth my father, breaking silence the fourth time, he shall have no pockets in them.

——There is no occasion for any, said my mother.

——I mean in his coat and waistcoat, cried my father.

——I mean so too, replied my mother.

——Though if he gets a gig or a top,—Poor souls! it is a crown and a sceptre to them,—they should have where to secure it.

——Order it as you please, Mr. Shandy, replied my mother.

——But don't you think it right? added my father, pressing the point home to her.

——Perfectly, said my mother; if it pleases you, Mr. Shandy.

——There's for you! cried my father, losing temper.—Pleases me!—You never will distinguish, Mrs. Shandy, nor shall I ever teach you to do it, betwixt a point of pleasure and a point of convenience.—This was on the Sunday night;—and further this chapter saith not.

CHAPTER XIX.

After my father had debated the affair of the breeches with my mother,—he consulted Albertus Rubenius upon it; and Albertus Rubenius used my father ten times worse in the consultation (if possible) than even my father had used my mother: for as Rubenius had wrote a quarto *express De re Vestiaria Veterum*,—it was Rubenius's business to have given my father some lights.—On the contrary, my father

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might as well have thought of extracting the seven cardinal virtues out of a long beard,—as of extracting a single word out of Rubenius upon the subject.

Upon every other article of ancient dress, Rubenius was very communicative to my father;—he gave him a full and satisfactory account of

The Toga, or loose gown;
The Chlamys;
The Ephod;
The Tunica, or jacket;
The Synthesis;
The Pænula;
The Lacema, with its Cucullus;
The Paludamentum;
The Prætexta;
The Sagum, or soldier's jerkin;
The Trabea; of which, according to Suetonius, there were three kinds.——

But what are all these to the breeches? said my father.

Rubenius threw him down, upon the counter, all kinds of shoes which had been in fashion with the Romans:—

There was The open shoe;
The close shoe;
The slip shoe;
The wooden shoe;
The sock;
The buskin;
And The military shoe, with hob-nails in it, which Juvenal takes notice of.

There were The clogs;
The pattens;
The pantoufles;
The brogues;
The sandals, with latchets to them.

There was The felt shoe;
The linen shoe;
The laced shoe;
The braided shoe;

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The calceus incisus;
and The calceus rostratus.

Rubenius showed my father how well they all fitted,—in what manner they laced on,—with what points, straps, thongs, latchets, ribbands, jaggs, and ends.

——But I want to be informed about the breeches, said my father.——

Albertus Rubenius informed my father that the Romans manufactured stuffs of various fabrics;—some plain,—some striped,—others diapered, throughout the whole contexture of the wool, with silk and gold:—That linen did not begin to be in common use till towards the declension of the empire, when the Egyptians, coming to settle amongst them, brought it into vogue:

—That persons of quality and fortune distinguished themselves by the fineness and whiteness of their clothes; which colour (next to purple, which was appropriated to the great officers) they most affected, and wore on their birthdays and public rejoicings:—That it appeared from the best historians of those times, that they frequently sent their clothes to the fuller, to be clean'd and whitened;—but that the inferior people, to avoid that expense, generally wore brown clothes, and of a something coarser texture,—till towards the beginning of Augustus's reign, when the slave dressed like his master, and almost every distinction of habiliment was lost, but the *Latus Clavus*.——

And what was the *Latus Clavus?* said my father.

Rubenius told him, that the point was still litigating amongst the learned:—that Egnatius, Sigonius, Bossius Ticinensis, Bayfius, Budæus, Salmasius, Lipsius, Lazius, Isaac Causabon, and Joseph Scaliger, all differed from each other,—and he from them:—That some took it to be the button; some the coat itself;—others only the colour of it:—That the great Bayfius, in his Wardrobe of the Antients, chap. 12,—honestly said, he knew not what it was,—whether a tibula,—a stud,—a button,—a loop,—a buckle,—or clasps and keepers.——

My father lost the horse, but not the saddle——They are,

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hooks and *eyes*, said my father;—and with hooks and eyes he ordered my breeches to be made.

CHAPTER XX.

We are now going to enter upon a new scene of events.

Leave we then the breeches in the tailor's hands, with my father standing over him with his cane, reading him as he sat at work a lecture upon the *latus clavus*, and pointing to the precise part of the waistband where he was determined to have it sewed on.

Leave we my mother—(truest of all the *Pococurantes* of her sex!)—careless about it, as about everything else in the world which concerned her;—that is,—indifferent whether it was done this way or that,—provided it was but done at all.

Leave we Slop likewise to the full profits of all my dishonours.

Leave we poor Le Fevre to recover, and get home from Marseilles as he can:—and last of all,—because the hardest of all,

Let us leave, if possible, *myself*:—but 'tis impossible;—I must go along with you to the end of the work.

CHAPTER XXI.

If the reader has not a clear conception of the rood and a half of ground which lay at the bottom of my uncle Toby's kitchen-garden, and which was the scene of so many of his delicious hours,—the fault is not in me,—but in his imagination;—for I am sure I gave him so minute a description, I was almost ashamed of it.

When *Fate* was looking forwards, one afternoon, into the great transactions of future times,—and recollected for what

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purposes this little plot, by a decree fast bound down in iron, had been destined,—she gave a nod to *Nature:*—'twas enough,—Nature threw half a spadeful of her kindliest compost upon it, with just so much clay in it as to retain the forms of angles and indenting.—and so *little* of it too, as not to cling to the spade, and render works of so much glory, nasty in foul weather.

My uncle Toby came down, as the reader has been informed, with plans along with him of almost every fortified town in Italy and Flanders; so let the Duke of Marlborough, or the allies, have set down before what town they pleased, my uncle Toby was prepared for them.

His way, which was the simplest one in the world, was this:—As soon as ever a town was invested—(but sooner when the design was known) to take the plan of it (let it be what town it would) and enlarge it upon a scale to the exact size of his bowling-green; upon the surface of which, by means of a large roll of pack-thread, and a number of small piquets driven into the ground, at the several angles and redans, he transferred the lines from his paper; then taking the profile of the place, with its works, to determine the depths and slopes of the ditches,—the talus of the glacis, and the precise height of the several *banquettes*, parapets, &c.—he set the Corporal to work; and sweetly went it on. —The nature of the soil,—the nature of the work itself,—and, above all, the good-nature of my uncle Toby, sitting by from morning to night, and chatting kindly with the Corporal upon past-done deeds,—left *labour* little else but the ceremony of the name.

When the place was finished in this manner, and put into a proper posture of defence,—it was invested;—and my uncle Toby and the Corporal began to run their first parallel. —I beg I may not be interrupted in my story, by being told, *That the first parallel should be at least three hundred toises distant from the main body of the place,—and that I have not left a single inch for it;*—for my uncle Toby took the liberty of encroaching upon his kitchen-garden, for the sake of enlarging his works on the bowling-green; and for

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that reason generally ran his first and second parallels betwixt two rows of his cabbages and his cauliflowers: the conveniences and inconveniences of which will be considered at large in the history of my uncle Toby's and the Corporal's campaigns, of which this I'm now writing is but a sketch, and will be finished, if I conjecture right, in three pages (but there is no guessing),—The campaigns themselves will take up as many books; and therefore I apprehend it would be hanging too great a weight of one kind of matter in so flimsy a performance as this, to rhapsodise them, as I once intended, into the body of the work;—surely they had better be printed apart.—We'll consider the affair;—so take the following sketch of them in the meantime:—

CHAPTER XXII.

When the town, with its works, was finished, my uncle Toby and the Corporal began to run their first parallel,—not at random, or anyhow,—but from the same points and distances the allies had begun to run theirs; and regulating their approaches and attacks by the accounts my uncle Toby received from the daily papers,—they went on, during the whole siege, step by step, with the allies.

When the Duke of Marlborough made a lodgment,—my uncle Toby made a lodgment too:—and when the face of a bastion was battered down, or a defence ruined,—the Corporal took his mattock and did as much,—and so on;—gaining ground, and making themselves masters of the works, one after another, till the town fell into their hands.

To one who took pleasure in the happy state of others, there could not have been a greater sight in the world than on a post morning, in which a practicable breach had been made by the Duke of Marlborough in the main body of the place,—to have stood behind the hornbeam-hedge, and observed the spirit with which my uncle Toby, with Trim behind him, sallied forth;—the one with the Gazette in his

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hand,—the other with a spade on his shoulder, to execute the contents.——What an honest triumph in my uncle Toby's looks as he marched up to the ramparts! what intense pleasure swimming in his eye as he stood over the Corporal, reading the paragraph ten times over to him, as he was at work, lest, peradventure, he should make the breach an inch too wide,—or leave it an inch too narrow!—But when the *chamade* was beat, and the Corporal helped my uncle up it, and followed with the colours in his hand, to fix them upon the ramparts,—Heaven! Earth! Sea!—but what avail apostrophes?—with all your elements, wet or dry, ye never compounded so intoxicating a draught.

In this track of happiness for many years, without one interruption to it, except now and then when the wind continued to blow due west for a week or ten days together, which detained the Flanders mail, and kept them so long in torture,—but still it was the torture of the happy;—in this track, I say, did my uncle Toby and Trim move for many years, every year of which, and sometimes every month, from the invention of either the one or the other of them, adding some new conceit or quirk of improvement to their operations, which always opened fresh springs of delight in carrying them on.

The first year's campaign was carried on, from beginning to end, in the plain and simple method I've related.

In the second year, in which my uncle Toby took Liege and Ruremond, he thought he might afford the expense of four handsome drawbridges; of two of which I have given an exact description in the former part of my work.

At the latter end of the same year he added a couple of gates with portcullises:—these last were converted afterwards into orgues, as the better thing; and, during the winter of the same year, my uncle Toby, instead of a new suit of clothes, which he always had at Christmas, treated himself with a handsome sentry-box, to stand at the corner of the bowling-green, betwixt which point and the foot of the glacis there was left a little kind of an esplanade, for him and the Corporal to confer and hold councils of war upon.

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The sentry-box was in case of rain.

All these were painted white three times over the ensuing spring, which enabled my uncle Toby to take the field with great splendour.

My father would often say to Yorick, that if any mortal in the whole universe had done such a thing except his brother Toby, it would have been looked upon by the world as one of the most refined satires upon the parade and prancing manner in which Lewis XIV. from the beginning of the war, but particularly that very year, had taken the field.——But 'tis not in my brother Toby's nature, kind soul! my father would add, to insult any one.

——But let us go on.

CHAPTER XXIII.

I MUST observe, that although, in the first year's campaign, the word *town* is often mentioned,—yet there was no town at that time within the polygon; that addition was not made till the summer following the spring in which the bridges and sentry-box were painted, which was the third year of my uncle Toby's campaigns,—when, upon his taking Amberg, Bonn, and Rhinberg, and Huy and Limbourg, one after another, a thought came into the Corporal's head, that to talk of taking so many towns, *without one town to show for*,—was a very nonsensical way of going to work; and so proposed to my uncle Toby, that they should have a little model of a town built for them,—to be run up together of slit deals, and then painted, and clapped within the interior polygon to serve for all.

My uncle Toby felt the good of the project instantly, and instantly agreed to it; but with the addition of two singular improvements, of which he was almost as proud as if he had been the original inventor of the project itself.

The one was, to have the town built exactly in the style of those of which it was most likely to be the representa-

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tive;—with grated windows, and the gable-ends of the houses facing the streets, &c. &c.—as those in Ghent and Bruges, and the rest of the towns in Brabant and Flanders.

The other was, not to have the houses run up together, as the Corporal proposed, but to have every house independent, to hook on or off, so as to form into the plan of whatever town they pleased.—This was put directly into hand; and many and many a look of mutual congratulation was exchanged between my uncle Toby and the Corporal, as the carpenter did the work.

—It answered prodigiously the next summer:—the town was a perfect Proteus.—It was Landen, and Trerebach, and Santvliet, and Drusen, and Hagenau;—and then it was Ostend, and Menin, and Aeth, and Dendermond.

—Surely, never did any *town* act so many parts, since Sodom and Gomorrah, as my uncle Toby's town did.

In the fourth year, my uncle Toby thinking a town looked foolishly without a church, added a very fine one with a steeple.—Trim was for having bells in it.——My uncle Toby said, the metal had better be cast into cannon.

This led the way the next campaign for half-a-dozen brass field-pieces, to be planted three and three on each side of my uncle Toby's sentry-box: and in a short time, these led the way for a train somewhat larger,—and so on—(as must always be the case in hobby-horsical affairs) from pieces of half-an-inch bore, till it came at last to my father's jack-boots.

The next year, which was that in which Lisle was besieged, and at the close of which both Ghent and Bruges fell into our hands,—my uncle Toby was sadly put to it for *proper* ammunition,—I say, proper ammunition,—because his great artillery would not bear powder; and 'twas well for the Shandy family they would not!—for so full were the papers, from the beginning to the end of the siege, of the incessant firings kept up by the besiegers, and so heated was my uncle Toby's imagination with the accounts of them, that he had infallibly shot away all his estate.

Something, therefore, was wanting as a *succedaneum*, espe-

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cially in one or two of the more violent paroxysms of the siege, to keep up something like a continual firing in the imagination;—and this *something*, the Corporal, whose principal strength lay in invention, supplied by an entire new system of battering of his own,—without which, this had been objected to by military critics, to the end of the world, as one of the great *desiderata* of my uncle Toby's apparatus.

This will not be explained the worse for setting off, as I generally do, at a little distance from the subject.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WITH two or three other trinkets, small in themselves, but of great regard, which poor Tom, the Corporal's unfortunate brother, had sent him over with the account of his marriage with the Jew's widow,—there was

A Montero-cap, and two Turkish tobacco-pipes.

The Montero-cap I shall describe by and bye.—The Turkish tobacco-pipes had nothing particular in them; they were fitted up and ornamented as usual with flexible tubes of Morocco leather and gold wire, and mounted at their ends, the one of them with ivory,—the other with black ebony, tipp'd with silver.

My father, who saw all things in lights different from the rest of the world, would say to the Corporal, that he ought to look upon these two presents more as tokens of his brother's nicety than his affection.—Tom did not care, Trim, he would say, to put on the cap, or to smoke in the tobacco-pipe of a Jew.——God bless your Honour! the Corporal would say (giving a strong reason to the contrary) —how can that be?

The Montero-cap was scarlet, of a superfine Spanish cloth, dyed in grain, and mounted all round with fur, except about four inches in the front, which was faced with a light blue, slightly embroidered;—and seemed to have been the pro-

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perty of a Portuguese quartermaster, not of foot, but of horse, as the word denotes.

The Corporal was not a little proud of it, as well for its own sake as the sake of the giver; so seldom or never put it on but upon *gala*-days: and yet never was a Montero-cap put to so many uses; for in all controverted points, whether military or culinary, provided the Corporal was sure he was in the right,—it was either his *oath*,—his *wager*, —or his *gift*.

—'Twas his gift in the present case.

I'll be bound, says the Corporal, speaking to himself, to *give* away my Montero-cap to the first beggar who comes to the door, if I do not manage this matter to his Honour's satisfaction.

The completion was no further off than the very next morning; which was that of the storm of the counter-scarp betwixt the Lower Deule, to the right, and the gate of St. Andrew;—and on the left, between St. Magdalen's and the river.

As this was the most memorable attack in the whole war, —the most gallant and obstinate on both sides,—and I must add, the most bloody too (for it cost the allies themselves, that morning, above eleven hundred men,) my uncle Toby prepared himself for it with a more than ordinary solemnity.

The eve which preceded, as my uncle Toby went to bed, he ordered his Ramillies wig, which had lain, inside out, for many years in the corner of an old campaigning trunk which stood by his bedside, to be taken out and laid upon the lid of it, ready for the morning;—and the very first thing he did, in his shirt, when he had stepped out of bed, my uncle Toby, after he had turned the rough side outwards, —put it on.—This done, he proceeded next to his breeches; and having buttoned the waistband, he forthwith buckled on his sword-belt, and had got his sword half way in,— when he considered he should want shaving, and that it would be very inconvenient doing it with his sword on,—so took it off.—In essaying to put on his regimental coat and

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waistcoat, my uncle Toby found the same objection in his wig;—so that went off too.—So that, what with one thing and what with another, as it always falls out when a man is in the most haste,—'twas ten o'clock (which was half an hour later than his usual time) before my uncle Toby sallied out.

CHAPTER XXV.

My uncle Toby had scarce turned the corner of his yew-hedge, which separated his kitchen-garden from his bowling-green, when he perceived the Corporal had begun the attack without him.

Let me stop and give you a picture of the Corporal's apparatus, and of the Corporal himself in the height of the attack, just as it struck my uncle Toby, as he turned towards the sentry-box, where the Corporal was at work;—for in Nature there is not such another,—nor can any combination of all that is grotesque and whimsical in her works produce its equal.

The Corporal——

—Tread lightly on his ashes, ye men of genius!—for he was your kinsman:

Weed his grave clean, ye men of goodness!—for he was your brother.—O Corporal! had I thee, but now,—now that I am able to give thee a dinner and protection,—how would I cherish thee! Thou shouldst wear thy Montero-cap every hour of the day, and every day of the week;—and when it was worn out, I would purchase thee a couple like it.—But alas! alas! alas! now that I can do this in spite of their Reverences,—the occasion is lost,—for thou art gone;—thy genius fled up to the stars, from whence it came;—and that warm heart of thine, with all its generous and open vessels, compressed into a *clod of the valley!*

But what,—what is this, to that future and dreaded page, where I look towards the velvet pall, decorated with the military ensigns of thy Master,—the first,—the foremost of

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created beings;—where I shall see thee, faithful servant! laying his sword and scabbard, with a trembling hand, across his coffin, and then returning pale as ashes to the door, to take his mourning-horse by the bridle, to follow his hearse, as he directed thee;—where all my father's systems shall be baffled by his sorrows; and, in spite of his philosophy, I shall behold him, as he inspects the lacquered plate, twice taking his spectacles from off his nose, to wipe away the dew which nature has shed upon them.—When I see him cast in the rosemary with an air of disconsolation, which cries through my ears,—O Toby! in what corner of the world shall I seek thy fellow?

—Gracious powers! which erst have opened the lips of the dumb in his distress, and made the tongue of the stammerer speak plain,—when I shall arrive at this dreaded page, deal not with me, then, with a stinted hand.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE Corporal, who the night before had resolved in his mind to supply the grand *desideratum*, of keeping up something like an incessant firing upon the enemy during the heat of the attack,—had no further idea in his fancy at that time, than a contrivance of smoking tobacco against the town, out of one of my uncle Toby's six field-pieces, which were planted on each side of his sentry-box; the means of effecting which occurring to his fancy at the same time, though he had pledged his cap, he thought it in no danger from the miscarriage of his projects.

Upon turning it this way and that a little in his mind, he soon began to find out, that by means of his two Turkish tobacco-pipes, with the supplement of three smaller tubes of wash-leather at each of their lower ends, to be tagg'd by the same number of tin pipes fitted to the touch-holes, and sealed with clay next the cannon, and then tied hermetically with waxed silk at their several insertions into the Morocco

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tube,—he should be able to fire the six field-pieces all together, and with the same ease as to fire one.

—Let no man say from what taggs and jaggs hints may not be cut out for the advancement of human knowledge. Let no man, who has read my father's first and second *beds of justice*, ever rise up and say again, from collision of what kinds of bodies light may or may not be struck out, to carry the Arts and Sciences up to perfection.—Heaven! thou knowest how I love them;—thou knowest the secrets of my heart, and that I would this moment give my shirt——Thou art a fool, Shandy, said Eugenius, for thou hast but a dozen in the world;—and 'twill break thy set.——

No matter for that, Eugenius; I would give the shirt off my back to be burnt into tinder, were it not only to satisfy one feverish inquirer, How many sparks, at one good stroke, a good flint and steel could strike into the tail of it.—Think ye not, that in striking these *in*,—he might, peradventure, strike something *out?* as sure as a gun.

—But this project by the bye.

The Corporal sat up the best part of the night, in bringing *his* to perfection; and having made a sufficient proof of his cannon, with charging them to the top with tobacco,—he went with contentment to bed.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Corporal had slipped out about ten minutes before my uncle Toby, in order to fix his apparatus, and just give the enemy a shot or two before my uncle Toby came.

He had drawn the six field-pieces, for this end, all close up together in front of my uncle Toby's sentry-box, leaving only an interval of about a yard and a half betwixt the three, on the right and left, for the convenience of charging, &c.—and the sake, possibly, of two batteries, which he might think double the honour of one.

In the rear, and facing this opening, with his back to the

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door of the sentry-box, for fear of being flanked, had the Corporal wisely taken his post.—He held the ivory pipe appertaining to the battery on the right, betwixt the finger and thumb of his right hand;—and the ebony pipe tipp'd with silver, which appertained to the battery on the left, betwixt the finger and thumb of the other;—and with his right knee fixed firm upon the ground, as if in the front rank of his platoon, was the Corporal, with his Montero-cap upon his head, furiously playing off his two cross batteries at the same time against the counter-guard, which faced the counter-scarp, where the attack was to be made that morning. His first intention, as I said, was no more than giving the enemy a single puff or two;—but the pleasure of the *puffs* as well as the *puffing*, had insensibly got hold of the Corporal, and drawn him on from puff to puff, into the very height of the attack, by the time my uncle Toby joined him.

'Twas well for my father that my uncle Toby had not his will to make that day.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

My uncle Toby took the ivory pipe out of the Corporal's hand;—looked at it for half a minute, and returned it.

In less than two minutes, my uncle Toby took the pipe from the Corporal again, and raised it half way to his mouth,—then hastily gave it back a second time.

The Corporal redoubled the attack;—my uncle Toby smiled,—then looked grave,—then smiled for a moment,—then looked serious for a long time.——Give me hold of the ivory pipe, Trim, said my uncle Toby.——My uncle Toby put it to his lips,—drew it back directly,—gave a peep over the hornbeam-hedge.—Never did my uncle Toby's mouth water so much for a pipe in his life.—My uncle Toby retired into the sentry-box with pipe in his hand.——

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Dear uncle Toby! don't go into the sentry-box with the pipe;—there's no trusting a man's self with such a thing in such a corner.

CHAPTER XXIX.

I BEG the reader will assist me here, to wheel off my uncle Toby's ordnance behind the scenes;—to remove his sentry-box, and clear the theatre, if possible, of horn-works and half-moons, and get the rest of his military apparatus out of the way:—that done, my dear friend Garrick, we'll snuff the candles bright,—sweep the stage with a new broom,—draw up the curtain, and exhibit my uncle Toby dressed in a new character, throughout which the world can have no idea how he will act: and yet, if pity be akin to love,—and bravery no alien to it, you have seen enough of my uncle Toby in these, to trace these family likenesses betwixt the two passions (in case there is one) to your heart's content.

Vain Science! thou assistest us in no case of this kind,—and thou puzzlest us in every one.

There was, Madam, in my uncle Toby, a singleness of heart, which misled him so far out of the little serpentine tracks in which things of this nature usually go on, you can—you can have no conception of it: with this, there was a plainness and simplicity of thinking, with such an unmistrusting ignorance of the plies and foldings of the heart of woman;—and so naked and defenceless did he stand before you (when a siege was out of his head), that you might have stood behind any one of your serpentine walks, and shot my uncle Toby, ten times in a day, through his liver; if nine times in a day, Madam, had not served your purpose.

With all this, Madam,—and what confounded everything as much on the other hand, my uncle Toby had that unparalleled modestry of nature I once told you of, and which, by the bye, stood eternal sentry upon his feelings,

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that you might as soon——But where am I going? These reflections crowd in upon me ten pages at least too soon, and take up that time which I ought to bestow upon facts.

CHAPTER XXX.

Of the few legitimate sons of Adam, whose breasts never felt what the sting of love was—(maintaining, first, all misogynists, to be bastards)—the greatest heroes of ancient and modern story have carried off amongst them nine parts in ten of the honour; and I wish, for their sakes, I had the key of my study, out of the draw-well, only for five minutes, to tell you their names;—recollect them I cannot,—so be content to accept of these, for the present, in their stead.

There was the great king Aldrovandus, and Bosphorus, and Cappadocius, and Dardanus, and Pontus, and Asius,—to say nothing of the iron-hearted Charles XIIth, whom the Countess of K***** herself could make nothing of.—There was Babylonicus, and Mediterraneus, and Polixenes, and Persicus, and Prusicus; not one of whom (except Cappadocius and Pontus, who were both a little suspected) ever once bowed down his breast to the goddess.—The truth is, they had all of them something else to do;—and so had my uncle Toby,—till Fate,—till Fate I say, envying his name the glory of being handed down to posterity with Aldrovandus's and the rest,—she basely patched up the peace of Utrecht.

—Believe me, Sirs, 'twas the worst deed she did that year.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Amongst the many ill consequences of the treaty of Utrecht, it was within a point of giving my uncle Toby a surfeit of sieges; and though he recovered his appetite after-

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wards, yet Calais itself left not a deeper scar in Mary's heart, than Utrecht upon my uncle Toby's. To the end of his life he never could hear Utrecht mentioned upon any account whatever,—or so much as read an article of news extracted out of the Utrecht Gazette, without fetching a sigh, as if his heart would break in twain.

My father, who was a great *motive-monger*, and consequently a very dangerous person for a man to sit by, either laughing or crying,—for he generally knew your motive for doing both, much better than you knew it yourself,—would always console my uncle Toby on these occasions, in a way which showed plainly he imagined my uncle Toby grieved for nothing in the whole affair so much as the loss of his HOBBY-HORSE.——Never mind, brother Toby, he would say,—by God's blessing, we shall have another war break out again some of these days; and when it does,—the belligerent powers, if they would hang themselves, cannot keep us out of play.—I defy 'em, my dear Toby, he would add, to take countries without taking towns,—or towns without sieges.

My uncle Toby never took this back-stroke of my father's at his HOBBY-HORSE kindly.—He thought the stroke ungenerous; and the more so, because in striking the horse he hit the rider too, and in the most dishonourable part a blow could fall; so that, upon these occasions, he always laid down his pipe upon the table with more fire to defend himself than common.

I told the reader, this time two years, that my uncle Toby was not eloquent; and in the very same page gave an instance to the contrary.—I repeat the observation, and a fact which contradicts it again.—He was not eloquent,—it was not easy for my uncle Toby to make long harangues,—and he hated florid ones; but there were occasions where the stream overflowed the man, and ran so counter to its usual course, that in some parts my uncle Toby, for a time, was at least equal to Tertullus;—but in others, in my own opinion, infinitely above him.

My father was so highly pleased with one of these apolo-

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getical orations of my uncle Toby, which he had delivered one evening before him and Yorick, that he wrote it down before he went to bed.

I have had the good fortune to meet with it amongst my father's papers, with here and there an insertion of his own, betwixt two crooks, thus [ ], and is endorsed,

My brother Toby's Justification of his own Principles and Conduct in wishing to continue the War.

I may safely say, I have read over this apologetical oration of my uncle Toby's a hundred times; and think it so fine a model of defence, and shows so sweet a temperament of gallantry and good principles in him, that I give it the world, word for word (interlineations and all) as I find it.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MY UNCLE TOBY'S APOLOGETICAL ORATION.

I AM not insensible, brother Shandy, that when a man whose profession is arms, wishes, as I have done, for war,—it has an ill aspect to the world;—and that, how just and right soever his motives and intentions may be,—he stands in an uneasy posture in vindicating himself from private views in doing it.

For this cause, if a soldier is a prudent man, which he may be without being a jot the less brave, he will be sure not to utter his wish in the hearing of an enemy; for say what he will, an enemy will not believe him.——He will be cautious of doing it even to a friend,—lest he may suffer in his esteem;—but if his heart is overcharged, and a secret sigh for arms must have its vent, he will reserve it for the ear of a brother, who knows his character to the bottom, and what his true notions, dispositions, and principles of honour are. What, I hope, I have been in all these, brother Shandy, would be unbecoming in me to say;—much worse,

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I know, have I been than I ought,—and something worse, perhaps, than I think: but such as I am, you, my dear brother Shandy, who have sucked the same breasts with me, —and with whom I have been brought up from the cradle, —and from whose knowledge, from the first hours of our boyish pastimes, down to this, I have concealed no one action of my life, and scarce a thought in it;—such as I am, brother, you must by this time know me, with all my vices, and with all my weaknesses too, whether of my age, my temper, my passions, or my understanding.

Tell me then, my dear brother Shandy, upon which of them it is, that, when I condemned the peace of Utrecht, and grieved the war was not carried on with vigour a little longer, you should think your brother did it upon unworthy views; or that, in wishing for war, he should be bad enough to wish more of his fellow-creatures slain,—more slaves made,—and more families driven from their peaceful habitations, merely for his own pleasure?—Tell me, brother Shandy, upon what one deed of mine do you ground it?——[*The Devil a deed do I know of, dear Toby, but one for a hundred pounds, which I lent thee to carry on these cursed sieges.*]

If, when I was a schoolboy, I could not hear a drum beat but my heart beat with it,—was it my fault?—Did I plant the propensity there?—Did I sound the alarm within, or Nature?

When Guy, Earl of Warwick, and Parismus and Parismenus, and Valentine and Orson, and the Seven Champions of England, were handed around the school,—were they not all purchased with my own pocket-money?—Was that selfish, brother Shandy?—When we read over the siege of Troy, which lasted ten years and eight months,—though with such a train of artillery as we had at Namur, the town might have been carried in a week,—was I not as much concerned for the destruction of the Greeks and Trojans as any boy of the whole school?—had I not three strokes of a *ferula* given me, two on my right hand, and one on my left, for calling Helena a bitch for it?—Did any one of you shed more tears for Hector?—And when king Priam came to the camp to

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beg his body, and returned weeping back to Troy without it,—you know, brother, I could not eat my dinner.

Did that bespeak me cruel?—Or because, brother Shandy, my blood flew out into the camp, and my heart panted for war,—was it a proof it could not ache for the distresses of war too?

O brother! 'tis one thing for a soldier to gather laurels,—and 'tis another to scatter cypress.

—[*Who told thee, my dear Toby, that cypress was used by the ancients on mournful occasions?*]—

'Tis one thing, brother Shandy, for a soldier to hazard his own life,—to leap first down into the trench, where he is sure to be cut in pieces:—'Tis one thing, from public spirit and a thirst of glory, to enter the breach the first man,—to stand in the foremost rank, and march bravely on with drums and trumpets, and colours flying about his ears:—'Tis one thing, I say, brother Shandy, to do this;—and 'tis another thing to reflect on the miseries of war:—to view the desolations of whole countries, and consider the intolerable fatigues and hardships which the soldier himself, the instrument who works them, is forced (for sixpence a day, if he can get it) to undergo.

Need I be told, dear Yorick, as I was by you, in Le Fevre's funeral sermon, *That so soft and gentle a creature, born to love, to mercy, and kindness, as man is, was not shaped for this?*—But why did you not add, Yorick,—if not by *Nature*, that he is so by *necessity?*—For what is war? what is it, Yorick, when fought as ours has been, upon principles of *liberty*, and upon principles of *honour?*—what is it, but the getting together of quiet and harmless people, with their swords in their hands, to keep the ambitious and the turbulent within bounds?—And Heaven is my witness, brother Shandy, that the pleasure I have taken in these things,—and that infinite delight, in particular, which has attended my sieges in my bowling-green, has arose within me, and, I hope, in the Corporal too, from the consciousness we both had, that, in carrying them on, we were answering the great end of our creation.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

I TOLD the Christian reader;—I say *Christian*,—hoping he is one; and if he is not, I am sorry for it,—and only beg he will consider the matter with himself, and not lay the blame entirely upon this book;——

I told him, Sir,—for in good truth, when a man is telling a story in the strange way I do mine, he is obliged continually to be going backwards and forwards to keep all tight together in the reader's fancy;—which, for my own part, if I did not take heed to do more than at first, there is so much unfixed and equivocal matters starting up, with so many breaks and gaps in it,—and so little service do the stars afford, which, nevertheless, I hang up in some of the darkest passages, knowing that the world is apt to lose its way, with all the lights the sun itself at noonday can give it,—and now you see, I am lost myself!

But 'tis my father's fault; and whenever my brains come to be dissected, you will perceive, without spectacles, that he has left a large uneven thread, as you sometimes see in an unsaleable piece of cambric, running along the whole length of the web, and so untowardly, you cannot so much as cut a * * (here I hang up a couple of lights again)—or a fillet, or a thumb-stall, but it is seen or felt.

Quanto id diligentius in liberis procreandis cavendum, saith Cardan.—All which being considered, and that you see 'tis morally impracticable for me to wind this round to where I set out,——

I begin the chapter over again.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

I TOLD the Christian reader, in the beginning of the chapter which preceded my uncle Toby's apologetical oration,—though in a different trope from what I shall

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make use of now, That the peace of Utrecht was within an ace of creating the same shyness betwixt my uncle Toby and his Hobby-Horse, as it did betwixt the Queen and the rest of the confederating Powers.

There is an indignant way in which a man sometimes dismounts his horse, which as good as says to him,—"I'll go a-foot, Sir, all the days of my life, before I would ride a single mile upon your back again." Now, my uncle Toby could not be said to dismount his horse in this manner; for in strictness of language, he could not be said to dismount his horse at all,—his horse rather flung him,—and somewhat *viciously*, which made my uncle Toby take it ten times more unkindly. Let this matter be settled by state-jockeys as they like;—it created, I say, a sort of shyness betwixt my uncle Toby and his Hobby-Horse.—He had no occasion for him from the month of March to November, which was the summer after the articles were signed, except it was now and then to take a short ride out, just to see that the fortifications and harbour of Dunkirk were demolished, according to stipulation.

The French were so backward all that summer in setting about that affair; and Monsieur Tugghe, the deputy from the magistrates of Dunkirk, presented so many affecting petitions to the Queen,—beseeching her majesty to cause only her thunderbolts to fall upon the martial works which might have incurred her displeasure,—but to spare,—to spare the mole, for the mole's sake; which, in its naked situation, could be no more than an object of pity;—and the Queen (who was but a woman) being of a pitiful disposition,—and her ministers also, they not wishing in their hearts to have the town dismantled, for these private reasons, * * *

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* * *; so that the whole went heavily on with my uncle Toby; insomuch, that it was not within three full months, after he and the Corporal had constructed the town, and put it in a condition to be de-

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stroyed, that the several commandants, commissaries, deputies, negotiators, and intendants, would permit him to set about it.—Fatal interval of inactivity!

The Corporal was for beginning the demolition, by making a breach in the ramparts, or main fortifications of the town.——No; that will never do, Corporal, said my uncle Toby; for, in going that way to work with the town, the English garrison will not be safe in it an hour; because, if the French are treacherous,——They are as treacherous as devils, an' please your Honour, said the Corporal.——It gives me concern always when I hear it, Trim, said my uncle Toby,—for they don't want personal bravery; and if a breach is made in the ramparts, they may enter it, and make themselves masters of the place when they please.——Let them enter it, said the Corporal, lifting up his pioneer's spade in both his hands, as if he was going to lay about him with it;—let them enter, an' please your Honour, if they dare.——In cases like this, Corporal, said my uncle Toby, slipping his right hand down to the middle of his cane, and holding it afterwards truncheonwise, with his forefinger extended,—'tis no part of the consideration of a commandant, what the enemy dare, or what they dare not do; he must act with prudence. We will begin with the out-works both towards the sea and the land, and particularly with Fort Louis, the most distant of them all, and demolish it first;—and the rest, one by one, both on our right and left, as we retreat towards the town;—then we'll demolish the mole,—next fill up the harbour,—then retire into the citadel, and blow it up into the air; and having done that, Corporal, we'll embark for England.——We *are* there, quoth the Corporal, recollecting himself.——Very true, said my uncle Toby, looking at the church.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

A DELUSIVE delicious consultation or two of this kind betwixt my uncle Toby and Trim, upon the demolition of Dunkirk,—for a moment rallied back the ideas of those pleasures which were slipping from under him.—Still,—still all went on heavily; the magic left the mind weaker; *Stillness*, with *Silence* at her back, entered the solitary parlour, and drew their gauzy mantle over my uncle Toby's head; and *Listlessness*, with her lax fibre and undirected eye, sat quietly down beside him in his arm-chair.—No longer Amberg and Rhinberg, and Limbourg, and Huy, and Bonn, in one year; and the prospect of Landen, and Trerebach, and Drusen, and Dendermond, the next,—hurried on the blood:—no longer did saps, and mines, and blinds, and gabions, and palisadoes, keep out this fair enemy of man's repose:—no more could my uncle Toby, after passing the French lines, as he ate his egg at supper, from thence break into the heart of France, cross over the Oyes, and, with all Picardy open behind him, march up to the gates of Paris, and fall asleep with nothing but ideas of glory:—no more was he to dream he had fixed the royal standard upon the tower of the Bastile, and awake with it streaming in his head:

——Softer visions, gentler vibrations, stole sweetly in upon his slumbers; the trumpet of war fell out of his hands; he took up the lute, sweet instrument! of all others the most delicate! the most difficult!—How wilt thou touch it, my dear uncle Toby?

CHAPTER XXXV.

Now, because I have once or twice said, in my inconsiderate way of talking, That I was confident the following memoirs of my uncle Toby's courtship of Widow Wadman, whenever I got time to write them, would turn out one of the

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most complete systems, both of the elementary and practical part of love-making, that ever was addressed to the world, —are you to imagine from thence, that I shall set out with a description of *what love is?* whether part God and part Devil? as Plotinus will have it;——

—Or, by a more critical equation, and, supposing the whole of love to be as ten, to determine with Ficinus, "*How many parts of it the one?—and how many the other?*" or whether it is *all of it one great Devil,* from head to tail? as Plato has taken upon him to pronounce; concerning which conceit of his, I shall not offer my opinion: but my opinion of Plato is this:—That he appears, from this instance, to have been a man of much the same temper and way of reasoning with Doctor Baynyard; who, being a great enemy to blisters, as imagining that half-a-dozen of 'em on at once would draw a man as surely to his grave as a hearse and six,—rashly concluded that the Devil himself was nothing in the world, but one great bouncing *Cantharis.*

I have nothing to say to people who allow themselves this monstrous liberty in arguing, but what Nazianzen cried out (that is, polemically) to Philagrius:

Εὖγε! O rare! 'tis fine reasoning, Sir, indeed!—ὅτι φιλοσοφεῖς ἐν Πάθεσι, and most nobly do you aim at truth, when you philosophise about it in your moods and passions.

Nor is it to be imagined, for the same reason, I should stop to inquire, whether love is a disease,—or embroil myself with Rhasis and Dioscorides, whether the seat of it is in the brain or liver;—because this would lead me on to an examination of the two very opposite manners in which patients have been treated,—the one, of Aetius, who always began with a cooling clyster of hemp-seed and bruised cucumbers; and followed on with thin potations of water-lilies and purslane, to which he added a pinch of snuff of the herb Hanea; and, where Aetius durst venture it, his—topaz-ring.

—The other, that of Gordonius, who (in his cap. 15. *de Amore* directs they should be thrashed) "*ad putorem usque,*"—till they stink again.

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These are the disquisitions which my father, who had laid in a great stock of knowledge of this kind, will be very busy with in the progress of my uncle Toby's affairs. I must anticipate thus much:—That from his theories of love (with which, by the way, he contrived to crucify my uncle Toby's mind almost as much as his amours themselves)—he took a single step into practice; and, by means of a camphorated cere-cloth, which he found means to impose upon the tailor for buckram, whilst he was making my uncle Toby a new pair of breeches, he produced Gordonius's effect upon my uncle Toby without the disgrace.

What changes this produced, will be read in its proper place: all that is needful to be added to the anecdote, is this:—That, whatever effect it had upon my uncle Toby, it had a vile effect upon the house;—and if my uncle Toby had not smoked it down as he did, it might have had a vile effect upon my father too.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

—'Twill come out, of itself, by and bye.—All I contend for is, that I am not obliged to set out with a definition of what love is; and so long as I can go on with my story intelligibly, with the help of the word itself, without any other idea to it than what I have in common with the rest of the world, why should I differ from it a moment before the time?—When I can get on no further,—and find myself entangled on all sides of this mystic labyrinth,—my opinion will then come in, in course,—and lead me out.

At present, I hope I shall be sufficiently understood, in telling the reader, my uncle Toby *fell in love.*

—Not that the phrase is at all to my liking: for to say a man is *fallen* in love;—or that he is *deeply* in love;—or up to the ears in love;—and sometimes even *over head and ears in it,*—carries an idiomatical kind of implication, that love is a thing *below* a man.—This is recurring again to

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Plato's opinion, which, with all his divinityship,—I hold to be damnable and heretical:—and so much for that.

Let love, therefore, be what it will,—my uncle Toby fell into it.

—And possibly, gentle reader, with such a temptation,—so wouldst thou;—for never did thy eyes behold, or thy concupiscence covet, anything in this world more concupiscible than Widow Wadman.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

To conceive this right,—call for pen and ink;—here's paper ready to your hand.—Sit down, Sir, paint her to your own mind;—as like your mistress as you can,—as unlike your wife as your conscience will let you,—'tis all one to me,—please but your own fancy in it.

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—Was ever anything in Nature so sweet!—so exquisite!

—Then, dear Sir, how could my uncle Toby resist it?

Thrice happy book! thou wilt have one page, at least, within thy covers, which *Malice* will not blacken, and which *Ignorance* cannot misrepresent.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

As Susannah was informed by an express from Mrs. Bridget, of my uncle Toby's falling in love with her mistress fifteen days before it happened,—the contents of which express Susannah communicated to my mother the next day,—it has just given me an opportunity of entering upon my uncle Toby's amours a fortnight before their existence.

I have an article of news to tell you, Mr. Shandy, quoth my mother, which will surprise you greatly.—

Now my father was then holding one of his second beds of justice, and was musing within himself about the hardships of matrimony, as my mother broke silence.

"—My brother Toby," quoth she, "is going to be married to Mrs. Wadman!"

——Then he will never, quoth my father, be able to lie *diagonally* in his bed again, as long as he lives.

It was a consuming vexation to my father, that my mother never asked the meaning of a thing she did not understand.

—That she is not a woman of science, my father would say, is her misfortune;—but she might ask a question.——

My mother never did.—In short, she went out of the world, at last, without knowing whether it *turned round* or *stood still*.—My father had officiously told her above a thousand times, which way it was;—but she always forgot.

For these reasons, a discourse seldom went on much farther betwixt them than a proposition,—a reply,—and a rejoinder; at the end of which, it generally took breath for a few minutes (as in the affair of the breeches) and then went on again.

If he marries, 'twill be the worse for us, quoth my mother.

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——Not a cherry-stone, said my father;—he may as well batter away his means upon that, as anything else.

——To be sure, said my mother. So here ended the proposition,—the reply,—and the rejoinder, I told you of.

——It will be some amusement to him, too, said my father.

——A very great one, answered my mother, if he should have children.

——Lord have mercy upon me! said my father to himself.——

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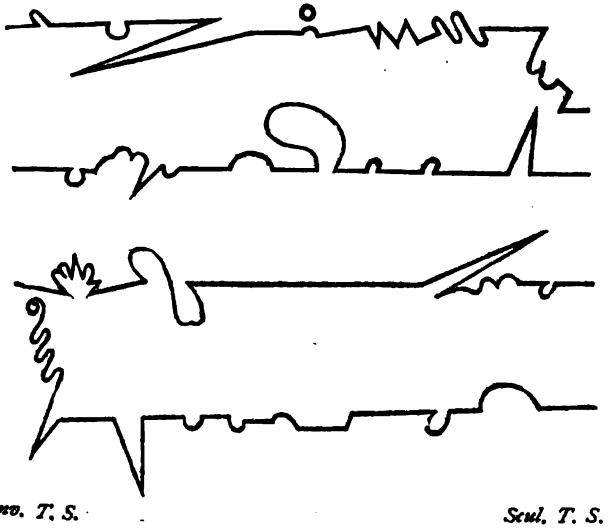
CHAPTER XXXIX.

I AM now beginning to get fairly into my work; and by the help of a vegetable diet, with a few of the cold seeds, I make no doubt but I shall be able to go on with my uncle Toby's story, and my own, in a tolerable straight line. Now,



Inv. T. S. *Scul. T. S.*

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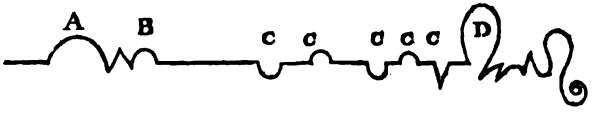
These were the four lines I moved in thro' my first, second, third, and fourth volumes.*—In the fifth volume I have been very good,—the precise line I have described in it being this:—



By which it appears, that except at the curve marked A, where I took a trip to Navarre;—and the indented curve B, which is the short airing when I was there with the Lady Baussiere and her page,—I have not taken the least frisk of a digression, till John de la Casse's Devil's led me the round you see marked D;—for as for *c c c c c*, they are nothing but parentheses, and the common *ins* and *outs* incident to the lives of the greatest ministers of state; and when compared with what men have done,—or with my own transgressions at the letters A B D,—they vanish into nothing.

In this last volume I have done better still,—for from the end of Le Fevre's episode, to the beginning of my uncle Toby's campaigns,—I have scarce stepped a yard out of my way.

If I mend at this rate, it is not impossible,—by the good leave of his Grace of Benevento's Devils—but I may arrive hereafter at the excellency of going on even thus:—

---

which is a line drawn as straight as I could draw it by a writing-master's ruler (borrowed for that purpose), turning neither to the right hand nor to the left.

This *right line*,—the pathway for Christians to walk in! say Divines,——

——The emblem of moral rectitude! says Cicero,——

——The *best line!* say cabbage planters,——is the

* Alluding to the first edition.

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shortest line, says Archimedes, which can be drawn from one given point to another.

I wish your Ladyships would lay this matter to heart, in your next birthday suits!

—What a journey!

Pray can you tell me,—that is, without anger, before I write my chapter upon straight lines,—by what mistake,—who told them so,—or how it has come to pass, that your men of wit and genius have all along confounded this line with the line of *gravitation?*

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THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOL. VII. ORIG. EDIT.

Non enim excursus hic ejus, sed opus ipsum est.
—PLIN. Lib. v. Epist. 6.

CHAPTER I.

NO;—I think I said, I would write two volumes every year, provided the vile cough, which then tormented me, and which to this hour I dread worse than the Devil, would but give me leave;—and in another place—(but where, I can't recollect now) speaking of my book as a *machine*, and laying my pen and ruler down crosswise upon the table, in order to gain the greater credit to it,—I swore it should be kept agoing at that rate these forty years, if it pleased but the Fountain of Life to bless me so long with health and good spirits.

Now, as for my spirits, little have I to lay to their charge,—nay, so very little (unless the mounting me upon a long stick and playing the fool with me nineteen hours out of the twenty-four be accusations)—that on the contrary, I have much,—much to thank 'em for. Cheerily have ye

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made me tread the path of life with all the burdens of it (except its cares) upon my back: in no one moment of my existence, that I remember, have ye once deserted me, or tinged the objects which came in my way, either with sable, or with a sickly green: in dangers ye gilded my horizon with hope; and when *Death* himself knocked at my door, —ye bade him come again; and in so gay a tone of careless indifference did ye do it, that he doubted of his commission.

"—There must certainly be some mistake in this matter," quoth he.

Now there is nothing in this world I abominate worse than to be interrupted in a story;—and I was that moment telling Eugenius a most tawdry one, in my way, of a nun who fancied herself a shell-fish; and of a monk damn'd for eating a muscle; and was showing him the grounds and justice of the procedure.

"——Did ever so grave a personage get into so vile a scrape?" quoth Death.——Thou hast had a narrow escape, Tristram, said Eugenius, taking hold of my hand as I finished my story.——

But there is no *living*, Eugenius, replied I, at this rate; for as this *son of a whore* has found out my lodgings,——

——You call him rightly, said Eugenius;—for by Sin, we are told, he enter'd the world.——I care not which way he enter'd, quoth I, provided he be not in such a hurry to take me out with him,—for I have forty volumes to write, and forty thousand things to say and do, which nobody in the world will say and do for me, except thyself; and as thou seest he has got me by the throat (for Eugenius could scarce hear me speak across the table), and that I am no match for him in the open field, had I not better, whilst these few scatter'd spirits remain, and these two spider legs of mine (holding one of them up to him) are able to support me,—had I not better, Eugenius, fly for my life?——'Tis my advice, my dear Tristram, said Eugenius.——Then, by Heaven! I will lead him a dance he little thinks of;—for I will gallop, quoth I, without looking once behind me, to

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the banks of the Garonne;—and if I hear him clattering at my heels,—I'll scamper away to Mount Vesuvius;—from thence to Joppa, and from Joppa to the world's end; where, if he follows me, I pray God he may break his neck.——

He runs more risk *there*, said Eugenius, than thou.

Eugenius's wit and affection brought blood into the cheek from whence it had been some months banished:—'twas a vile moment to bid adieu in: he led me to my chaise.—— *Allons!* said I;—the post-boy gave a crack with his whip,—off I went like a cannon, and in half-a-dozen bounds got into Dover.

CHAPTER II.

Now hang it! quoth I, as I look'd towards the French coast,—a man should know something of his own country too, before he goes abroad;—and I never gave a peep into Rochester church, or took notice of the Dock of Chatham, or visited St. Thomas at Canterbury, though they all three lay in my way.

—But mine, indeed, is a particular case.

—So, without arguing the matter further with Thomas o'Becket, or any one else,—I skipp'd into the boat, and in five minutes we got under sail, and scudded away like the wind.

Pray, Captain, quoth I, as I was going down into the cabin, is a man never overtaken by Death in this passage?——

Why, there is not time for a man to be sick in it, replied he.——What a cursed liar! for I am sick as a horse, quoth I, already.——What a brain!—upside down!—hey-day! the cells broke loose one into another, and the blood, and the lymph, and the nervous juices, with the fix'd and volatile salts, are all jumbled into one mass!—good G—! everything turns round in it like a thousand whirlpools.—I'd give a shilling to know if I shan't write the clearer for it.—

Sick! sick! sick! sick!——

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When shall we get to land, Captain?—they have hearts like stones.—Oh, I am deadly sick!—Reach me that thing, boy:—'tis the most discomforting sickness——I wish I was at the bottom!—Madam, how is it with you?——Undone! undone! un——Oh! undone! Sir.——What! the first time? ——No; 'tis the second, third, sixth, tenth time, Sir.—— Hey-day!—what a trampling overhead!—Hollo! cabin-boy! what's the matter?——

The wind chopp'd about.——'Sdeath!—then I shall meet him full in the face.

——What luck!—'tis chopp'd about again, master.—— Oh the Devil chop it!——

Captain, quoth she, for Heaven's sake, let us get ashore!

CHAPTER III.

It is a great inconvenience to a man in a haste, that there are three distinct roads between Calais and Paris; in behalf of which, there is so much to be said by the several deputies from the towns which lie along them, that half a day is easily lost in settling which you'll take.

First, The road by Lisle and Arras, which is the most about,—but most interesting and instructing:—

The Second, That by Amiens; which you may go, if you would see Chantilly:—

And that by Beauvais, which you may go if you will.

For this reason, a great many choose to go by Beauvais.

CHAPTER IV.

"Now, before I quit Calais," a travel-writer would say, "it would not be amiss to give some account of it."—Now I think it very much amiss,—that a man cannot go quietly through a town and let it alone, when it does not meddle

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with him, but that he must be turning about, and drawing his pen at every kennel he crosses over, merely, o' my conscience, for the sake of drawing it; because, if we may judge from what has been wrote of these things, by all who have *wrote and gallop'd,*—or who have *gallop'd and wrote,* which is a different way still; or who, for more expedition than the rest, have *wrote galloping,*—which is the way I do at present, from the great Addison, who did it with his satchel of school-books hanging at his a—, and galling his beast's crupper at every stroke,—there is not a galloper of us all, who might not have gone on ambling quietly on his own ground (in case he had any), and have wrote all he had to write, dry-shod, as well as not.

For my own part, as Heaven is my judge, and to which I shall ever make my last appeal,—I know no more of Calais (except the little my barber told me of it as he was whetting his razor) than I do this moment of Grand Caïro; for it was dusky in the evening when I landed, and as dark as pitch in the morning when I set out; and yet, my merely knowing what is what, and by drawing this from that in one part of the town, and by spelling and putting this and that together in another,—I would lay any travelling odds, that I this moment write a chapter upon Calais as long as my arm; and with so distinct and satisfactory a detail of every item which is worth a stranger's curiosity in the town,—that you would take me for the town-clerk of Calais itself;—and where, Sir, would be the wonder? was not Democritus, who laughed ten times more than I,—town-clerk of Abdera? and was not (I forget his name) who had more discretion than us both, town-clerk of Ephesus? It should be penn'd moreover, Sir, with so much knowledge and good sense, and truth, and precision,——

—Nay,—if you don't believe me, you may read the chapter for your pains.

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CHAPTER V.

CALAIS, Calatium, Calusium, Calesium.

This town, if we may trust its archives, the authority of which I see no reason to call in question in this place,—was *once* no more than a small village, belonging to one of the first Counts de Guignes; and as it boasts at present of no less than fourteen thousand inhabitants, exclusive of four hundred and twenty distinct families in the *basse ville*, or suburbs,—it must have grown up, by little and little, I suppose, to its present size.

Though there are four convents, there is but one parochial church in the whole town. I had not an opportunity of taking its exact dimensions, but it is pretty easy to make a tolerable conjecture of 'em;—for as there are fourteen thousand inhabitants in the town, if the church holds them all, it must be considerably large;—and if it will not,—'tis a very great pity they have not another.—It is built in form of a cross, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary: the steeple, which has a spire to it, is placed in the middle of the church, and stands upon four pillars, elegant and light enough, but sufficiently strong at the same time.—It is decorated with eleven altars, most of which are rather fine than beautiful. The great altar is a masterpiece in its kind; 'tis of white marble, and, as I was told, near sixty feet high:—had it been much higher, it had been as high as Mount Calvary itself;—therefore, I suppose it must be high enough in all conscience.

There was nothing struck me more than the great Square: though I cannot say 'tis either well paved or well built; but 'tis in the heart of the town, and most of the streets, especially those in that quarter, all terminate in it. Could there have been a fountain in all Calais, which it seems there cannot, as such an object would have been a great ornament, it is not to be doubted but that the inhabitants would have had it in the very centre of this square; not that it is properly a square,—because 'tis forty feet longer

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from east to west than from north to south; so that the French in general have more reason on their side in calling them Places than Squares; which, strictly speaking, to be sure, they are not.

The town-house seems to be but a sorry building, and not to be kept in the best repair; otherwise it had been a second great ornament to this place: it answers, however, its destination, and serves very well for the reception of the magistrates, who assemble in it from time to time; so that 'tis presumable, justice is regularly distributed.

I had heard much of it, but there is nothing at all curious in the Courgain: 'tis a distinct quarter of the town, inhabited solely by sailors and fishermen: it consists of a number of small streets, neatly built, and mostly of brick. 'Tis extremely populous; but as that may be accounted for from the principles of their diet,—there is nothing curious in that neither.—A traveller may see it to satisfy himself:—he must not omit, however, taking notice of La Tour de Guet, upon any account; 'tis so called from its particular destination, because in war it serves to discover and give notice of the enemies which approach the place, either by sea or land;—but 'tis monstrous high, and catches the eye so continually, you cannot avoid taking notice of it if you would.

It was a singular disappointment to me, that I could not have permission to take an exact survey of the fortifications, which are the strongest in the world; and which, from first to last, that is, from the time they were set about by Philip of France, Count of Boulogne, to the present war, wherein many reparations were made, have cost (as I learnt afterwards from an engineer in Gascony)—above a hundred millions of livres.—It is very remarkable, that at the Tete de Gravelines, and where the town is naturally the weakest, they have expended the most money; so that the out-works stretch a great way into the campaign, and consequently occupy a large track of ground. However, after all that is *said* and *done*, it must be acknowledged that Calais was never, upon any account, so considerable from itself, as

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from its situation, and that easy entrance which it gave our ancestors, upon all occasions, into France: it was not without its inconveniences also; being no less troublesome to the English in those times, than Dunkirk has been to us, in ours; so that it was deservedly looked upon as the key to both kingdoms; which no doubt is the reason that there have arisen so many contentions who should keep it: of these, the siege of Calais, or rather the blockade (for it was shut up both by land and sea) was the most memorable, as it withstood the efforts of Edward the Third a whole year, and was not terminated at last but by famine and extreme misery. The gallantry of Eustace de St. Pierre, who first offered himself a victim for his fellow-citizens, has rank'd his name with heroes.—As it will not take up above fifty pages, it would be injustice to the reader, not to give him a minute account of that romantic transaction; as well as of the siege itself, in Rapin's own words:—

CHAPTER VI.

——But courage! gentle reader!—I scorn it:—'tis enough to have thee in my power;—but to make use of the advantage which the fortune of the pen has now gained over thee, would be too much,—No—! by that all-powerful fire which warms the visionary brain, and lights the spirits through unworldly tracks! ere I would force a helpless creature upon this hard service, and make thee pay, poor soul! for fifty pages, which I have no right to sell thee,—naked as I am, I would browse upon the mountains, and smile that the north wind brought me neither my tent nor my supper.

So put on, by brave boy! and make the best of thy way to Boulogne.

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CHAPTER VII.

—BOULOGNE!—hah!—so we are all got together,—debtors and sinners before Heaven; a jolly set of us;—but I can't stay and quaff it off with you,—I'm pursued myself like a hundred Devils, and shall be overtaken before I can well change horses:—for Heaven's sake, make haste!——'Tis for high-treason, quoth a very little man, whispering as low as he could to a very tall man that stood next him.——Or else for murder, quoth the tall man.——Well thrown, Size-ace: quoth I.——No; quoth a third, the gentleman has been committing——

Ah! ma chère fille! said I, as she tripp'd by from her matins,—you look as rosy as the morning (for the sun was rising, and it made the compliment the more gracious)——No; it can't be that, quoth a fourth—(she made a court'sy to me,—I kiss'd my hand)—'tis debt, continued he.——'Tis certainly for debt, quoth a fifth.——I would not pay that gentleman's debts, quoth Ace, for a thousand pounds.——Nor would I, quoth Size, for six times the sum.——Well thrown, Size-ace, again! quoth I;—but I have no debt but the debt of *Nature;* and I want but patience of her, and I will pay her every farthing I owe her.—How can you be so hard-hearted, Madam, to arrest a poor traveller going along, without molestation to any one, upon his lawful occasions? Do stop that death-looking, long-striding scoundrel of a scare-sinner, who is posting after me.—He never would have followed me but for you;—if it be but for a stage or two, just to give me start of him, I beseech you, Madam——Do, dear lady!——

Now, in troth, 'tis a great pity, quoth mine Irish host, that all this good courtship should be lost; for the young gentlewoman has been after going out of hearing of it all along.——

Simpleton! quoth I.

So you have nothing *else* in Boulogne worth seeing?——

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By Jasus! there is the finest *Seminary* for the *Humanities.*——

There cannot be a finer, quoth I.

CHAPTER VIII.

When the precipitancy of a man's wishes hurries on his ideas ninety times faster than the vehicle he rides in—woe be to truth! and woe be to the vehicle and its tackling (let 'em be made of what stuff you will) upon which he breathes forth the disappointment of his soul!

As I never give general characters, either of men or things, in choler, "the most haste the worst speed," was all the reflection I made upon the affair the first time it happen'd; —the second, third, fourth, and fifth time, I confined it respectively to those times, and accordingly blamed only the second, third, fourth, and fifth post-boy for it, without carrying my reflections further; but the event continuing to befall me from the fifth to the sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth time, and without one exception, I then could not avoid making a national reflection of it, which I do in these words:—

That something is always wrong in a French post-chaise, upon first setting out.

Or the proposition may stand thus:—

A French postillion has always to alight before he has got three hundred yards out of town.

What's wrong now?——Diable!—a rope's broke!—a knot has slipt!—a staple's drawn!—a bolt's to whittle!—a tag, a rag, a jag, a strap, a buckle, or a buckle's tongue, wants altering.

Now, true as all this is, I never think myself empowered to excommunicate thereupon either the post-chaise, or its driver; nor do I take it into my head to swear by the living G—, I would rather go afoot ten thousand times,—or that I will be damn'd if ever I get into another;—but I

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take the matter coolly before me, and consider, that some tag, or rag, or jag, or bolt, or buckle, or buckle's tongue, will ever be a-wanting, or want altering, travel where I will; —so I never chafe, but take the good and the bad as they fall in my road, and get on.—Do so, my lad, said I: he had lost five minutes already in alighting, in order to get at a luncheon of black bread, which he had cramm'd into the chaise-pocket, and was remounted, and going leisurely on, to relish it the better.—Get on, my lad, said I, briskly;—but in the most persuasive tone imaginable; for I jingled a four-and-twenty sous piece against the glass, taking care to hold the flat side towards him as he look'd back. The dog grinn'd intelligence from his right ear to his left; and behind his sooty muzzle discovered such a pearly row of teeth, that *Sovereignty* would have pawn'd her jewels for them.

Just Heaven! { What masticators! / What bread!

and so as he finished the last mouthful of it, we entered the town of Montreuil.

CHAPTER IX.

THERE is not a town in all France which, in my opinion, looks better in the map than Montreuil.—I own, it does not look so well in the book of post-roads; but when you come to see it,—to be sure it looks most pitifully.

There is one thing, however, in it at present very handsome; and that is, the innkeeper's daughter.—She has been eighteen months at Amiens, and six at Paris, in going through her classes; so knits, and sews, and dances, and does the little coquetries very well.

A slut! in running them over within these five minutes that I have stood looking at her, she has let fall at least a dozen loops in a white-thread stocking.—Yes, yes,—I see, you cunning gipsy!—'tis long and taper,—you need not pin

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it to your knee;—and that 'tis your own,—and fits you exactly.

That Nature should have told this creature a word about a *statue's thumb!*

But as this sample is worth all their thumbs,—besides, I have her thumbs and fingers in at the bargain, if they can be any guide to me,—and as Janatone withal (for that is her name) stands so well for a drawing,—may I never draw more; or rather, may I draw like a draught-horse, by main strength, all the days of my life,—if I do not draw her in all her proportions, and with as determined a pencil as if I had her in the wettest drapery.

But your Worships choose rather that I give you the length, breadth, and perpendicular height of the great parish-church, or a drawing of the façade of the abbey of Saint Austreberte, which has been transported from Artois hither:—everything is just, I suppose, as the masons and carpenters left them;—and if the belief in Christ continues so long, will be so these fifty years to come;—so your Worships and Reverences may all measure them at your leisures; but he who measures thee, Janatone, must do it now;—thou carriest the principles of change within thy frame; and, considering the chances of a transitory life, I would not answer for thee a moment: ere twice twelve months are past and gone, thou mayest grow out like a pumpkin, and lose thy shapes;—or thou mayest go off like a flower, and lose thy beauty;—nay, thou mayest go off like a hussy,—and lose thyself.—I would not answer for my aunt Dinah, was she alive;—'faith, scarce for her picture, were it but painted by Reynolds.—

But if I go on with my drawing, after naming that son of Apollo, I'll be shot.

So you must e'en be content with the original; which, if the evening is fine in passing thro' Montreuil, you will see at your chaise-door, as you change horses: but unless you have as bad a reason for haste as I have,—you had better stop.—She has a little of the *dévote:* but that, Sir, is a terce to a nine in your favour.—

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L— help me! I could not count a single point: so had been piqued and repiqued, and capotted to the Devil.

CHAPTER X.

ALL which being considered, and that Death moreover might be much nearer me than I imagined,—I wish I was at Abbeville! quoth I, were it only to see how they card and spin: so off we set.

* *de Montreuil à Nampont - - poste et demi.*
de Nampont à Bernay - - poste
de Bernay à Nouvion - - poste
de Nouvion à Abbeville - - poste

—but the carders and spinners were all gone to bed.

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT a vast advantage is travelling! only it heats one; but there is a remedy for that, which you may pick out of the next chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

WAS I in a condition to stipulate with *D*eath, as I am this moment with my apothecary, how and where I will take his clyster,—I should certainly declare against submitting to it before my friends; and therefore I never seriously think upon the mode and manner of this great catastrophe, which generally takes up and torments my thoughts as much as the catastrophe itself,—but I constantly draw the curtain across it, with this wish, That the Disposer of all things

* *Vide* Book of French Post-Roads, page 36, edition of 1762.

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may so order it, that it happen not to me in my own house,—but rather in some decent inn:—at home I know it;—the concern of my friends, and the last services of wiping my brows and smoothing my pillow, which the quivering hand of pale Affection shall pay me, will so crucify my soul, that I shall die of a distemper which my physician is not aware of: but in an inn, the few cold offices I wanted would be purchased with a few guineas, and paid me with an undisturbed but punctual attention:—but mark;—This inn should not be the inn at Abbeville:—if there was not another in the universe, I would strike that inn out of the capitulation: so

Let the horses be in the chaise exactly by four in the morning.——Yes, by four, Sir,—or, by Genevieve! I'll raise a clatter in the house, shall wake the dead.

CHAPTER XIII.

"*MAKE them like unto a wheel,*" is a bitter sarcasm, as all the learned know, against the *grand tour*, and that restless spirit for making it, which David prophetically foresaw would haunt the children of men in the latter days; and therefore, as thinketh the great Bishop Hall, 'tis one of the severest imprecations which David ever utter'd against the enemies of the Lord,—and, as if he had said, "I wish them no worse luck than always to be rolling about."—So much motion, continues he (for he was very corpulent)—is so much unquietness; and so much of rest, by the same analogy, is so much of Heaven.

Now I (being very thin) think differently; and that so much of motion, is so much of life, and so much of joy;—and that to stand still, or get on but slowly, is death and the devil.

—Hollo! Ho!—the whole world's asleep!—bring out the horses,—grease the wheels,—tie on the mail,—and drive a nail into that moulding;—I'll not lose a moment.

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Now, the wheel we are talking of, and *whereinto* (but not *whereonto*, for that would make an Ixion's wheel of it) he curseth his enemies, according to the bishop's habit of body, should certainly be a post-chaise wheel, whether they were set up in Palestine at that time or not;—and my wheel, for the contrary reasons, must as certainly be a cart-wheel, groaning round its revolution once in an age; and of which sort, were I to turn commentator, I should make no scruple to affirm they had great store in that hilly country.

I love the Pythagoreans (much more than ever I dare tell my dear Jenny) for their *χωρισμὸν ἀπὸ τοῦ σώματος, εἰς τὸ καλῶς φιλοσοφεῖν*—[their] "*getting out of the body, in order to think well.*" No man thinks right whilst he is in it: blinded as he must be, with his congenial humours, and drawn differently aside, as the bishop and myself have been, with too lax or too tense a fibre,—*Reason* is, half of it, *Sense;* and the measure of Heaven itself is but the measure of our present appetites and concoctions.——

——But which of the two, in the present case, do you think to be mostly in the wrong?

——You, certainly, quoth she,—to disturb a whole family so early.

CHAPTER XIV.

——But she did not know I was under a vow not to shave my beard till I got to Paris;—yet I hate to make mysteries of nothing;—'tis the cold cautiousness of one of those little souls from which Lessius (*lib.* 13. *de Moribus Divinis, cap.* 24) hath made his estimate; wherein he setteth forth, That one Dutch mile, cubically multiplied, will allow room enough, and to spare, for eight hundred thousand millions, which he supposes to be as great a number of souls (counting from the fall of Adam) as can possibly be damn'd to the end of the world.

From what he has made this second estimate,—unless from the parental goodness of God,—I don't know:—I am

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much more at a loss what could be in Franciscus Ribbera's head, who pretends that no less a space than one of two hundred Italian miles multiplied into itself, will be sufficient to hold the like number;—he certainly must have gone upon some of the old Roman souls, of which he had read, without reflecting how much, by a gradual and most tabid decline, in a course of eighteen hundred years, they must unavoidably have shrunk so as to have come, when he wrote, almost to nothing.

In Lessius's time, who seems the cooler man, they were as little as can be imagined.—

——We find them less *now*;

——And next winter we shall find them less again; so that, if we go on from little to less, and from less to nothing, I hesitate not one moment to affirm, that in half a century, at this rate, we shall have no souls at all; which being the period beyond which I doubt likewise of the existence of the Christian faith, 'twill be one advantage, that both of 'em will be exactly worn out together.

Blessed Jupiter! and blessed every other heathen god and goddess! for now ye will come into play again, and with Priapus at your tails.—What jovial times!—but where am I? and into what a delicious riot of things am I rushing? I,—I who must be cut short in the midst of my days, and taste no more of 'em than what I borrow from my imagination:——Peace to thee, generous fool! and let me go on.

CHAPTER XV.

——"So hating, I say, to make mysteries of *nothing*,"—I entrusted it with the post-boy, as soon as ever I got off the stones: he gave a crack with his whip to balance the compliment; and with the thill-horse trotting, and a sort of an up-and-a-down of the other, we danced it along to Ailly au Clochers, famed in the days of yore for the finest chimes in the world; but we danced through it without music,—

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the chimes being greatly out of order—(as in truth they were through all France).

And so making all possible speed, from

Ailly au Clochers, I got to Hixcourt;

from Hixcourt, I got to Perquignay; and

from Perquignay, I got to Amiens;

concerning which town I have nothing to inform you, but what I have informed you once before,—and that was, that Janatone went there to school.

CHAPTER XVI.

In the whole catalogue of those whiffling vexations which come puffing across a man's canvas, there is not one of a more teasing and tormenting nature than this particular one which I am going to describe,—and for which (unless you travel with an *avance-courier*, which numbers do, in order to prevent it) there is no help; and it is this:—

That be you in ever so kindly a propensity to sleep,—though you are passing perhaps through the finest country, upon the best roads, and in the easiest carriage for doing it in the world;—nay, was you sure you could sleep fifty miles straight forwards, without once opening your eyes;—nay, what is more, was you as demonstratively satisfied as you can be of any truth in Euclid, that you should upon all accounts be full as well asleep as awake,—nay, perhaps, better;—yet the incessant returns of paying for the horses at every stage,—with the necessity thereupon of putting your hand into your pocket, and counting out from thence three livres, fifteen sous (sous by sous) puts an end to so much of the project, that you cannot execute above six miles of it (or, supposing it is a post and a half, that is but nine)—were it to save your soul from destruction.

——I'll be even with 'em, quoth I; for I'll put the precise sum into a piece of paper, and hold it ready in my hand all the way: "Now I shall have nothing to do," said

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I, (composing myself to rest) but to drop this gently into the post-boy's hat, and not say a word."—Then there wants two sous more to drink,—or there is a twelve-sous piece of Louis XIV. which will not pass,—or a livre and some odd liards to be brought over from the last stage, which Monsieur had forgot; which altercations (as a man cannot dispute very well asleep) rouse him: still is sweet sleep retrievable; and still might the flesh weigh down the spirit, and recover itself of these blows;—but then, by Heaven! you have paid but for a single post,—whereas 'tis a post and a half; and this obliges you to pull out your book of post-roads, the print of which is so very small, it forces you to open your eyes, whether you will or no: Then Monsieur le Curé offers you a pinch of snuff,—or a poor soldier shews you his leg,—or a shaveling his box,—or the priestesse of the cistern will water your wheels;—(they do not want it;—but she swears by her *priesthood* (throwing it back) that they do):—then you have all these points to argue, or consider over in your mind; in doing of which, the rational powers get so thoroughly awakened,—you may get them to sleep again as you can.

It was entirely owing to one of these misfortunes, or I had pass'd clean by the stables of Chantilly.

——But the postillion first affirming, and then persisting in it to my face, that there was no mark upon the two-sous piece, I open'd my eyes to be convinced;—and seeing the mark upon it as plain as my nose,—I leap'd out of the chaise in a passion, and so saw everything at Chantilly in spite.—I tried it but for three posts and a half, but believe 'tis the best principle in the world to travel speedily upon; for, as few objects look very inviting in that mood,—you have little or nothing to stop you; by which means it was that I passed through St. Dennis, without turning my head so much as on the side towards the Abbey——

Richness of their treasury!—stuff and nonsense!—Bating their jewels, which are all false, I would not give three sous for any one thing in it, but Jaidas's lantern;—nor for that neither, only, as it grows dark, it might be of use.

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CHAPTER XVII.

CRACK, crack,—crack, crack,—crack, crack;—so this is Paris! quoth I (continuing in the same mood)—and this is Paris!—humph!—Paris! cried I, repeating the name the third time,——

The first, the finest, the most brilliant!

The streets, however, are nasty.

But it looks, I suppose, better than it smells.—Crack, crack,—crack, crack;—what a fuss thou makest!—as if it concerned the good people to be informed, that a man with a pale face, and clad in black, had the honour to be driven into Paris at nine o'clock at night, by a postillion in a tawny yellow jerkin, turned up with red calamanco!—— Crack, crack,—crack, crack,—crack, crack.——I wish thy whip——

——But 'tis the spirit of thy nation; so crack—crack on.

Ha!—and no one gives the wall;—but in the School of Urbanity herself, if the walls are besh-t,—how can you do otherwise?

And, prithee, when do they light the lamps? What!—never in the summer months!—Ho! 'tis the time of salads. —O rare! salad and soup,—soup and salad,—salad and soup, *encore*—

—'Tis *too much* for sinners.

Now I cannot bear the barbarity of it. How can that unconscionable coachman talk so much bawdy to that lean horse? don't you see, friend, the streets are so villanously narrow, that there is not room in all Paris to turn a wheel-barrow? In the grandest city of the whole world it would not have been amiss if they had been left a thought wider; nay, were it only so much in every single street, as that a man might know (was it only for satisfaction) on which side of it he was walking.

One,—two,—three,—four,—five,—six,—seven,—eight,—nine,—ten.—Ten cooks' shops! and twice the number of barbers! and all within three minutes' driving! one would

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think that all the cooks in the world, on some great merry-meeting with the barbers, by joint consent, had said,—Come, let us all go live at Paris: the French love good eating;—they are all *gourmands;*—we shall rank high; if their god is their belly,—their cooks must be gentlemen: and, forasmuch as *the periwig maketh the man,* and the periwig-maker maketh the periwig,—*ergo,* would the barbers, say, we shall rank higher still,—we shall be above you all,—we shall be *Capitouls* * at least,—*pardi!* we shall all wear swords:

—And so, one would swear (that is, by candle-light,—but there is no depending upon it) they continue to do to this day.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The French are certainly misunderstood:—but whether the fault is theirs, in not sufficiently explaining themselves; or speaking with that exact limitation and precision which one would expect on a point of such importance, and which, moreover, is so likely to be contested by us;—or whether the fault may not be altogether on our side, in not understanding their language always so critically as to know "what they would be at,"—I shall not decide; but 'tis evident to me, when they affirm, "*That they who have seen Paris, have seen everything,*" they must mean to speak of those who have seen it by daylight.

As for candle-light,—I give it up;—I have said before, there was no depending upon it;—and I repeat it again: but not because the lights and shades are too sharp,—or the tints confounded,—or that there is neither beauty nor keeping, &c. . . . for that's not truth;—but it is an uncertain light in this respect, That in all the five hundred grand hotels, which they number up to you in Paris;—and the five hundred good things, at a modest computation (for 'tis only allowing one good thing to a hotel) which by candle-

* Chief Magistrate in Toulouse, &c.

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light are best to be *seen, felt, heard,* and *understood* (which, by the bye, is a quotation from Lilly)—the devil a one of us, out of fifty, can get our heads fairly thrust in amongst them.

This is no part of the French computation; 'tis simply this:—

That by the last survey taken in the year 1716, since which time there have been considerable augmentations,—Paris doth contain nine hundred streets; (*viz*).

In the quarter called the City, there are fifty-three streets;
In St. James of the Shambles, fifty-five streets;
In St. Oportune, thirty-four streets;
In the quarter of the Louvre, twenty-five streets;
In the Palace-Royal, or St. Honorius, forty-nine streets;
In Mont Martyr, forty-one streets;
In St. Eustace, twenty-nine streets;
In the Halles, twenty-seven streets;
In St. Dennis, fifty-five streets;
In St. Martin, fifty-four streets;
In St. Paul, or the Mortellerie, twenty-seven streets;
The Greve, thirty-eight streets;
In St. Avoy, or the Verrerie, nineteen streets;
In the Marais, or the Temple, fifty-two streets;
In St. Antony, sixty-eight streets;
In the Place Maubert, eighty-one streets;
In St. Bene't, sixty streets;
In St. Andrew de Arcs, fifty-one streets;
In the quarter of the Luxembourg, sixty-two streets;
And in that of St. Germain, fifty-five streets; into any of which you may walk: and that when you have seen them, with all that belongs to them, fairly by daylight,—their gates, their bridges, their squares, their statues - - - and have crusaded it, moreover, thro' all their parish-churches, by no means omitting St. Roche and Sulpice; - - - and to crown all, have taken a walk to the four palaces, which you may see, either with or without the statues and pictures, just as you choose,—

—Then you have seen——

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—but 'tis what no one needeth to tell you, for you will read of it yourself, upon the portico of the Louvre, in these words:—

* Earth no such folks!—no Folks e'er such a town
As Paris is!—sing derry, derry, down.

The French have a *gay* way of treating everything that is Great; and that is all can be said upon it.

CHAPTER XIX.

In mentioning the word *gay* (as in the close of the last chapter) it puts one (*i. e.*, an author) in mind of the word *spleen*;—especially if he has anything to say upon it. Not that by any analysis,—or that from any table of interest or genealogy, there appears much more ground of alliance betwixt them, than betwixt light and darkness, or any two of the most unfriendly opposites in nature;—only 'tis an undercraft of authors to keep up a good understanding amongst words, as politicians do amongst men,—not knowing how near they may be under a necessity of placing them to each other;—which point being now gain'd, and that I may place mine exactly to my mind, I write it down here,

SPLEEN.

This, upon leaving Chantilly, I declared to be the best principle in the world to travel speedily upon; but I gave it only as matter of opinion. I still continue in the same sentiments;—only I had not then experience enough of its working to add this, that tho' you do get on at a tearing rate, yet you get on but uneasily to yourself at the same time; for which reason, I here quit it entirely, and for ever; and 'tis heartily at any one's service:—it has spoiled me the digestion of a good supper, and brought on a bilious

* Non orbis gentem, non urbem gens habet ullam
——————ulla parem.

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diarrhœa, which has brought me back again to my first principle on which I set out;—and with which I shall now scamper it away to the banks of the Garonne.

—No;—I cannot stop a moment to give you the character of the people,—their genius,—their manners,—their customs,—their laws,—their religion,—their government,—their manufactures,—their commerce,—their finances, with all the resources and hidden springs which sustain them; qualified as I may be, by spending three days and two nights amongst them, and during all that time making these things the entire subject of my inquiries and reflections.—

Still,—still I must away,—the roads are paved,—the posts are short,—the days are long,—'tis no more than noon,—I shall be at Fontainbleau before the King.

—Was he going there? Not that I know.

CHAPTER XX.

Now I hate to hear a person, especially if he be a traveller, complain that we do not get on so fast in France as we do in England; whereas we get on much faster, *consideratis considerandis*; thereby always meaning, that if you weigh their vehicles with the mountains of baggage which you lay both before and behind upon them,—and then consider their puny horses, with the very little they give them,—'tis a wonder they get on at all. Their suffering is most unchristian; and 'tis evident thereupon to me, that a French post-horse would not know what in the world to do, was it not for the two words * * * * * * and * * * * * *, in which there is as much sustenance as if you gave them a peck of corn. Now, as these words cost nothing, I long, from my soul, to tell the reader what they are; but here is the question,—they must be told him plainly, and with the most distinct articulation, or it will answer no end;—and yet to do it in that plain way,—though their Reverences may laugh at it in the bedchamber,—full well I wot, they will abuse it

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in the parlour; for which cause, I have been volving and revolving in my fancy some time, but to no purpose, by what clean device, or *facette* contrivance, I might so modulate them, that whilst I satisfy *that ear* which the reader chooses to *lend* me,—I might not dissatisfy the other which he keeps to himself.

—My ink burns my finger to try;—and when I have,—'twill have a worse consequence,—it will burn (I fear) my paper.

—No;—I dare not.

But if you wish to know how the Abbess of Andoüillets and a novice of her convent got over the difficulty (only first wishing myself all imaginable success)—I'll tell you without the least scruple.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Abbess of Andoüillets, which, if you look into the large set of provincial maps now publishing at Paris, you will find situated amongst the hills which divide Burgundy from Savoy, being in danger of an *anchylosis*, or stiff joint, (the *sinovia* of her knee becoming hard by long matins) and having tried every remedy:—First, prayers and thanksgivings;—then invocations to all the saints in heaven, promiscuously,—then particularly to every saint who had ever had a stiff leg before her;—then touching it with all the reliques of the convent, principally with the thigh-bone of the man of Lystra, who had been impotent from his youth;—then wrapping it up in her veil when she went to bed;—then cross-wise her rosary;—then bringing into her aid the secular arm, and anointing it with oils and hot fat of animals;—then treating it with emollient and resolving fomentations;—then with poultices of marsh-mallows, mallows, bonus Henricus, white lilies, and fœnugreek;—then taking the woods, I mean the smoke of 'em, holding her scapulary across her lap;—then decoctions of wild

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chicory, water-cresses, chervil, sweet cecily, and cochlearia; —and nothing all this while answering, was prevailed on at last to try the hot baths of Bourbon:—so having first obtained leave of the visitor-general to take care of her existence,—she ordered all to be got ready for her journey. A novice of the convent, of about seventeen, who had been troubled with a whitlow in her middle finger, by sticking it constantly into the Abbess's cast poultices, &c.—had gained such an interest, that overlooking a sciatical old nun, who might have been set up for ever by the hot baths of Bourbon, Margarita, the little novice, was elected as the companion of the journey.

An old calash, belonging to the Abbess, lined with green frieze, was ordered to be drawn out into the sun. The gardener of the convent being chosen muleteer, led out the two old mules, to clip the hair from the rump ends of their tails; whilst a couple of lay-sisters were busied, the one in darning the lining, and the other in sewing on the shreds of yellow binding, which the teeth of time had unravelled;—the under-gardener dressed the muleteer's hat in hot wine-lees;—and a tailor sat musically at it, in a shed over against the convent, in assorting four dozen of bells for the harness, whistling to each bell as he tied it on with a thong.

——The carpenter and the smith of Andoüillets held a council of wheels; and by seven, the morning after, all look'd spruce, and was ready at the gate of the convent for the hot baths of Bourbon.—Two rows of the unfortunate stood ready there an hour before.

The Abbess of Andoüillets, supported by Margarita the novice, advanced slowly to the calash, both clad in white, with their black rosaries hanging at their breasts.

—There was a simple solemnity in the contrast: they entered the calash; the nuns in the same uniform, sweet emblem of innocence, each occupied a window; and as the Abbess and Margarita look'd up—each (the sciatical poor nun excepted)—each stream'd out the end of her veil in the air,—then kiss'd the lily hand which let it go. The good Abbess and Margarita laid their hands saint-wise upon their

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breasts,—look'd up to heaven,—then to them,—and look'd "God bless you, dear sisters!"

I declare I am interested in this story, and wish I had been there.

The gardener, whom I shall now call the muleteer, was a little, hearty, broad-set, good-natured, chattering, toping kind of a fellow, who troubled his head very little with the *hows* and *whens* of life; so had mortgag'd a month of his conventicle wages in a borrachio, or leathern cask of wine, which he had disposed behind the calash, with a large russet-coloured riding-coat over it, to guard it from the sun; and, as the weather was hot, and he not a niggard of his labours, walking ten times more than he rode,—he found more occasions than those of nature, to fall back to the rear of his carriage; till, by frequent coming and going, it had so happen'd, that all his wine had leak'd out at the *legal* vent of the borrachio, before one-half of the journey was finish'd.

Man is a creature born to habitudes. The day had been sultry,—the evening was delicious—the wine was generous,—the Burgundian hill on which it grew was steep,—a little tempting bush over the door of a cool cottage, at the foot of it, hung vibrating in full harmony with the passions, a gentle air rustled distinctly through the leaves,—"Come, come,—thirsty muleteer,—come in!"

—The muleteer was a son of Adam; I need not say one word more. He gave the mules, each of 'em, a sound lash; and, looking in the Abbess's and Margarita's faces (as he did it)—as much as to say, "Here I am,"—he gave a second good crack,—as much as to say to his mules, "Get on!"—so slinking behind, he enter'd the little inn at the foot of the hill.

The muleteer, as I told you, was a little, joyous, chirping fellow, who thought not of to-morrow, nor of what had gone before, or what was to follow it, provided he got but his scantling of Burgundy, and a little chit-chat along with it: so entering into a long conversation, as how he was chief gardener to the convent of Andoüillets, &c. &c., and out of friendship for the Abbess, and Mademoiselle Mar-

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garita, who was only in her noviciate, he had come along with them from the confines of Savoy, &c. &c.—and as how she had got a white swelling by her devotions;—and what a nation of herbs he had procured to mollify her humours, &c. &c.—and that if the waters of Bourbon did not mend that leg,—she might as well be lame of both, &c. &c. &c.—He so contrived his story, as absolutely to forget the heroine of it,—and with her the little novice; and, what was a more ticklish point to be forgot than both,—the two mules; who being creatures that take advantage of the world, inasmuch as their parents took it of them,—and they not being in a condition to return the obligation *downwards* (as men, and women, and beasts are)—they do it side-ways, and long-ways, and back-ways,—and up hill, and down hill, and which way they can.—Philosophers, with all their ethics, have never considered this rightly:—how should the poor muleteer then, in his cups, consider it at all? He did not in the least:—'tis time we do. Let us leave him then in the vortex of his element, the happiest and most thoughtless of mortal men,—and for a moment let us look after the mules, the Abbess, and Margarita.

By virtue of the muleteer's two last strokes, the mules had gone quietly on, following their own consciences up the hill, till they had conquer'd about one half of it; when the elder of them, a shrewd crafty old devil, at the turn of an angle, giving a side glance, and no muleteer behind them,——

By my fig! said she, swearing, I'll go no further.——And if I do, replied the other, they shall make a drum of my hide.

—And so, with one consent, they stopp'd thus:—

CHAPTER XXII.

——GET on with you! said the Abbess.

——Wh - - - - - ysh,—ysh,—ysh! cried Margarita.

——Sh - - - a, — shu - u, — shu - u, — sh - - aw! — shaw'd the Abbess.

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——Whu—v—w,—whew—w—w!—whuv'd Margarita, pursing up her sweet lips betwixt a hoot and a whistle.

Thump,—thump,—thump,—obstreperated the Abbess of Andoüillets, with the end of her gold-headed cane against the bottom of her calash.

——The old mule let a f—

CHAPTER XXIII.

We are ruin'd and undone, my child, said the Abbess to Margarita;—we shall be here all night:—we shall be plunder'd,—we shall be ravish'd!

——We shall be ravish'd, said Margarita, as sure as a gun.

——*Sancta Maria!* cried the Abbess, (forgetting the *O!*) —why was I govern'd by this wicked stiff joint? why did I leave the convent of Andoüillets? and why didst thou not suffer thy servant to go unpolluted to her tomb?—

O my finger! my finger! cried the novice, catching fire at the word *servant*,—why was I not content to put in here, or there; anywhere rather than be in this strait?

——Strait! said the Abbess.

——Strait!—said the novice; for terror had struck their understandings,—the one knew not what she said,—the other what she answer'd.

——O my virginity! virginity! cried the Abbess.

——inity!—inity! said the novice, sobbing.

CHAPTER XXIV.

My dear mother, quoth the novice, coming a little to herself,—there are two certain words, which I have been told will force any horse, or ass, or mule, to go up a hill, whether he will or not: be he ever so obstinate or ill-will'd, the moment he hears them utter'd, he obeys.——They are words

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magic! cried the Abbess, in the utmost horror.——No, replied Margarita calmly,—but they are words sinful.——What are they? quoth the Abbess, interrupting her.——They are sinful in the first degree, answered Margarita;—they are mortal;—and if we are ravish'd and die unabsolved of them, we shall both——But you may pronounce them to me, quoth the Abbess of Andoüillets.——They cannot, my dear mother, said the novice, be pronounced at all; they will make all the blood in one's body fly up into one's face.——But you may whisper them in my ear, quoth the Abbess.

Heaven! hadst thou no guardian angel to delegate to the inn at the bottom of the hill?—Was there no generous and friendly spirit unemployed?—no agent in nature, by some monitory shivering, creeping along the artery which led to his heart, to rouse the muleteer from his banquet?—no sweet minstrelsy to bring back the fair idea of the Abbess and Margarita, with their black rosaries!

Rouse! rouse!—but 'tis too late;—the horrid words are pronounced this moment,——and how to tell them,——Ye, who can speak of everything existing with unpolluted lips,—instruct me,—guide me!——

CHAPTER XXV.

All sins whatever, quoth the Abbess, turning casuist in the distress they were under, are held by the confessor of our convent to be either mortal or venial: there is no further division.—Now, a venial sin being the slightest and least of all sins,—being halved,—by taking either only the half of it, and leaving the rest,—or, by taking it all, and amicably halving it betwixt yourselves and another person,—in course becomes diluted into no sin at all.

Now I see no sin in saying, *bou, bou, bou, bou, bou,* a hundred times together; nor is there any turpitude in pronouncing the syllable *ger, ger, ger, ger, ger,* were it from our matins to our vespers.—Therefore, my dear daughter,

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continued the Abbess of Andoüillets,—I will say *bou*, and thou shalt say *ger*; and then alternately, as there is no more sin in *fou* than in *bou*,—thou shalt say *fou*,—and I will come in (like fa, sol, la, re, mi, ut, at our complines) with *ter*:—and accordingly the Abbess, giving the pitch-note, set off thus:

Abbess, } Bou - - bou - - bou - - -
Margarita, } ——ger, - - ger, - - ger.
Margarita, } Fou - - fou - - fou - - - -
Abbess, } ——ter, - - ter - - ter.

The two mules acknowledged the notes by a mutual lash of their tails; but it went no further.——'Twill answer by an' bye, said the novice.——

Abbess, } Bou- bou- bou- bou- bou- bou-
Margarita, } ——ger, ger, ger, ger, ger, ger.

Quicker still, cried Margarita.

Fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou.

Quicker still, cried Margarita.

Bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou.

Quicker still.—God preserve me! said the Abbess.

——They do not understand us, cried Margarita.——

But the Devil does, said the Abbess of Andoüillets.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHAT a tract of country have I run!—how many degrees nearer to the warm sun am I advanced, and how many fair and goodly cities have I seen, during the time you have been reading and reflecting, Madam, upon this story!—There's Fontainbleau, and Sens, and Joigny, and Auxerre, and Dijon the capital of Burgundy, and Chalons, and Mâcon the capital of the Mâconese, and a score more upon the road to Lyons;—and now I have run them over,—I might as well talk to you of so many market-towns in the moon, as tell you one word about them: it will be this chapter at the least, if not both this and the next entirely lost, do what I will.——

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Why, 'tis a strange story! Tristram.

——Alas! Madam, had it been upon some melancholy lecture of the cross,—the peace of meekness, or the contentment of resignation,—I had not been incommoded; or had I thought of writing it upon the purer abstractions of the soul, and that food of wisdom, and holiness, and contemplation upon which the spirit of man (when separated from the body) is to subsist for ever,—you would have come with a better appetite from it.——

—I wish I never had wrote it! but as I never blot anything out,—let us use some honest means to get it out of our heads directly.

Pray reach me my fool's-cap:—I fear you sit upon it, Madam;—'tis under the cushion:—I'll put it on.——

Bless me! you have had it upon your head this half-hour. —There then let it stay, with a

Fa-ra diddle di
and a fa-ri diddle d
and a high-dum,—dye-dum
fiddle - - - dum - c.

And now, Madam, we may venture, I hope, a little to go on.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ALL you need say of Fontainbleau (in case you are ask'd) is, that it stands about forty miles (south *something*) from Paris, in the middle of a large forest:—that there is something great in it:—that the King goes there once every two or three years, with his whole court, for the pleasure of the chase;—and that, during that carnival of sporting, any English gentleman of fashion (you need not forget yourself) may be accommodated with a nag or two, to partake of the sport, taking care only not to out-gallop the King——

Though there are two reasons why you need not talk loud of this to every one.

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First, Because 'twill make the said nags the harder to be got; and,

Secondly, 'Tis not a word of it true.—*Allons!*

As for Sens,—you may despatch it in a word;—"'Tis an archiepiscopal see."

For Joigny,—the less, I think, one says of it, the better.

But for Auxerre, I could go on for ever: for in my *grand tour* through Europe, in which, after all, my father (not caring to trust me with any one) attended me himself, with my uncle Toby, and Trim, and Obadiah, and indeed most of the family, except my mother, who being taken up with a project of knitting my father a pair of large worsted breeches—(the thing is common sense)—and she not caring to be put out of her way, she stayed at home, at Shandy Hall, to keep things right during the expedition;—in which, I say, my father stopping us two days at Auxerre, and his researches being ever of such a nature, that they would have found fruit even in a desert,—he has left me enough to say upon Auxerre. In short, wherever my father went;—but 'twas more remarkably so in this journey through France and Italy, than in any other stages of his life;—his road seemed to lie so much on one side of that, wherein all others travellers have gone before him,—he saw Kings, and courts, and silks of all colours, in such strange lights;—and his remarks and reasonings upon the characters, the manners, and customs of the countries we pass'd over, were so opposite to those of all other mortal men, particularly those of my Uncle Toby and Trim—(to say nothing of myself);—and to crown all,—the occurrences and scrapes which we were perpetually meeting and getting into, in consequence of his systems and opiniatry,—they were of so odd, so mix'd and tragi-comical a contexture,—that the whole put together, it appears of so different a shade and tint from any tour of Europe, which was ever executed,—that I will venture to pronounce,—the fault must be mine, and mine only,—if it be not read by all travellers and travel-readers, till travelling is no more,—or, which comes to the same point,—till the world, finally, takes it into its head to stand still.

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But this rich bale is not to be open'd now, except a small thread or two of it, merely to unravel the mystery of my father's stay at Auxerre.

As I have mention'd it,—'tis too slight to be kept suspended; and when 'tis wove in, there is an end of it.——

We'll go, brother Toby, said my father, whilst dinner is coddling,—to the abbey of Saint Germain, if it be only to see these bodies, of which Monsieur Sequier has given such a recommendation.——I'll go see anybody, quoth my uncle Toby; for he was all compliance through every step of the journey.——Defend me! said my father,—they are all mummies.——Then one need not shave, quoth my uncle Toby.——Shave! no,—cried my father,—'twill be more like relations to go with our beards on.——So out we sallied, the Corporal lending his master his arm, and bringing up the rear, to the abbey of Saint Germain.——

Everything is very fine, and very rich, and very superb, and very magnificent, said my father, addressing himself to the sacristan, who was a younger brother of the order of Benedictines;—but our curiosity has led us to see the bodies, of which Monsieur Sequier has given the world so exact a description.——The sacristan made a bow; and lighting a torch first, which he had always in the vestry ready for the purpose, he led us into the tomb of St. Heribal.——This, said the sacristan, laying his hand upon the tomb, was a renown'd prince of the House of Bavaria, who, under the successive reigns of Charlemagne, Louis le Debonnair, and Charles the Bald, bore a great sway in the government, and had a principal hand in bringing everything into order and discipline.——

Then he has been as great, said my uncle, in the field as in the cabinet.——I dare say he has been a gallant soldier. ——He was a monk,—said the sacristan.——

My uncle Toby and Trim sought comfort in each other's faces,—but found it not.—My father clapp'd both his hands upon his cod-piece, which was a way he had when anything hugely tickled him: for though he hated a monk, and the very smell of a monk, worse than all the devils in hell,—yet,

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the shot hitting my uncle Toby and Trim so much harder than him, 'twas a relative triumph, and put him into the gayest humour in the world.——

And pray what do you call this gentleman? quoth my father, rather sportingly.——This tomb, said the young Benedictine, looking downwards, contains the bones of St. Maxima, who came from Ravenna on purpose to touch the body——

—Of St. Maximus, said my father, popping in with his saint before him,—they were two of the greatest saints in the whole martyrology, added my father.——Excuse me, said the sacristan,—'twas to touch the bones of St. Germain, the builder of the abbey.——And what did she get by it? said my uncle Toby.——What does any woman get by it? said my father.—*Martyrdom*, replied the young Benedictine, making a bow down to the ground, and uttering the word with so humble but decisive a cadence, it disarmed my father for a moment.—'Tis supposed, continued the Benedictine, that St. Maxima has lain in this tomb four hundred years, and two hundred before her canonisation.——'Tis but a slow rise, brother Toby, quoth my father, in this self-same army of martyrs.——A desperate slow one, an' please your Honour, said Trim, unless one could purchase.——I should rather sell out entirely, quoth my uncle Toby.——I am pretty much of your opinion brother, Toby, said my father.——

—Poor St. Maxima! said my uncle Toby, low to himself, as we turn'd from her tomb.——She was one of the fairest and most beautiful ladies either of Italy or France, continued the sacristan.——But who the deuce has got lain down here, beside her? quoth my father, pointing with his cane to a large tomb as we walked on.——It is Saint Optat, Sir, answered the sacristan.——And properly is Saint Optat plac'd! said my father: And what is Saint Optat's story? continued he.——Saint Optat, replied the sacristan, was a bishop.——

——I thought so, by Heaven! cried my father, interrupting him;—Saint Optat!—how should Saint Optat fail?—So snatching out his pocket-book, and the young Benedictine

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holding him the torch as he wrote, he set it down as a new prop to his system of Christian names; and I will be bold to say, so disinterested was he in the search of truth, that, had he found a treasure in Saint Optat's tomb, it would not have made him half so rich: 'twas as successful a short visit as ever was paid to the dead; and so highly was his fancy pleased with all that had passed in it,—that he determined at once to stay another day in Auxerre.

——I'll see the rest of these good gentry to-morrow, said my father, as we cross'd over the square.——And while you are paying that visit, brother Shandy, quoth my uncle Toby, the Corporal and I will mount the ramparts.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

——Now this is the most puzzled skein of all;—for in this last chapter, as far at least as it has helped me through Auxerre, I have been getting forwards in two different journeys together, and with the same dash of the pen;—for I have got entirely out of Auxerre in this journey which I am writing now, and I am got half way out of Auxerre in that which I shall write hereafter.—There is but a certain degree of perfection in everything; and, by pushing at something beyond that, I have brought myself into such a situation as no traveller ever stood before me; for I am this moment walking across the market-place of Auxerre, with my father and my uncle Toby, in our way back to dinner;—and I am this moment also entering Lyons, with my post-chaise broke into a thousand pieces;—and I am, moreover, this moment in a handsome pavilion, built by Pringello,* upon the banks of the Garonne, which Mons. Sligniac has lent me, and where I now sit rhapsodising all these affairs.

——Let me collect myself, and pursue my journey.

* The famous Don Pringello, the celebrated Spanish architect, of whom my cousin Antony has made such honourable mention, in a scholium to the Tale inscribed to his name.—Vid. p. 129, small edit.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

I AM glad of it, said I, settling the account with myself, as I walked into Lyons,—my chaise being all laid higgledy-piggledy with my baggage in a cart, which was moving slowly before me.—I am heartily glad, said I, that 'tis all broke to pieces; for now I can go directly by water to Avignon, which will carry me on a hundred and twenty miles of my journey, and not cost me seven livres;—and from thence, continued I, bringing forwards the accounts, I can hire a couple of mules,—or asses, if I like (for nobody knows me), and cross the plains of Languedoc for almost nothing:—I shall gain four hundred livres by the misfortune clear into my purse; and pleasure! worth,—worth double the money by it. With what velocity, continued I, clapping my two hands together, shall I fly down the rapid Rhone, with the Vivares on my right hand, and Dauphiny on my left, scarce seeing the ancient cities of Vienne, Valence, and Vivieres! What a flame will it rekindle in the lamp, to snatch a blushing grape from the Hermitage and Côte Roti, as I shoot by the foot of them! and what a fresh spring in the blood! to behold upon the banks advancing and retiring, the castles of romance, whence courteous knights have whilom rescued the distress'd;—and see, vertiginous, the rocks, the mountains, the cataracts, and all the hurry which Nature is in with all her great works about her!

As I went on thus, methought my chaise, the wreck of which looked stately enough at the first, insensibly grew less and less in its size; the freshness of the painting was no more,—the gilding lost its lustre,—and the whole affair appeared so poor in my eyes!—so sorry!—so contemptible!—and, in a word, so much worse than the Abbess of Andoüillets' itself,—that I was just opening my mouth to give it to the Devil,—when a pert, vamping chaise undertaker, stepping nimbly across the street, demanded if Monsieur would have his chaise refitted.——No, no, said I, shaking my head sideways.——Would Monsieur choose to sell it? rejoined

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the undertaker.——With all my soul, said I; the iron-work is worth forty livres,—and the glasses worth forty more,—and the leather you may take to live on.

——What a mine of wealth, quoth I, as he counted me the money, has this post-chaise brought me in! And this is my usual method of bookkeeping, at least with the disasters of life,—making a penny of every one of 'em as they happen to me.

——Do, my dear Jenny, tell the world for me how I behaved under one, the most oppressive of its kind, which could befall me as a man, proud as he ought to be of his manhood.

'Tis enough, saidst thou, coming up close to me, as I stood with my garters in my hand, reflecting upon what had *not* pass'd.——'Tis enough, Tristram, and I am satisfied, saidst thou, whispering these words in my ear, * * * * * *;— * * * * * * *

——any other man would have sunk down to the centre.

——Everything is good for something, quoth I.

——I'll go into Wales for six weeks, and drink goat's whey,—and I'll gain seven years longer life for the accident. For which reason I think myself inexcusable for blaming Fortune so often as I have done, for pelting me all my life long, like an ungracious duchess, as I call'd her, with so many small evils. Surely, if I have any cause to be angry with her, 'tis that she has not sent me great ones:—a score of good cursed, bouncing losses, would have been as good as a pension to me.

—One of a hundred a year, or so, is all I wish:—I would not be at the plague of paying land-tax for a larger.

CHAPTER XXX.

To those who call vexations, *vexations*, as knowing what they are, there could not be a greater, than to be the best part of a day at Lyons, the most opulent and flourishing city

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in France, enriched with the most fragments of antiquity,—and not be able to see it. To be withheld upon *any* account, must be a vexation; but to be withheld *by* a vexation—must certainly be what philosophy justly calls

VEXATION

upon

VEXATION.

I had got my two dishes of milk-coffee (which, by the bye, is excellently good for consumption; but you must boil the milk and coffee together,—otherwise 'tis only coffee and milk)—and as it was no more than eight in the morning, and the boat did not go off till noon, I had time to see enough of Lyons to tire the patience of all the friends I had in the world with it. I will take a walk to the cathedral, said I, looking at my list, and see the wonderful mechanism of this great clock of Lippius of Basil, in the first place.—

Now, of all things in the world, I understand the least of mechanism;—I have neither genius, or taste, or fancy,—and have a brain so entirely unapt for everything of that kind, that I solemnly declare I was never yet able to comprehend the principles of motion of a squirrel-cage, or a common knife-grinder's wheel,—tho' I have many an hour of my life look'd up with great devotion at the one,—and stood by with as much patience as any Christian ever could do at the other.

I'll go see the surprising movements of this great clock, said I, the very first thing I do: and then I will pay a visit to the great library of the Jesuits, and procure, if possible, a sight of the thirty volumes of the general history of China, wrote (not in the Tartarean, but) in the Chinese language, and in the Chinese character too.

Now, I almost know as little of the Chinese language, as I do of the mechanism of Lippius's clockwork; so, why these should have jostled themselves into the two first articles of my list—I leave to the curious as a problem of Nature. I own, it looks like one of her ladyship's obliquities; and

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they who court her, are interested in finding out her humour as much as I.

When these curiosities are seen, quoth I, half addressing myself to my valet-de-place, who stood behind me,—'twill be no hurt if we go to the church of St. Irenæus, and see the pillar to which Christ was tied;—and, after that, the house where Pontius Pilate lived.——'Twas at the next town, said the valet-de-place, at Vienne.——I am glad of it, said I, rising briskly from my chair, and walking across the room with strides twice as long as my usual pace;—"for so much the sooner shall I be at the *Tomb of the Two Lovers.*"

What was the cause of this movement, and why I took such long strides in uttering this,—I might leave to the curious too; but, as no principle of clockwork is concerned in it,—'twill be as well for the reader if I explain it myself.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Oh! there is a sweet æra in the life of man, when (the brain being tender and fibrillous, and more like pap than anything else)—a story read of two fond lovers, separated from each other by cruel parents, and by still more cruel destiny——

Amandus—He,
Amanda—She,——

each ignorant of the other's course;

He—east,
She—west:

Amandus taken captive by the Turks, and carried to the Emperor of Morocco's court, where the Princess of Morocco, falling in love with him, keeps him twenty years in prison for the love of his Amanda.

She (Amanda) all the time wandering barefoot, and with dishevell'd hair, o'er rocks and mountains, inquiring for

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Amandus!—Amandus! Amandus!—making every hill and valley to echo back his name——

Amandus! Amandus!

at every town and city, sitting down forlorn at the gate: ——Has Amandus!—has my Amandus enter'd?——till,—going round, and round, and round the world,—chance unexpectedly bringing them at the same moment of the night, though by different ways, to the gate of Lyons, their native city, and each in well-known accents calling out aloud,

Is Amandus
Is my Amanda } still alive?

they fly into each other's arms, and both drop down dead for joy.

There is a soft æra in every gentle mortal's life, where such a story affords more *pabulum* to the brain than all the Frusts, and Crusts, and Rusts of antiquity, which travellers can cook up for it.

——'Twas all that stuck on the right side of the cullender in my own, of what Spon and others, in their accounts of Lyons, had *strained* into it; and finding, moreover, in some Itinerary, but in what, God knows,—that, sacred to the fidelity of Amandus and Amanda, a tomb was built without the gates, where, to this hour, lovers called upon them to attest their truths,—I never could get into a scrape of that kind in my life, but this *tomb of the lovers* would, somehow or other, come in at the close; nay, such a kind of empire had it establish'd over me, that I could seldom think or speak of Lyons;—and, sometimes, not so much as see even a Lyons-waistcoat, but this remnant of antiquity would present itself to my fancy; and I have often said in my wild way of running on,—tho' I fear with some irreverence,—"I thought this shrine (neglected as it was) as valuable as that of Mecca, and so little short, except in wealth, of the *Santa Casa* itself, that, some time or other, I would go a pilgrimage (though I had no other business at Lyons) on purpose to pay it a visit."

In my list, therefore, of Videnda at Lyons, this, tho' *last*,

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—was not, you see, *least*; so taking a dozen or two of longer strides than usual across my room, just whilst it passed my brain, I walked down calmly into the *Basse Cour*, in order to sally forth; and having called for my bill,—as it was uncertain whether I should return to my inn, I had paid it, —had, moreover, given the maid ten sous, and was just receiving the dernier compliments of Monsieur Le Blanc, for a pleasant voyage down the Rhône,—when I was stopp'd at the gate.

CHAPTER XXXII.

'Twas by a poor ass, who had just turned in with a couple of large panniers upon his back, to collect eleemosynary turnip-tops and cabbage-leaves; and stood dubious, with his two fore-feet on the inside of the threshold, and with his two hinder-feet towards the street, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in or no.

Now, 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to strike;—there is a patient endurance of sufferings wrote so unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads so mightily for him, that it always disarms me; and to that degree, that I do not like to speak unkindly to him: on the contrary, meet him where I will,—whether in town or country,—in cart or under panniers,—whether in liberty or bondage,—I have ever something civil to say to him on my part; and, as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I)—I generally fall into conversation with him; and surely never is my imagination so busy as in framing his responses from the etchings of his countenance,—and, where those carry me not deep enough,—in flying from my own heart into his, and seeing what is natural for an ass to think,—as well as a man, upon the occasion. In truth, it is the only creature of all the classes of beings below me, with whom I can do this; for parrots, jackdaws, &c., I never exchange a word with them,—nor with apes, &c., for pretty

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near the same reason; they act by rote, as the others speak by it, and equally make me silent: nay, my dog and my cat, though I value them both—(and, for my dog, he would speak if he could)—yet, somehow or other, they neither of them possess the talents for conversation; I can make nothing of a discourse with them beyond the *proposition*, the *reply*, and *rejoinder*, which terminated my father's and my mother's conversations in his beds of justice;—and those utter'd,—there's an end of the dialogue.

——But with an ass, I can commune for ever.

—Come, Honesty! said I,—seeing it was impracticable to pass betwixt him and the gate,—art thou for coming in, or going out?

——The ass twisted his head round, to look up the street.

——Well, replied I, we'll wait a minute for thy driver.

——He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wistfully the opposite way.

I understand thee perfectly, answered I;—if thou takest a wrong step in this affair, he will cudgel thee to death.—Well, a minute is but a minute; and if it saves a fellow-creature a drubbing, it shall not be set down as ill-spent.

He was eating the stem of an artichoke as this discourse went on, and, in the little peevish contentions of nature betwixt hunger and unsavouriness, had dropt it out of his mouth half-a-dozen times, and pick'd it up again.—God help thee, Jack! said I, thou hast a bitter breakfast on't,—and many a bitter day's labour,—and many a bitter blow, I fear, for its wages!—'tis all—all bitterness to thee, whatever life is to others!—And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare say, as soot—(for he had cast aside the stem), and thou hast not a friend, perhaps, in all this world, that will give thee a macaroon.—In saying this, I pull'd out a paper of 'em, which I had just purchased, and gave him one,—and, at this moment that I am telling it, my heart smites me, that there was more of pleasantry in the conceit of seeing *how* an ass would eat a macaroon,—than of benevolence in giving him one, which presided in the act.

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When the ass had eaten his macaroon, I press'd him to come in;—the poor beast was heavy loaded,—his legs seemed to tremble under him,—he hung rather backwards; and, as I pull'd at his halter, it broke short in my hand.—He look'd up pensive in my face—"Don't thrash me with it;—but, if you will, you may."——If I do, said I, I'll be d——d.

The word was but one-half of it pronounced, like the Abbess of Andoüillets—(so there was no sin in it)—when a person coming in, let fall a thundering bastinado upon the poor devil's crupper, which put an end to the ceremony.

Out upon it!

cried I;—but the interjection was equivocal, and, I think, wrong placed too,—for the end of an osier, which had started out from the contexture of the ass's pannier, had caught hold of my breeches-pocket as he rush'd by me, and rent it in the most disastrous direction you can imagine;—so that the

Out upon it! in my opinion, should have come in here; but this I leave to be settled by

THE
REVIEWERS
OF
MY BREECHES,

which I have brought over along with me for that purpose.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

When all was set to rights, I came downstairs again into the *Basse Cour* with my *valet-de-place*, in order to sally out towards the Tomb of the Two Lovers, &c.—and was a second time stopp'd at the gate;—not by the ass,—but by the person who struck him; and who, by that time, had taken possession (as is not uncommon after a defeat) of the very spot of ground where the ass stood.

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It was a commissary sent to me from the post-office, with a rescript in his hand, for the payment of some six livres odd sous.

Upon what account? said I.——'Tis upon the part of the King, replied the commissary, heaving up both his shoulders.

——My good friend, quoth I,—as sure as I am I,—and you are you,——

——And who are you? said he.

——Don't puzzle me, said I.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

—But it is an indubitable verity, continued I, addressing myself to the commissary, changing only the form of my asseveration,—that I owe the King of France nothing but my goodwill; for he is a very honest man, and I wish him all health and pastime in the world.

Pardonnez moi!—replied the commissary; you are indebted to him six livres four sous for the next post from hence to St. Fons, in your route to Avignon;—which being a post-royal, you pay double for the horses and postillion,—otherwise 'twould have amounted to no more than three livres two sous.

——But I don't go by land, said I.

——You may, if you please, replied the commissary.

——Your most obedient servant, said I, making him a low bow.——

The commissary, with all the sincerity of grave good breeding,—made me one as low again.—I never was more disconcerted with a bow in my life.

——The Devil take the serious character of these people! quoth I—(aside)—they understand no more of *irony* than this——

The comparison was standing close by with his panniers,—but something sealed up my lips;—I could not pronounce the name.

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—Sir, said I, collecting myself,—it is not my intention to take post.

——But you may,—said he, persisting in his first reply; —you may take post, if you choose.

——And I may take salt to my pickled herrings, said I, if I choose.

—But I do not choose.

——But you must pay for it whether you do or no.

——Ay! for the salt, said I (I know).

——And for the post too, added he.——Defend me! cried I.

——I travel by water;—I am going down the Rhone this very afternoon;—my baggage is in the boat,—and I have actually paid nine livres for my passage.

——*C'est tout égal*,—'tis all one, said he.

——*Bon Dieu!* what, pay for the way I go! and for the way I do *not* go!

——*C'est tout égal*, replied the commissary.

——The devil it is! said I;—but I will go to ten thousand Bastiles first.

O England! England! thou land of liberty, and climate of good sense! thou tenderest of mothers and gentlest of nurses! cried I, kneeling upon one knee as I was beginning my apostrophe,—

When the director of Madame Le Blanc's conscience coming in at that instant, and seeing a person in black, with a face as pale as ashes, at his devotions,—looking still paler by the contrast and distress of his drapery,—ask'd if I stood in want of the aids of the Church?

——I go by *water*, said I;—and here's another will be for making me pay for going by *oil!*

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CHAPTER XXXV.

As I perceived the commissary of the post-office would have his six livres four sous, I had nothing else for it, but to say some smart thing upon the occasion, worth the money:

And so I set off thus:—

And pray, Mr. Commissary, by what law of courtesy is a defenceless stranger to be used just the reverse from what you use a Frenchman in this matter?

——By no means, said he.

——Excuse me, said I;—for you have begun, Sir, with tearing off my breeches,—and now you want my pocket.

Whereas,—had you first taken my pocket, as you do with your own people,—and then left me bare a—'d after,—I had been a beast to have complain'd.

As it is,—

—'Tis contrary to the *law of nature*,

—'Tis contrary to *reason*,

—'Tis contrary to the *Gospel*.

——But not to this,—said he,—putting a printed paper into my hand:—

PAR LE ROY.

——'Tis a pithy prolegomenon, quoth I;—and so read on — — — — — — — —

— — — — — — — — —

— — — — — — — — —

— — — — — — — — —

— — — — — — — — —

—By all which it appears, quoth I, having read it over a little too rapidly, that if a man sets out in a post-chaise from Paris,—he must go on travelling in one all the days of his life,—or pay for it.——Excuse me, said the commissary, the spirit of the ordinance is this:—That if you set out with an intention of running post from Paris to Avignon, &c., you shall not change that intention or mode of travelling, without first satisfying the fermiers for two posts further

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than the place you repent at;—and 'tis founded, continued he, upon this, That the *Revenues* are not to fall short through your *fickleness.*

——O by Heavens! cried I,—if fickleness is taxable in France,—we have nothing to do but to make the best peace with you we can.

And so the Peace was made:

—And if it is a bad one,—as Tristram Shandy laid the corner-stone of it,—nobody but Tristram Shandy ought to be hanged.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THOUGH I was sensible I had said as many clever things to the commissary as came to six livres four sous, yet I was determined to note down the imposition amongst my remarks before I retired from the place; so putting my hand into my coat-pocket for my remarks—(which, by the bye, may be a caution to travellers to take a little more care of *their* remarks for the future)—"my remarks were *stolen.*"—Never did sorry traveller make such a pother and racket about his remarks as I did about mine, upon the occasion.

Heaven! earth! sea! fire! cried I, calling in everything to my aid but what I should,—my remarks are stolen!—What shall I do?—Mr. Commissary! pray did I drop any remarks as I stood beside you?——

You dropp'd a good many very singular ones, replied he. ——Pugh! said I, those were but a few, not worth above six livres two sous;—but these are a large parcel.——He shook his head.——Monsieur Le Blanc! Madame Le Blanc! did you see any papers of mine?—You, maid of the house, run upstairs,—François, run up after her!

—I must have my remarks;—they were the best remarks, cried I, that ever were made,—the wisest,—the wittiest.—What shall I do?—Which way shall I turn myself?

Sancho Pança, when he lost his ass's *furniture*, did not exclaim more bitterly.

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

When the first transport was over, and the registers of the brain were beginning to get a little out of the confusion into which this jumble of cross accidents had cast them,—it then presently occurr'd to me, that I had left my remarks in the pocket of the chaise;—and that in selling my chaise, I had sold my remarks along with it, to the chaise-vamper

I leave this void space, that the reader may swear into it any oath that he is most unaccustomed to.—For my own part, if ever I swore a *whole* oath into a vacancy in my life, I think it was into that—* * * * * * * * *, said I; and so my remarks through France, which were as full of wit as an egg is full of meat,—and as well worth four hundred guineas as the said egg is worth a penny,—have I been selling here to a chaise-vamper,—for four Louis d'Ors;—and giving him a post-chaise (by Heaven!) worth six into the bargain: had it been to Dodsley, or Becket, or any creditable bookseller, who was either leaving off business, and wanted a post-chaise,—or who was beginning it—and wanted my remarks, and two or three guineas along with them,—I could have borne it; but to a chaise-vamper!—Show me to him this moment, François, said I.——The *valet-de-place* put on his hat, and led the way;—and I pull'd off mine as I pass'd the commissary, and followed him.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

When we arrived at the chaise-vamper's house, both the house and the shop were shut up: it was the eighth of September, the nativity of the blessed Virgin Mary, mother of God.

—Tantarra-ra-tan-tivi,—the whole world was going out a May-poling,—frisking here,—capering there,—nobody cared

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a button for me or my remarks; so I sat me down upon a bench by the door, philosophising upon my condition. By a better fate than usually attends me, I had not waited half an hour, when the mistress came in to take the papilliotes from off her hair, before she went to the May-poles.

The French women, by the bye, love May-poles, *à la folie;*—that is, as much as their matins.—Give 'em but a May-pole, whether in May, June, July, or September,—they never count the times,—down it goes,—'tis meat, drink, washing, and lodging to 'em;—and had we but the policy, an' please your Worships (as wood is a little scarce in France), to send them but plenty of May-poles,——

The women would set them up; and when they had done, they would dance round them (and the men for company) till they were all blind.

The wife of the chaise-vamper stepp'd in, I told you, to take the papilliotes from off her hair:—the toilet stands still for no man; so she jerk'd off her cap, to begin with them, as she open'd the door; in doing which, one of them fell upon the ground:—I instantly saw it was my own writing.

O Seigneur! cried I,—You have got all my remarks upon your head, Madam!——*J'en suis bien mortifiée,* said she.——'Tis well, thinks I, they have stuck there;—for could they have gone deeper, they would have made such confusion in a French woman's noddle,—she had better have gone with it unfrizzled to the day of eternity.

Tenez, said she;—so without any idea of the nature of my suffering, she took them from her curls, and put them gravely, one by one, into my hat:—one was twisted this way,—another twisted that.——Ay! by my faith, and when they are published, quoth I,—

They will be worse twisted still.

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

And now for Lippius's clock! said I, with the air of a man who had got through all his difficulties;—nothing can prevent us seeing that, and the Chinese history, &c.—— Except the time, said François;—for 'tis almost eleven.—— Then we must speed the faster, said I, striding it away to the cathedral.

I cannot say, in my heart, that it gave me any concern in being told by one of the minor canons, as I was entering the west door,—That Lippius's great clock was all out of joints, and had not gone for some years.—It will give me the more time, thought I, to peruse the Chinese history; and besides, I shall be able to give the world a better account of the clock in its decay, than I could have done in its flourishing condition.

—And so away I posted to the college of the Jesuits.

Now it is with the project of getting a peep at the History of China, in Chinese characters,—as with many others I could mention, which strike the fancy only at a distance; for as I came nearer and nearer to the point,—my blood cool'd,—the freak gradually went off, till at length I would not have given a cherry-stone to have it gratified.—The truth was, my time was short, and my heart was at the Tomb of the Lovers.—I wish to God, said I, as I got the rapper in my hand, that the key of the library may be but lost! It fell out as well,—

For all the Jesuits had got the cholic;—and to that degree, as never was known in the memory of the oldest practioner.

CHAPTER XL.

As I knew the geography of the Tomb of the Lovers, as well as if I had lived twenty years in Lyons; namely, That it was upon the turning of my right hand, just without the

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gate leading to the Fauxbourg de Vaise,—I despatched François to the boat, that I might pay the homage I so long ow'd it, without a witness of my weakness;—I walk'd with all imaginable joy towards the place.—When I saw the gate which intercepted the tomb, my heart glowed within me.

—Tender and faithful spirits! cried I, addressing myself to Amandus and Amanda,—long,—long have I tarried to drop this tear upon your tomb.—I come,—I come—

When I came,—there was no tomb to drop it upon.

What would I have given for my uncle Toby to have whistled *Lillibullero!*

CHAPTER XLI.

No matter how, or in what mood,—but I flew from the Tomb of the Lovers,—or rather I did not fly *from* it—(for there was no such thing existing) and just got time enough to the boat to save my passage;—and ere I had sailed a hundred yards, the Rhone and the Saone met together, and carried me down merrily betwixt them.

But I have described this vogage down the Rhone before I made it.

—So now I am at Avignon; and as there is nothing to see but the old house in which the Duke of Ormond resided, and nothing to stop me but a short remark upon the place, in three minutes you will see me crossing the bridge upon a mule, with François upon a horse with my portmanteau behind him, and the owner of both striding the way before us, with a long gun upon his shoulder, and a sword under his arm, lest peradventure we should run away with his cattle. Had you seen my breeches in entering Avignon,—though you'd have seen them better, I think, as I mounted,—you would not have thought the precaution amiss, or found in your heart to have taken it in dudgeon: for my

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own part, I took it most kindly; and determined to make him a present of them, when we got to the end of our journey, for the trouble they had put him to, of arming himself at all points against them.

Before I go further, let me get rid of my remark upon Avignon, which is this:—That I think it wrong, merely because a man's hat has been blown off his head, by chance, the first night he comes to Avignon,—that he should therefore say "Avignon is more subject to high winds than any town in all France:" for which reason, I laid no stress upon the accident till I had inquired of the master of the inn about it; who telling me seriously it was so;—and hearing, moreover, the windiness of Avignon spoken of in the country about as a proverb,—I set it down merely to ask the learned what can be the cause;—the consequence I saw,—for they are all Dukes, Marquises, and Counts there,—the deuce a Baron in all Avignon;—so that there is scarce any talking to them on a windy day.

Prithee, friend, said I, take hold of my mule for a moment;—for I wanted to pull off one of my jack-boots, which hurt my heel:—the man was standing quite idle at the door of the inn; and as I had taken it into my head he was someway concerned about the house or stable, I put the bridle into his hand,—so begun with my boot.—When I had finished the affair, I turned about to take the mule from the man, and thank him,—

But Monsieur le Marquis had walked in.

CHAPTER XLII.

I HAD now the whole south of France, from the banks of the Rhône to those of the Garonne, to traverse upon my mule at my own leisure,—*at my own leisure*,—for I had left Death, the Lord knows,—and he only,—how far behind me!——"I have followed many a man through France,

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quoth he;—but never at this mettlesome rate."——Still he followed,—and still I fled him,—but I fled him cheerfully:—still he pursued,—but, like one who pursued his prey without hope,—as he lagg'd, every step he lost softened his looks.—Why should I fly him at this rate?

So, notwithstanding all the commissary of the post-office had said, I changed the *mode* of my travelling once more; and, after so precipitate and rattling a course as I had run, I flattered my fancy with thinking of my mule, and that I should traverse the rich plains of Languedoc upon his back, as slowly as foot could fall.

There is nothing more pleasing to a traveller,—or more terrible to travel-writers, than a large rich plain, especially if it is without great rivers or bridges, and presents nothing to the eye but one unvaried picture of plenty: for after they have once told you, that 'tis delicious, or delightful (as the case happens);—that the soil was grateful, and that Nature pours out all her abundance, &c. . . . . they have then a large plain upon their hands, which they know not what to do with,—and which is of little or no use to them, but to carry them to some town; and that town, perhaps of little more, but a new place to start from to the next plain,—and so on.

This is most terrible work;—judge if I don't manage my plains better.

CHAPTER XLIII.

I HAD not gone above two leagues and a half, before the man with his gun began to look at his priming.

I had three several times loiter'd *terribly* behind; half a mile at least every time: once in deep conference with a drum-maker, who was making drums for the fairs of Baucaira and Tarascone:—I did not understand the principles.——

The second time, I cannot so properly say I stopp'd,—for meeting a couple of Franciscans straitened more for time

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than myself, and not being able to get to the bottom of what I was about,—I had turned back with them.——

The third was an affair of trade with a gossip, for a hand-basket of Provence figs for four sous: this would have been transacted at once, but for a case of conscience at the close of it; for when the figs were paid for, it turn'd out, that there were two dozen of eggs covered over with vine leaves at the bottom of the basket:—as I had no intention of buying eggs,—I made no sort of claim of them:—as for the space they had occupied, what signified it! I had figs enow for my money.——

But it was my intention to have the basket;—it was the gossip's intention to keep it, without which she could do nothing with her eggs;—and unless I had the basket, I could do as little with my figs, which were too ripe already, and some of 'em burst at the side: this brought on a short contention, which terminated in sundry proposals what we should both do.——

.—How we disposed of our eggs and figs, I defy you, or the Devil himself, had he not been there (which I am persuaded he was), to form the least probable conjecture.—You will read the whole of it,—not this year, for I am hastening to the story of my uncle Toby's amours;—but you will read it in the collection of those which have arose out of the journey across this plain;—and which, therefore, I call my

PLAIN STORIES.

How far my pen has been fatigued, like those of other travellers, in this journey of it, over so barren a track,—the world must judge; but the traces of it, which are now all set o' vibrating together this moment, tell me 'tis the most fruitful and busy period of my life; for as I had made no convention with my man with the gun, as to time,—by stopping and talking to every soul I met, who was not in a full trot,—joining all parties before me,—waiting for every soul behind,—hailing all those who were coming through cross-roads, arresting all kinds of beggars, pilgrims, fiddlers,

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friars,—not passing by a woman in a mulberry tree, without commending her legs, and tempting her into conversation with a pinch of snuff:—In short, by seizing every handle, of what size or shape soever, which chance held out to me in this journey,—I turned my *plain* into a *city*;—I was always in company, and with great variety too; and as my mule loved society as much as myself, and had some proposals always on his part to offer to every beast he met,—I am confident we could have passed through Pall Mall or St. James's Street, for a month together, with fewer adventures,—and seen less of human nature.

Oh! there is that sprightly frankness, which at once unpins every plait of a Languedocian's dress,—that whatever is beneath it, it looks so like the simplicity which poets sung of in better days!—I will delude my fancy, and believe it is so.

'Twas in the road betwixt Nismes and Lunel, where there is the best Muscatto wine in all France, and which, by the bye, belongs to the honest canons of Montpellier;—and foul befall the man who has drank it at their table, who grudges them a drop of it!

—The sun was set;—they had done their work; the nymphs had tied up their hair afresh,—and the swains were preparing for a carousal:—my mule made a dead point.—'Tis the fife and tabourin, said I.——I'm frighten'd to death, quoth he.——They are running at the ring of pleasure, said I, giving him a prick.——By St. Boogar, and all the saints at the backside of the door of purgatory, said he—(making the same resolution with the Abbess of Andoüillets) I'll not go a step further.——'Tis very well, Sir, said I.—I never will argue a point with one of your family as long as I live; so leaping off his back, and kicking off one boot into this ditch, and t'other into that,—I'll take a dance, said I;—so stay you here.

A sunburnt daughter of Labour rose up from the group to meet me, as I advanced towards them: her hair, which was a dark chestnut approaching rather to a black, was tied up in a knot, all but a single tress.——

We want a cavalier, said she, holding out both her hands,

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as if to offer them.——And a cavalier ye shall have, said I, taking hold of both of them.

Hadst thou, Nannette, been array'd like a *Duchesse!*

——But that cursed slit in thy petticoat!

Nannette car'd not for it.——

We could not have done without you, said she, letting go one hand, with self-taught politeness, and leading me up with the other.——

A lame youth, whom Apollo had recompensed with a pipe, and to which he had added a tabourin of his own accord, ran sweetly over the prelude, as he sat upon the bank.——Tie me up this tress instantly, said Nannette, putting a piece of string into my hand.——It taught me to forget I was a stranger.—The whole knot fell down.—We had been seven years acquainted.

The youth struck the note upon the tabourin, his pipe followed, and off we bounded,—"the deuce take that slit!"

The sister of the youth, who had stolen her voice from heaven, sung alternately with her brother;—'twas a Gascoigne roundelay:

VIVA LA JOIA!

FIDON LA TRISTESSA!

The nymphs join'd in unison, and their swains an octave below them.——

I would have given a crown to have had it sew'd up.—Nannette would not have given a sous.—*Viva la joia* was in her lips:—*Viva la joia* was in her eyes.—A transient spark of amity shot across the space betwixt us.—She look'd amiable!—Why could I not live, and end my days thus? Just Disposer of our joys and sorrows, cried I, why could not a man sit down in the lap of content here,—and dance, and sing, and say his prayers, and go to Heaven with this nut-brown maid? Capriciously did she bend her head on one side, and dance up insidious.—Then 'tis time to dance off, quoth I; so changing only partners and tunes, I danced

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it away from Lunel to Montpellier;—from thence to Pesçnas, Beziers.—I danced it along through Narbonne, Carcasson, and Castle Naudairy, till at last I danced myself into Perdrillo's pavilion; where, pulling out a paper of black lines, that I might go on straight forwards, without digression or parenthesis, in my uncle Toby's amours,——

I begun thus:

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THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOL. VIII. ORIG. EDIT.

Non enim excursus hic ejus, sed opus ipsum est.
—PLIN. Lib. v. Epist. 6.

CHAPTER I.

BUT softly,—for in these sportive plains, and under this genial sun, where at this instant all flesh is running out piping, fiddling, and dancing to the vintage,—and every step that's taken, the judgment is surprised by the imagination, —I defy, notwithstanding all that has been said upon *straight lines*,* in sundry pages of my book,—I defy the best cabbage planter that ever existed, whether he plants backwards or forwards, it makes little difference in the account (except that he will have more to answer for in the one case than in the other)—I defy him to go on coolly, critically, and canonically, planting his cabbages one by one, in straight lines and stoical distances, especially if slits in petticoats are unsewed up,—without ever and anon straddling out, or sidling into some bastardly digression.—In Freeze-

* See page 422, &c.

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land, Fog-land, and some other lands I wot of,—it may be done;—

But in this clear climate of fantasy and perspiration, where every idea, sensible and insensible, gets vent,—in this land, my dear Eugenius,—in this fertile land of chivalry and romance, where I now sit, unscrewing my ink-horn to write my uncle Toby's amours, and with all the meanders of Julia's track in quest of her Diego in full view of my study-window,—if thou comest not and takest me by the hand,——

What a work it is likely to turn out!

Let us begin it.

CHAPTER II.

It is with Love as with Cuckoldom:——but now I am talking of beginning a book, and have long had a thing upon my mind to be imparted to the reader, which, if not imparted now, can never be imparted to him as long as I live (whereas the *comparison* may be imparted to him any hour in the day)—I'll just mention it, and begin in good earnest.

The thing is this:—

That of all the several ways of beginning a book which are now in practice throughout the known world, I am confident my own way of doing it is the best.—I'm sure it is the most religious,—for I begin with writing the first sentence,—and trusting to Almighty God for the second.

'Twould cure an author for ever of the fuss and folly of opening the street-door, and calling in his neighbours, and friends, and kinsfolk, with the Devil and all his imps, with their hammers, and engines, &c., only to observe how one sentence of mine follows another, and how the plan follows the whole.

I wish you saw me half starting out of my chair, with what confidence, as I grasp the elbow of it, I look up,—catching the idea even sometimes before it half-way reaches me!

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I believe, in my conscience, I intercept many a thought which Heaven intended for another man.

Pope and his portrait * are fools to me:—no martyr is ever so full of faith or fire,—I wish I could say of good work too;—but I have no

Zeal or Anger,—or
Anger or Zeal;—

and, till gods and men agree together to call it by the same name,—the arrantest *Tartuffe* in science,—in politics,—or in religion, shall never kindle a spark within me, or have a worse word, or a more unkind greeting, than what he will read in the next chapter.

CHAPTER III.

——Bon jour!—good-morrow!—so you have got your cloak on betimes!—but 'tis a cold morning, and you judge the matter rightly;—'tis better to be well mounted than to go o'foot;—and obstructions in the glands are dangerous.—And how goes it with thy concubine,—thy wife,—and thy little ones o' both sides? and when did you hear from the old gentleman and lady,—your sister, aunt, uncle, and cousins?—I hope they have got the better of their colds, coughs, claps, toothaches, fevers, stranguries, sciaticas, swellings, and sore eyes.

——What a devil of an apothecary! to take so much blood,—give such a vile purge,—puke,—poultice,—plaster,—night-draught,—clyster,—blister?——And why so many grains of calomel? *Santa Maria!* and such a dose of opium! periclitating, pardi! the whole family of ye, from head to tail!——By my great-aunt Dinah's old black velvet mask! I think there was no occasion for it.

Now this being a little bald about the chin, by frequently putting off and on, *before* she was got with child by the coachman,—not one of our family would wear it after.

* *Vide* Pope's Portrait.

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To cover the *mask* afresh, was more than the mask was worth;—and to wear a mask which was bald, or which could be half seen through, was as bad as having no mask at all.

——This is the reason, may it please your Reverences, that in all our numerous family, for these four generations, we count no more than one Archbishop, a Welsh Judge, some three or four Aldermen, and a single Mountebank.——

In the sixteenth century, we boast of no less than a dozen alchymists.

CHAPTER IV.

"It is with Love as with Cuckoldom;"—the suffering party is at least the *third*, but, generally, the last in the house who knows anything about the matter: this comes, as all the world knows, from having half-a-dozen words for one thing: and so long as what in this vessel of the human frame is *Love*,—may be *Hatred* in that,—*Sentiment* half a yard higher,—and *Nonsense*,——No, Madam,—not there; I mean at the part I am now pointing to with my forefinger,—how can we help ourselves?

Of all mortal, and immortal men too, if you please, who ever soliloquised upon this mystic subject, my uncle Toby was the worst fitted to have push'd his researches through such a contention of feelings; and he had infallibly let them all run on, as we do worse matters, to see what they would turn out,—had not Bridget's pre-notification of them to Susannah, and Susannah's repeated manifestoes thereupon to all the world, made it necessary for my uncle Toby to look into the affair.

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CHAPTER V.

WHY weavers, gardeners, and gladiators,—or a man with a pined leg (proceeded from some ailment in the *foot*)—should ever have had some tender nymph breaking her heart in secret for them, are points well and duly settled and accounted for, by ancient and modern physiologists.

A water-drinker, provided he is a professed one, and does it without fraud or covin, is precisely in the same predicament: not that at first sight, there is any consequence, or show of logic in it, "That a rill of cold water, dribbling through my inward parts, should light up a torch in my Jenny's—"

——The proposition does not strike one: on the contrary, it seems to run opposite to the natural workings of causes and effects;—

——But it shows the weakness and imbecility of human reason.

——"And in perfect good health with it?"

——"The most perfect, Madam, that Friendship herself could wish me.—"

——"And drink nothing!——nothing but water?"

——Impetuous fluid! the moment thou pressest against the flood-gates of the brain,—see how they give way!——

——In swims *Curiosity*, beckoning to her damsels to follow;—they dive into the centre of the current.

Fancy sits musing upon the bank, and, with her eyes following the stream, turns straws and bulrushes into masts and bowsprits.—And *Desire*, with vest held up to the knee in one hand, snatches at them, as they swim by her, with the other.

O ye water-drinkers! is it then by this delusive fountain, that ye have so often governed and turn'd this world about like a mill-wheel,—grinding the faces of the impotent,—bepowdering their ribs,—bepeppering their noses, and changing sometimes even the very frame and face of nature!

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——If I was you, quoth Yorick, I would drink more water, Eugenius.——And, if I was you, Yorick, replied Eugenius, so would I.

Which shews they had both read Longinus.——

For my own part, I am resolved never to read any book but my own, as long as I live.

CHAPTER VI.

I WISH my uncle Toby had been a water-drinker; for then the think had been accounted for, That the first moment Widow Wadman saw him, she felt something stirring within her in his favour;—something!—something.

—Something, perhaps, more than friendship,—less than love;—something,—no matter what,—no matter where;—I would not give a single hair of my mule's tail, and be obliged to pluck it off myself, (indeed, the villain has not many to spare, and is not a little vicious into the bargain) to be let by your Worships into the secret.

But the truth is, my uncle Toby was not a water-drinker; he drank it neither pure nor mix'd, nor anyhow, nor anywhere, except fortuitously upon some advanced posts, where better liquor was not to be had—or during the time he was under cure; when, the surgeon telling him it would extend the fibres, and bring them sooner into contact—my uncle Toby drank it for quietness' sake.

Now, as all the world knows that no effect in nature can be produced without a cause, and as it is as well known that my uncle Toby was neither a weaver, a gardener, nor a gladiator,—unless, as a captain, you will needs have him one,—but then he was only a captain of foot,—and, besides, the whole is an equivocation.—There is nothing left for us to suppose, but that my uncle Toby's leg,—but that will avail us little in the present hypothesis, unless it had proceeded from some ailment *in the foot*,—whereas his leg was not emaciated from any disorder in his foot,—for my uncle,

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Toby's leg was not emaciated at all. It was a little stiff and awkward, from a total disuse of it for the three years he lay confined at my father's house in town; but it was plump and muscular, and in all other respects, as good and promising a leg as the other.

I declare, I do not recollect any one opinion or passage of my life where my understanding was more at a loss to make ends meet, and torture the chapter I had been writing, to the service of the chapter following it, than in the present case: one would think I took a pleasure in running into difficulties of this kind, merely to make fresh experiments of getting out of 'em.—Inconsiderate soul that thou art! What! are not the unavoidable distresses with which, as an author and a man, thou art hemm'd in on every side of thee;—are they, Tristram, not sufficient, but thou must entangle thyself still more?

Is it not enough that thou art in debt, and that thou hast ten cart-loads of thy fifth and sixth volumes* still,—still unsold, and art almost at thy wit's ends how to get them off thy hands?

To this hour art thou not tormented with the vile asthma that thou gattest in skating against the wind in Flanders? and it is but two months ago, that, in a fit of laughter, on seeing a cardinal make water like a quirister (with both hands), thou brakest a vessel in thy lungs, whereby, in two hours, thou lost as many quarts of blood; and, hadst thou lost as much more, did not the faculty tell thee,—it would have amounted to a gallon?——

CHAPTER VII.

——But, for Heaven's sake! let us not talk of quarts or gallons;—let us take the story straight before us; it is so nice and intricate a one, it will scarce bear the transposition

* Alluding to the first edition.

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of a single tittle; and, somehow or other, you have got me thrust almost into the middle of it.

—I beg we may take more care.

CHAPTER VIII.

My uncle Toby and the Corporal had posted down with so much heat and precipitation, to take possession of the spot of ground we have so often spoke of, in order to open their campaign as early as the rest of the allies; that they had forgot one of the most necessary articles of the whole affair; it was neither a pioneer's spade, a pick-axe, nor a shovel;—

It was a bed to lie on: so that, as Shandy-Hall was at that time unfurnished, and the little inn, where poor Le Fevre died, not yet built,—my uncle Toby was constrained to accept of a bed at Mrs Wadman's, for a night or two, till Corporal Trim (who, to the character of an excellent valet, groom, cook, sempster, surgeon, and engineer, superadded that of an excellent upholsterer too), with the help of a carpenter and a couple of tailors, constructed one in my uncle Toby's house.

A daughter of Eve, for such was Widow Wadman, and 'tis all the character I intend to give of her,

—"*That she was a perfect woman,*—" had better be fifty leagues off,—or in her warm bed, or playing with a case-knife,—or anything you please,—than make a man the object of her attention, when the house and all the furniture is her own.

There is nothing in it out-of-doors and in broad daylight, where a woman has a power, physically speaking, of viewing a man in more lights than one;—but here, for her soul, she can see him in no light without mixing something of her own goods and chattels along with him,—till, by reiterated acts of such combinations, he gets foisted into her inventory,——

And then good-night.

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But this is not matter of *System*; for I have delivered that above:—nor is it matter of *Breviary*;—for I make no man's creed but my own:—nor matter of *Fact*,—at least that I know of; but 'tis matter copulative, and introductory to what follows.

CHAPTER IX.

I DO not speak it with regard to the coarseness or cleanness of them,—or the strength of their gussets;—but pray, Do not night-shifts differ from day-shifts as much in this particular, as in anything else in the world, That they so far exceed the others in length, that, when you are laid down in them, they fall almost as much below the feet as the day-shifts fall short of them?

Widow Wadman's night-shifts (as was the mode, I suppose, in King William's and Queen Anne's reigns) were cut, however, after this fashion; and, if the fashion is changed (for in Italy they are come to nothing)—so much the worse for the public; they were two Flemish ells and a half in length; so that, allowing a moderate woman two ells, she had half an ell to spare, to do what she would with.

Now, from one little indulgence gained after another, in the many bleak and Decemberly nights of a seven years' widowhood, things had insensibly come to this pass, and, for the two last years, had got establish'd into one of the ordinances of the bedchamber,—That as soon as Mrs. Wadman was put to bed, and had got her legs stretched down to the bottom of it, of which she always gave Bridget notice,—Bridget, with allsuitable decorum, having first open'd the bed-clothes at the feet, took hold of the half-ell of cloth we are speaking of, and having gently, and with both her hands, drawn it downwards to its furthest extension, and then contracted it again sidelong by four or five even plaits, she took a large corking-pin out of her sleeve, and, with the point directed towards her, pinn'd the plaits all fast together, a

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little above the hem; which done, she tuck'd all in tight at the feet, and wish'd her mistress a good night.

This was constant, and without any other variation than this; that, on shivering and tempestuous nights, when Bridget untuck'd the feet of the bed, &c., to do this, she consulted no thermometer but that of her own passions; and so performed it standing,—kneeling,—or squatting, according to the different degrees of faith, hope, and charity, she was in, and bore towards her mistress that night. In every other respect, the etiquette was sacred, and might have vied with the most mechanical one of the most inflexible bedchamber in Christendom.

The first night, as soon as the Corporal had conducted my uncle Toby upstairs, which was about ten,—Mrs. Wadman threw herself into her arm-chair; and crossing her left knee with her right, which formed a resting-place for her elbow, she reclin'd her cheek upon the palm of her hand, and, leaning forwards, ruminated till midnight upon both sides of the question.

The second night she went to her bureau; and having ordered Bridget to bring her up a couple of fresh candles and leave them upon the table, she took out her marriage-settlement, and read it over with great devotion: and the third night (which was the last of my uncle Toby's stay), when Bridget had pull'd down the night-shift, and was essaying to stick in the corking-pin,—

——With a kick of both heels at once, but at the same time the most natural kick that could be kick'd in her situation;—for, supposing * * * * * * * * * * to be the sun in its meridian, it was a north-east kick; she kick'd the pin out of her fingers,—the etiquette which hung upon it, down,—down it fell to the ground, and was shriver'd into a thousand atoms.

From all which, it was plain that Widow Wadman was in love with my uncle Toby.

———

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CHAPTER X.

My uncle Toby's head at that time was full of other matters; so that it was not till the demolition of Dunkirk, when all the other civilities of Europe were settled, that he found leisure to return this.

This made an armistice (that is, speaking with regard to my uncle Toby,—but, with respect to Mrs. Wadman, a vacancy)—of almost eleven years. But in all cases of this nature, as it is the second blow, happen at what distance of time it will, which makes the fray,—I choose, for that reason, to call these the amours of my uncle Toby with Mrs. Wadman, rather than the amours of Mrs. Wadman with my uncle Toby.

This is not a distinction without a difference.

It is not like the affair of *an old hat cock'd*,—and *a cock'd old hat*, about which your Reverences have so often been at odds with one another;—but there is a difference here in the nature of things;—

And, let me tell you, gentry, a wide one too.

CHAPTER XI.

Now, as Widow Wadman did love my uncle Toby,—and my uncle Toby did not love Widow Wadman, there was nothing for Widow Wadman to do, but to go on and love my uncle Toby,—or let it alone.

Widow Wadman would do neither the one nor the other.

——Gracious Heaven!—but I forget I am a little of her temper myself: for whenever it so falls out, which it sometimes does, about the equinoxes, that an earthly goddess is so much this, and that, and t'other, that I cannot eat my breakfast for her,—and that she careth not three-halfpence whether I eat my breakfast or not,—

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——Curse on her! and so I send her to Tartary, and from Tartary to Terra del Fuego, and so on to the Devil. In short, there is not an infernal niche where I do not take her divinityship and stick it.

But as the heart is tender, and the passions in these tides ebb and flow ten times in a minute, I instantly bring her back again; and, as I do all things in extremes, I place her in the very centre of the milky way.—

Brightest of stars! thou wilt shed thy influence upon some one.

——The deuce take her and her influence too!—for, at that word, I lose all patience:—much good may it do him! —By all that is hirsute and gashly! I cry, taking off my furr'd cap, and twisting it round my finger,—I would not give sixpence for a dozen such!

—But 'tis an excellent cap too (putting it upon my head, and pressing it close to my ears)—and warm,—and soft; especially if you stroke it the right way;—but, alas! that will never be my luck:—(so here my philosophy is ship-wreck'd again.)

——No; I shall never have a finger in the pie (so here I break my metaphor.)

Crust and crumb,

Inside and out,

Top and bottom;—I detest it, I hate it, I repudiate it;—I am sick at the sight of it:—

'Tis all pepper,
garlic,
staragen,
salt, and
Devil's dung.—By the great archcook of cooks, who does nothing, I think, from morning to night, but sit down by the fireside and invent inflammatory dishes for us, I would not touch it for the world.

——O Tristram! Tristram! cried Jenny.

O Jenny! Jenny! replied I, and so went on with the twelfth chapter.

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CHAPTER XII.

——"NOT touch it for the world," did I say? Lord, how I have heated my imagination with this metaphor!

CHAPTER XIII.

WHICH shows, let you Reverences and Worships say what you will of it (for, as for *thinking*,—all who do think,—think pretty much alike both upon it and other matters)—Love is certainly, at least alphabetically speaking, one of the most

A gitating,
B ewitching,
C onfounded,
D evilish affairs of life;——the most
E xtravagant,
F utilitous,
G aligaskinish,
H andy-dandyish,
I racundulous (there is no K to it) and
L yrical of all human passions: at the same time, the most
M isgiving,
N innyhammering,
O bstipating,
P ragmatical,
S tridulous,

R idiculous,—though, by the bye, the R should have gone first:—but, in short, 'tis of such a nature, as my father once told my uncle Toby, upon the close of a long dissertation upon the subject:—"You can scarce," said he, "combine two ideas together upon it, brother Toby, without an hypallage;"——"What's that?" cried my uncle Toby.

——The cart before the horse, replied my father.

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——And what is he to do there? cried my uncle Toby.

——Nothing, quoth my father, but to get in,—or let it alone.

Now Widow Wadman, as I told you before, would do neither the one nor the other.

She stood, however, ready harnessed and caparisoned at all points, to watch accidents.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Fates, who certainly all foreknew of these amours of Widow Wadman and my uncle Toby, had, from the first creation of matter and motion, (and with more courtesy than they usually do things of this kind) established such a chain of causes and effects hanging so fast to one another, that it was scarce possible for my uncle Toby to have dwelt in any other house in the world, or to have occupied any other garden in Christendom, but the very house and garden which join'd and lay parallel to Mrs. Wadman's: this, with the advantage of a thickset arbour in Mrs. Wadman's garden, but planted in the hedge-row of my uncle Toby's, put all the occasions into her hands which Love-militancy wanted: she could observe my uncle Toby's motions, and was mistress likewise of his councils of war; and as his unsuspecting heart had given leave to the Corporal, through the mediation of Bridget, to make her a wicker-gate of communication to enlarge her walks, it enabled her to carry on her approaches to the very door of the sentry-box; and sometimes, out of gratitude, to make an attack, and endeavour to blow my uncle Toby up in the very sentry-box itself.

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CHAPTER XV.

It is a great pity;—but 'tis certain, from every day's observation of man, that he may be set on fire, like a candle, at either end,—provided there is a sufficient wick standing out: if there is not,—there's an end of the affair; and if there is,—by lighting it at the bottom, as the flame in that case has the misfortune generally to put out itself,—there's an end of the affair again.

For my part, could I always have the ordering of it which way I would be burnt myself,—for I cannot bear the thoughts of being burnt like a beast,—I would oblige a housewife constantly to light me at the top; for then I should burn down decently to the socket; that is, from my head to my heart, from my heart to my liver, from my liver to my bowels, and so on by the mesenteric veins and arteries, through all the turns and lateral insertions of the intestines and their tunicles to the blind gut.—

I beseech you, Doctor Slop, quoth my uncle Toby, interrupting him as he mentioned the *blind* gut, in a discourse with my father the night my mother was brought to bed of me,—I beseech you, quoth my uncle Toby, to tell me which is the blind gut; for, old as I am, I vow I do not know to this day where it lies.

——The *blind gut*, answered Doctor Slop, lies betwixt the *Ilion* and *Colon*.

——In a man? said my father.

——'Tis precisely the same, cried Doctor Slop, in a woman.

——That's more than I know, quoth my father.

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CHAPTER XVI.

——AND so, to make sure of both systems, Mrs. Wadman predetermined to light my uncle Toby neither at this end nor that; but, like a prodigal's candle, to light him, if possible, at both ends at once.

Now, through all the lumber-rooms of military furniture, including both of horse and foot, from the great arsenal of Venice to the Tower of London (exclusive), if Mrs. Wadman had been rummaging for seven years together, and with Bridget to help her, she could not have found any one *blind* or *mantelet* so fit for her purpose as that which the expediency of my uncle Toby's affairs had fix'd up ready to her hands.

I believe I have told you,—but I don't know,—possibly I have;—be it as it will, 'tis one of the number of those many things which a man had better do over again than dispute about it,—That whatever town or fortress the Corporal was at work upon, during the course of their campaign, my uncle Toby always took care, on the inside of his sentry-box, which was towards his left hand, to have a plan of the place, fasten'd up with two or three pins at the top, but loose at the bottom, for the conveniency of holding it up to the eye, &c. . . . as occasions required: so that when an attack was resolved upon, Mrs. Wadman had nothing more to do, when she had got advanced to the door of the sentry-box, but to extend her right hand; and edging in her left foot at the same movement, to take hold of the map or plan, or upright, or whatever it was, and with outstretched neck meeting it half-way,—to advance it towards her; on which my uncle Toby's passions were sure to catch fire,—for he would instantly take hold of the other corner of the map in his left hand, and, with the end of his pipe in the other, begin an explanation.

When the attack was advanced to this point,—the world will naturally enter into the reasons of Mrs. Wadman's next stroke of generalship;—which was, to take my uncle Toby's

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tobacco-pipe out of his hand as soon as she possibly could; which, under one pretence or other, but generally that of pointing more distinctly at some redoubt or breastwork in the map, she would effect before my uncle Toby (poor soul!) had well march'd above half-a-dozen toises with it.

—It obliged my uncle Toby to make use of his forefinger.

The difference it made in the attack was this:—That in going upon it, as in the first case, with the end of her forefinger against the end of my uncle Toby's tobacco-pipe, she might have travelled with it along the lines, from Dan to Beersheba, had my uncle Toby's lines reached so far, without any effect: for as there was no arterial or vital heat in the end of the tobacco-pipe, it could excite no sentiment, —it could neither give fire by pulsation,—nor receive it by sympathy;—'twas nothing but smoke.

Whereas, in following my uncle Toby's forefinger with hers, close through all the little turns and indentings of his works,—pressing sometimes against the side of it,—then treading upon its nail,—then tripping it up,—then touching it here,—then there, and so on,—it set something at least in motion.

This, tho' slight skirmishing, and at a distance from the main body, yet drew on the rest; for here, the map usually falling with the back of it close to the side of the sentry-box, my uncle Toby, in the simplicity of his soul, would lay his hand flat upon it, in order to go on with his explanation; and Mrs. Wadman, by a manœuvre as quick as thought, would as certainly place hers close beside it. This at once opened a communication, large enough for any sentiment to pass or repass, which a person skill'd in the elementary and practical part of love-making has occasion for.—

By bringing up her forefinger parallel (as before) to my uncle Toby's,—it unavoidably brought the thumb into action;—and the forefinger and thumb being once engaged, as naturally brought in the whole hand. Thine, dear uncle Toby! was never now in its right place,—Mrs. Wadman had it ever to take up, or, with the gentlest push-

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ings, protrusions, and equivocal compressions, that a hand to be removed is capable of receiving,—to get it press'd a hair-breadth of one side out of her way.

Whilst this was doing, how could she forget to make him sensible that it was her leg (and no one's else) at the bottom of the sentry-box, which slightly press'd against the calf of his!—So that my uncle Toby being thus attack'd and sore push'd on both his wings,—was it a wonder, if now and then it put his centre into disorder?

——The deuce take it! said my uncle Toby.

CHAPTER XVII.

These attacks of Mrs. Wadman, you will readily conceive to be of different kinds; varying from each other like the attacks which history is full of, and from the same reasons. A general looker-on would scarce allow them to be attacks at all;—or if he did, would confound them altogether;—but I write not to them. It will be time enough to be a little more exact in my descriptions of them as I come up to them, which will not be for some chapters; having nothing more to add in this, but that in a bundle of original papers and drawings, which my father took care to roll up by themselves, there is a plan of Bouchain in perfect preservation (and shall be kept so—whilst I have power to preserve anything); upon the lower corner of which, on the right-hand side, there are still remaining the marks of a snuffy finger and thumb; which, there is all the reason in the world to imagine, were Mrs. Wadman's; for the opposite side of the margin, which I suppose to have been my uncle Toby's, is absolutely clean. This seems an authenticated record of one of these attacks; for there are *vestigia* of the two punctures partly grown up, but still visible on the opposite corner of the map, which are, unquestionably, the very holes through which it has been pricked up in the sentry-box.—

By all that is priestly! I value this precious relic, with its

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stigmata and *pricks*, more than all the relics of the Romish Church;—always excepting, when I am writing upon these matters, the pricks which entered the flesh of St. Radagunda in the Desert; which, in your road from *Fesse* to *Cluny*, the nuns of that name will show you for love.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I THINK, an' please your Honour, quoth Trim, the fortifications are quite destroyed;—and the basin is upon a level with the mole.——I think so too,—replied my uncle Toby, with a sigh half suppress'd;—but step into the parlour, Trim, for the stipulation;—it lies upon the table.

——It has lain there these six weeks, replied the Corporal; till this very morning that the old woman kindled the fire with it.

——Then, said my uncle Toby, there is no further occasion for our services.——The more, an' please your Honour, the pity, said the Corporal; in uttering which, he cast his spade into the wheelbarrow, which was beside him, with an air the most expressive of disconsolation that can be imagined, and was heavily turning about to look for his pick-axe, his pioneer's shovel, his picquets, and other little military stores, in order to carry them off the field,—when a heigh-ho! from the sentry-box, which being made of thin slit deal, reverberated the sound more sorrowfully to his ear, forbade him.

—No, said the Corporal to himself, I'll do it before his Honour rises to-morrow morning: so taking his spade out of the wheelbarrow again, with a little earth in it, as if to level something at the foot of the glacis,—but with a real intent to approach nearer to his master, in order to divert him,—he loosen'd a sod or two,—pared their edges with his spade, and having given them a gentle blow or two with the back of it, he sat himself down close by my uncle Toby's feet, and began as follows:—

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CHAPTER XIX.

It was a thousand pities;—though I believe, an' please your Honour, I am going to say but a foolish kind of a thing for a soldier,——

A soldier, cried my uncle Toby, interrupting the Corporal, is no more exempt from saying a foolish thing, Trim, than a man of letters.——But not so often, an' please your Honour, replied the Corporal.——My uncle Toby gave a nod.

——It was a thousand pities then, said the Corporal, casting his eye upon Dunkirk and the Mole, as Servius Sulpicius, in returning out of Asia (when he sailed from Ægina towards Megara), did upon Corinth and Piræus,—

"It was a thousand pities, an' please your Honour, to destroy these works,—and a thousand pities to have let them stand."

——Thou art right, Trim, in both cases, said my uncle Toby.——This, continued the Corporal, is the reason, that from the beginning of their demolition to the end—I have never once whistled, or sung, or laugh'd, or cry'd, or talk'd of past-done deeds, or told your Honour one story, good or bad.—

——Thou hast many excellences, Trim, said my uncle Toby; and I hold it not the least of them, as thou happenest to be a storyteller, that of the number thou hast told me, either to amuse me in my painful hours, or divert me in my grave ones,—thou hast seldom told me a bad one.

——Because, an' please your Honour, except one of a *King of Bohemia and his seven castles*,—they are all true; for they are about myself.

——I do not like the subject the worse, Trim, said my uncle Toby, on that score. But, prithee, what is this story? Thou hast excited my curiosity.

——I'll tell it your Honour, quoth the Corporal, directly.

——Provided, said my uncle Toby, looking earnestly towards Dunkirk and the Mole again,—provided it is not a merry

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one: to such, Trim, a man should ever bring one-half of the entertainment along with him; and the disposition I am in at present,—would wrong both thee, Trim, and thy story.——It is not a merry one, by any means, replied the Corporal.——Nor would I have it altogether a grave one, added my uncle Toby.——It is neither the one nor the other, replied the Corporal; but will suit your Honour exactly.——Then I'll thank thee for it with all my heart, cried my uncle Toby; so prithee begin it, Trim.

The Corporal made his reverence; and though it is not so easy a matter as the world imagines, to pull off a lank Montero-cap with grace,—or a whit less difficult, in my conceptions, when a man is sitting squat upon the ground, to make a bow so teeming with respect as the Corporal was wont; yet, by suffering the palm of his right hand, which was towards his master, to slip backwards upon the grass, a little beyond his body, in order to allow it the greater sweep, —and by an unforced compression, at the same time, of his cap with the thumb and the two forefingers of his left, by which the diameter of the cap became reduced; so that it might he said rather to be insensibly squeezed,—than pull'd off with a flatus,—the Corporal acquitted himself of both in a better manner than the posture of his affairs promised; and having *hemmed* twice, to find in what key his story would best go, and best suit his master's humour,—he exchanged a single look of kindness with him, and set off thus:—

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES.

There was a certain King of Bo——he——

As the Corporal was entering the confines of Bohemia, my uncle Toby obliged him to halt for a single moment. He had set out bareheaded; having, since he pull'd off his Montero-cap in the latter end of the last chapter, left it lying beside him on the ground.

—The eye of Goodness espieth all things; so that before the Corporal had well got thro' the first five words of his

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story, had my uncle Toby twice touch'd his Montero-cap with the end of his cane, interrogatively;—as much as to say, Why don't you put it on, Trim?——Trim took it up with the most respectful slowness; and casting a glance of humiliation, as he did it, upon the embroidery of the fore-part, which being dismally tarnish'd and fray'd, moreover, in some of the principal leaves and boldest parts of the pattern, he laid it down again between his two feet in order to moralise upon the subject.

——'Tis every word of it but too true, cried my uncle Toby, that thou art about to observe:—

"*Nothing in this world, Trim, is made to last for ever.*"

——But when tokens, dear Tom, of thy love and remembrance wear out, said Trim, what shall we say?

——There is no occasion, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, to say anything else; and was a man to puzzle his brains till Doomsday, I believe, Trim, it would be impossible.

The Corporal perceiving my uncle Toby was in the right, and that it would be in vain for the wit of man to think of extracting a purer moral from his cap, without further attempting it, he put it on; and passing his hand across his forehead to rub out a pensive wrinkle, which the text and doctrine between them had engender'd, he return'd, with the same look and tone of voice, to his story of the King of Bohemia and his seven castles.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

There was a certain King of Bohemia; but in whose reign, except his own, I am not able to inform your Honour.——

I do not desire it of thee, Trim, by any means, cried my uncle Toby.

——It was a little before the time, an' please your Honour, when giants were beginning to leave off breeding:—but in what year of our Lord that was,——

——I would not give a halfpenny to know, said my uncle Toby.

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——Only, an' please your Honour, it makes a story look the better in the face.

——'Tis thy own, Trim; so ornament it after thy own fashion; and take any date, continued my uncle Toby, looking pleasantly upon him;—take any date in the whole world thou choosest, and put it to,—thou art heartily welcome.——

The Corporal bowed; for of every century, and of every year of that century, from the first creation of the world down to Noah's flood; and from Noah's flood to the birth of Abraham; through all the pilgrimages of the patriarchs, to the departure of the Israelites out of Egypt,—and throughout all the Dynasties, Olympiads, Urbe-conditas, and other memorable epochas of the different nations of the world, down to the coming of Christ, and from thence to the very moment in which the Corporal was telling his story,—had my uncle Toby subjected this vast empire of time, and all its abysses at his feet: but as *Modesty* scarce touches with a finger what *Liberality* offers her with both hands open,—the Corporal contented himself with the very *worst year* of the whole bunch; which, to prevent your Honours of the Majority and Minority from tearing the very flesh off your bones in contestation, "Whether that year is not always the last cast-year of the last-cast almanac?"—I tell you plainly it was; but from a different reason than you wot of.

—It was the year next him;—which being the year of our Lord seventeen hundred and twelve, when the Duke of Ormond was playing the devil in Flanders,—the Corporal took it, and set out with it afresh on his expedition to Bohemia.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

In the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and twelve, there was, an' please your Honour,——

——To tell thee truly, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, any other date would have pleased me much better, not only on

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account of the sad stain upon our history that year, in marching off our troops, and refusing to cover the siege of Quesnoi, though Fagel was carrying on the works with such incredible vigour,—but likewise on the score, Trim, of thy own story; because if there are,—and which, from what thou hast dropt, I partly suspect to be the fact,—if there are giants in it,——

——There is but one, an' please your Honour.

——'Tis as bad as twenty, replied my uncle Toby;—thou should'st have carried him back some seven or eight hundred years out of harm's way, both of critics and other people; and therefore I would advise thee, if ever thou tellest it again,——

——If I live, an' please your Honour, but once to get through it, I will never tell it again, quoth Trim, either to man, woman, or child.——Poo—poo! said my uncle Toby; —but with accents of such sweet encouragement did he utter it, that the Corporal went on with his story with more alacrity than ever.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

There was, an' please your Honour, said the Corporal, raising his voice and rubbing the palms of his two hands cheerily together as he began, a certain King of Bohemia,——

——Leave out the date entirely, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, leaning forwards, and laying his hand gently upon the Corporal's shoulder to temper the interruption,—leave it out entirely, Trim; a story passes very well without these niceties, unless one is pretty sure of 'em——Sure of 'em! said the Corporal, shaking his head.

——Right, answered my uncle Toby; it is not easy, Trim, for one, bred up as thou and I have been to arms, who seldom looks further forward than to the end of his musket, or backwards beyond his knapsack, to know much about this matter.——God bless your Honour! said the Corporal, won by the *manner* of my uncle Toby's reasoning, as much

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as by the reasoning itself, he has something else to do; if not in action, or a march, or upon duty in his garrison,—he has his firelock, an' please your Honour, to furbish,—his accoutrements to take care of,—his regimentals to mend,—himself to shave and keep clean, so as to appear always like what he is upon the parade; what business, added the Corporal triumphantly, has a soldier, an' please your Honour, to know anything at all of *geography?*

——Thou would'st have said *chronology*, Trim, said my uncle Toby; for as for geography, 'tis of absolute use to him; he must be acquainted intimately with every country and its boundaries where his profession carries him; he should know every town and city, and village and hamlet, with the canals, the roads, and hollow-ways which lead up to them. There is not a river or a rivulet he passes, Trim, but he should be able, at first sight, to tell thee what is its name,—in what mountains it takes its rise,—what is its course,—how far it is navigable,—where fordable,—where not;—he should know the fertility of every valley, as well as the hind who ploughs it; and be able to describe, or, if it is required, to give thee an exact map of all the plains and defiles, the forts, the acclivities, the woods and morasses, thro' and by which his army is to march; he should know their produce, their plants, their minerals, their waters, their animals, their seasons, their climates, their heats and colds, their inhabitants, their customs, their language, their policy, and even their religion.

Is it else to be conceived, Corporal, continued my uncle Toby, rising up in his sentry-box as he began to warm in this part of his discourse,—how Marlborough could have marched his army from the banks of the Maes to Belburg; from Belburg to Kerpenord—(here the Corporal could sit no longer)—from Kerpenord, Trim, to Kalsaken; from Kalsaken to Newdorf; from Newdorf to Landenbourg; from Landenbourg to Mildenheim; from Mildenheim to Elchingen; from Elchingen to Gingen; from Gingen to Balmerchoffen; from Balmerchoffen to Skellenburg, where he broke in upon the enemy's works, forced his passage over

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the Danube, cross'd the Lech,—push'd on his troops into the heart of the empire, marching at the head of them through Fribourg, Hokenwert, and Schönevelt, to the plains of Blenheim and Hochstet?——Great as he was, Corporal, he could not have advanced a step, or made one single day's march without the aids of Geography.—As for Chronology, Trim, continued my uncle Toby, sitting down again coolly in his sentry-box, that, of all others, it seems a science which the soldier might best spare, was it not for the lights which that science must one day give him, in determining the invention of powder; the furious execution of which, renversing everything like thunder before it, has become a new æra to us of military improvements, changing so totally the nature of attacks and defences, both by sea and land, and awakening so much art and skill in doing it, that the world cannot be too exact in ascertaining the precise time of its discovery, or too inquisitive in knowing what great man was the discoverer, and what occasions gave birth to it.

I am far from controverting, continued my uncle Toby, what historians agree in, that in the year of our Lord 1380, under the reign of Wencelaus, son of Charles the Fourth,—a certain priest, whose name was Schwartz, show'd the use of powder to the Venetians, in their wars against the Genoese: but 'tis certain he was not the first; because, if we are to believe Don Pedro, the bishop of Leon,—How came priests and bishops, an' please your Honour, to trouble their heads so much about gunpowder?——God knows, said my uncle Toby,——his providence brings good out of everything——and he avers, in his chronicle of King Alphonsus, who reduced Toledo, That in the year 1343, which was full thirty-seven years before that time, the secret of powder was well known, and employed with success, both by Moors and Christians, not only in their sea-combats, at that period, but in many of their most memorable sieges in Spain and Barbary;—and all the world knows, that Friar Bacon had wrote expressly about it, and had generously given the world a receipt to make it by, above a hundred and fifty years before even Schwartz was born:—and that

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the Chinese, added my uncle Toby, embarrass us, and all accounts of it, still more, by boasting of the invention some hundreds of years even before him.——

They are a pack of liars, I believe, cried Trim.——

They are somehow or other deceived, said my uncle Toby, in this matter, as is plain to me from the present miserable state of military architecture amongst them; which consists of nothing more than a *fossé* with a brick wall without flanks;—and for what they gave us as a bastion at each angle of it, 'tis so barbarously constructed, that it looks for all the world——Like one of my seven castles, an' please your Honour, quoth Trim.

My uncle Toby, tho' in the utmost distress for a comparison, most courteously refused Trim's offer,—till Trim, telling him he had half-a-dozen more in Bohemia, which he knew not how to get off his hands,—my uncle Toby was so touch'd with the pleasantry of heart of the Corporal,—that he discontinued his dissertation upon gunpowder,—and begged the Corporal forthwith to go on with his story of the King of Bohemia and his seven castles.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

This *unfortunate* King of Bohemia, said Trim,——Was he unfortunate, then? cried my uncle Toby; for he had been so wrapt up in his dissertation upon gunpowder, and other military affairs, that tho' he had desired the Corporal to go on, yet the many interruptions he had given dwelt not so strong on his fancy as to account for the epithet.——Was he *unfortunate*, then, Trim? said my uncle Toby, pathetically.——The Corporal, wishing first the *word* and all its synonymas at the Devil, forthwith began to run back in his mind the principal events in the King of Bohemia's story; from every one of which, it appearing that he was the most fortunate man that ever existed in the world,—it put the Corporal to a stand; for not caring to retract his epithet,—and less to explain it,—and least of all to twist his tale (like

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men of lore) to serve a system,—he looked up in my uncle Toby's face for assistance;—but seeing it was the very thing my uncle Toby sat in expectation of himself,—after a *hum* and a *haw*, he went on——

The King of Bohemia, an' please your Honour, replied the Corporal, was *unfortunate*, as thus:—That taking great pleasure and delight in navigation and all sort of sea-affairs;—and there *happening* throughout the whole kingdom of Bohemia to be no seaport town whatever,——

—How the deuce should there, Trim? cried my uncle Toby; for Bohemia being totally inland, it could have happen'd no otherwise.

—It might, said Trim, if it had pleased God.——

My uncle Toby never spoke of the being and natural attributes of God, but with diffidence and hesitation.——

I believe not, replied my uncle Toby, after some pause;—for being inland, as I said, and having Silesia and Moravia to the east; Lusatia and Upper Saxony to the North; Franconia to the west; and Bavaria to the south,—Bohemia could not have been propell'd to the sea without ceasing to be Bohemia;—nor could the sea, on the other hand, have come up to Bohemia, without overflowing a great part of Germany, and destroying millions of unfortunate inhabitants who could make no defence against it.——Scandalous, cried Trim.——Which would bespeak, added my uncle Toby, mildly, such a want of compassion in him who is the father of it,—that, I think, Trim,—the thing could have happen'd no way.——

The Corporal made the bow of unfeign'd conviction, and went on.——

Now the King of Bohemia, with his Queen and courtiers, *happening* one fine summer's evening to walk out,——Ay, there the word *happening* is right, Trim, cried my uncle Toby; for the King of Bohemia and his Queen might have walked out or let it alone:—'twas a matter of contingency which might happen or not, just as chance ordered it.——

King William was of an opinion, an' please your Honour, quoth Trim, that everything was predestined for us in this

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world; insomuch, that he would often say to his soldiers, that "every ball had its billet."——He was a great man, said my uncle Toby.——And I believe, continued Trim, to this day, that the shot which disabled me at the battle of Landen, was pointed at my knee, for no other purpose but to take me out of his service, and place me in your Honour's, where I should be taken so much better care of in my old age.——It shall never, Trim, be construed otherwise, said my uncle Toby.—

The heart, both of the master and the man, were alike subject to sudden overflowings;—a short silence ensued.——

Besides, said the Corporal, resuming the discourse,—but in a gayer accent,—if it had not been for that single shot, I had never, 'an please your Honour, been in love.——

So thou wast once in love, Trim? said my uncle Toby, smiling.——

Souse! replied the Corporal,—over head and ears! an' please your Honour.——Prithee, when? where?—and how came it to pass?——I never heard one word of it before, quoth my uncle Toby.——I dare say, answered Trim, that every drummer and sergeant's son in the regiment knew of it.——'Tis high time I should,—said my uncle Toby.——

Your Honour remembers with concern, said the Corporal, the total rout and confusion of our camp and army at the affair at Landen; every one was left to shift for himself: and if it had not been for the regiments of Wyndham, Lumley, and Galway, which covered the retreat over the bridge of Neerspeeken, the King himself could scarce have gained it;—he was press'd hard, as your Honour knows, on every side of him.——

Gallant mortal! cried my uncle Toby, caught with enthusiasm,—this moment, now that all is lost, I see him galloping across me, Corporal, to the left, to bring up the remains of the English horse along with him, to support the right, and tear the laurel from Luxembourg's brows, if yet 'tis possible:—I see him with the knot of his scarf just shot off, infusing fresh spirits into poor Galway's regiment,

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—riding along the line;—then wheeling about, and charging Conti at the head of it.——Brave! brave, by Heaven! cried my uncle Toby;—he deserves a crown——As richly as a thief a halter, shouted Trim.

My uncle Toby knew the Corporal's loyalty,—otherwise the comparison was not at all to his mind:—it did not altogether strike the Corporal's fancy when he had made it;—but it could not be recall'd;—so he had nothing to do, but proceed.

As the number of wounded was prodigious, and no one had time to think of anything but his own safety,——Though Talmash, said my uncle Toby, brought off the foot with great prudence.——But I was left upon the field, said the Corporal.——Thou wast so, poor fellow! replied my uncle Toby.——So that it was noon the next day, continued the Corporal, before I was exchanged, and put into a cart with thirteen or fourteen more, in order to be conveyed to our hospital.——

There is no part of the body, an' please your Honour, where a wound occasions more intolerable anguish than upon the knee.——

Except the groin, said my uncle Toby.——An' please your Honour, replied the Corporal, the knee, in my opinion, must certainly be the most acute, there being so many tendons and what-d'ye-call-'ems all about it.——

It is for that reason, quoth my uncle Toby, that the groin is infinitely more sensible;—there being not only as many tendons and what-d'-ye-call-'ems (for I know their names as little as thou dost)—about it,—but moreover, * * * ——

Mrs. Wadman, who had been all the time in her arbour,—instantly stopp'd her breath, unpinn'd her mob at the chin, and stood up upon one leg.

The dispute was maintained with amicable and equal force betwixt my uncle Toby and Trim for some time; till Trim at length recollecting that he had often cried at his master's sufferings, but never shed a tear at his own,—was for giving up the point; which my uncle Toby would not allow.——

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'Tis a proof of nothing, Trim, said he, but the generosity of thy temper.

So that whether the pain of a wound in the groin (*cæteris paribus*) is greater than the pain of a wound in the knee,—or

Whether the pain of a wound in the knee is not greater than the pain of a wound in the groin,—are points which to this day remain unsettled.

CHAPTER XX.

The anguish of my knee, continued the Corporal, was excessive in itself; and the uneasiness of the cart, with the roughness of the roads, which were terribly cut up,—making bad still worse,—every step was death to me: so that with the loss of blood, and the want of care-taking of me, and a fever I felt coming on besides,——(Poor soul! said my uncle Toby)——all together, an' please your Honour, was more than I could sustain.

I was telling my sufferings to a young woman at a peasant's house, where our cart, which was the last of the line, had halted; they had help'd me in, and the young woman had taken a cordial out of her pocket and dropp'd it upon some sugar; and seeing it had cheer'd me, she had given it me a second and a third time.—So I was telling her, an' please your Honour, the anguish I was in, and was saying it was so intolerable to me, that I had much rather lie down upon the bed, turning my face towards one which was in the corner of the room,—and die,—than go on,—when, upon her attempting to lead me to it, I fainted away in her arms.—She was a good soul! as your Honour, said the Corporal, wiping his eyes, will hear.——

I thought *love* had been a joyous thing, quoth my uncle Toby.——

'Tis the most serious thing, 'an please your Honour, (sometimes) that is in the world.——

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By the persuasion of the young woman, continued the Corporal, the cart with the wounded men set off without me; she had assured them I should expire immediately if I was put into the cart. So when I came to myself,—I found myself in a still, quiet cottage, with no one but the young woman, and the peasant and his wife. I was laid across the bed in the corner of the room, with my wounded leg upon a chair, and the young woman beside me, holding the corner of her handkerchief dipp'd in vinegar to my nose with one hand, and rubbing my temples with the other.

I took her at first for the daughter of the peasant (for it was no inn);—so had offer'd her a little purse with eighteen florins, which my poor brother Tom (here Trim wip'd his eyes) had sent me as a token, by a recruit, just before he set out for Lisbon.

I never told your Honour that piteous story yet,—(Here Trim wiped his eyes a third time.)

The young woman call'd the old man and his wife into the room to show them the money, in order to gain me credit for a bed and what little necessaries I should want, till I should be in a condition to be got to the hospital.—— Come then, said she, tying up the little purse,—I'll be your banker;—but as that office alone will not keep me employ'd, I'll be your nurse too.——

I thought by her manner of speaking this, as well as by her dress, which I then began to consider more attentively, —that the young woman could not be the daughter of the peasant.

She was in black down to her toes, with her hair concealed under a cambric border, laid close to her forehead: she was one of those kind of nuns, an' please your Honour, of which your Honour knows there are a good many in Flanders, which they let go loose.——By thy description, Trim, said my uncle Toby, I dare say she was a young Beguine, of which there are none to be found anywhere but in the Spanish Netherlands,—except at Amsterdam:—they differ from nuns in this, that they can quit their cloister if they choose to marry; they visit and take care of the sick

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by profession. I had rather, for my own part, they did it out of good nature.——

She often told me, quoth Trim, she did it for the love of Christ.—I did not like it,——I believe, Trim, we are both wrong, said my uncle Toby:—we'll ask Mr. Yorick about it to-night, at my brother Shandy's;—so put me in mind, added my uncle Toby.—

The young Beguine, continued the Corporal, had scarce given herself time to tell me, "she would be my nurse," when she hastily turned about to begin the office of one, and prepare something for me;—and in a short time,—though I thought it a long one,—she came back with flannels, &c. &c., and having formented my knee soundly for a couple of hours, &c., and made me a basin of thin gruel for my supper,—she wish'd me rest, and promised to be with me early in the morning.——She wish'd me, an' please your Honour, what was not to be had.—My fever ran very high that night;—her figure made sad disturbance within me;—I was every moment cutting the world in two,—to give her half of it;—and every moment was I crying, That I had nothing but a knapsack and eighteen florins to share with her.—The whole night long was the fair Beguine, like an angel, close by my bedside, holding back my curtain, and offering me cordials;—and I was only awakened from my dream by her coming there at the hour promised, and giving them in reality.—In truth, she was scarce ever from me; and so accustomed was I to receive life from her hands, that my heart sickened, and I lost colour when she left the room; and yet, continued the Corporal, (making one of the strangest reflections upon it in the world)—

"It was not love;"—for during the three weeks she was almost constantly with me, fomenting my knee with her hand, night and day,—I can honestly say, an' please your Honour,—that * * * * * * * * * * * * once.——

That was very odd, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby.——

I think so too, said Mrs. Wadman.——

It never did, said the Corporal.

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CHAPTER XXI.

——But 'tis no marvel, continued the Corporal,—seeing my uncle Toby musing upon it,—for Love, an' please your Honour, is exactly like war, in this; that a soldier, though he has escaped three weeks complete o'Saturday night,—may nevertheless be shot through his heart on Sunday morning.—*It happened so here,* an' please your Honour, with this difference only,—that it was on Sunday in the afternoon, when I fell in love all at once with a *sisserara.*—It burst upon me, an' please your Honour, like a bomb,—scarce giving me time to say, "God bless me."——

I thought, Trim, said my uncle Toby, a man never fell in love so very suddenly.——

Yes, an' please your Honour, if he is in the way of it,—replied Trim.——

I prithee, quoth my uncle Toby, inform me how this matter happened.——

With all pleasure, said the Corporal, making a bow.

CHAPTER XXII.

I had escaped, continued the Corporal, all that time from falling in love; and had gone on to the end of the chapter, had it not been predestined otherwise.—There is no resisting our fate.—It was on a Sunday, in the afternoon, as I told your Honour.

The old man and his wife had walked out.—

Everything was still and hush as midnight about the house.

There was not so much as a duck or a duckling about the yard,——

When the fair Beguine came in to see me.

My wound was then in a fair way of doing well,—the inflammation had been gone off for some time; but it was

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succeeded with an itching both above and below my knee, so insufferable, that I had not shut my eyes the whole night for it.——

Let me see it, said she, kneeling down upon the ground parallel to my knee, and laying her hand upon the part below it.—It only wants rubbing a little, said the Beguine; so covering it with the bed-clothes, she began with the forefinger of her right hand to rub under my knee, guiding her forefinger backwards and forwards by the edge of the flannel which kept on the dressing.

In five or six minutes I felt slightly the end of her second finger,—and presently it was laid flat with the other, and she continued rubbing in that way round and round for a good while; it then came into my head, that I should fall in love;—I blush'd when I saw how white a hand she had. —I shall never, an' please your Honour, behold another hand so white whilst I live.——

Not in that place, said my uncle Toby.——

Though it was the most serious despair in nature to the Corporal,—he could not forbear smiling.——

The young Beguine, continued the Corporal, perceiving it was of great service to me,—from rubbing for some time with two fingers,—proceeded to rub at length with three,—till by little and little she brought down the fourth, and then rubb'd with her whole hand. I will never say another word, an' please your Honour, upon hands again;—but it was softer than satin.——

——Prithee, Trim, commend it as much as thou wilt, said my uncle Toby: I shall hear thy story with the more delight.——The Corporal thank'd his master most unfeignedly; but, having nothing to say upon the Beguine's hand but the same over again,—he proceeded to the effects of it.

The fair Beguine, said the Corporal, continued rubbing with her whole hand under my knee,—till I fear'd her zeal would weary her.——"I would do a thousand times more," said she, "for the love of Christ."——In saying which, she pass'd her hand across the flannel, to the part above my

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knee, which I had equally complained of, and rubb'd it also.

I perceiv'd then, I was beginning to be in love.—

As she continued rub-rub-rubbing, I felt it spread from under her hand, an' please your Honour, to every part of my frame.

The more she rubb'd, and the longer strokes she took, the more the fire kindled in my veins,—till at length, by two or three strokes longer than the rest, my passion rose to the highest pitch.—I seiz'd her hand,——

And then thou clappedst it to thy lips, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and madest a speech.

Whether the Corporal's amour terminated precisely in the way my uncle Toby described it, is not material; it is enough that it contained in it the essence of all the love-romances which ever have been wrote since the beginning of the world.

CHAPTER XXIII.

As soon as the Corporal had finished the story of his amour,—or, rather, my uncle Toby for him,—Mrs. Wadman silently sallied forth from her arbour, replaced the pin in her mob, pass'd the wicker-gate, and advanced slowly towards my uncle Toby's sentry-box: the disposition which Trim had made in my uncle Toby's mind was too favourable a crisis to be let slipp'd.—

—The attack was determin'd upon: it was facilitated still more by my uncle Toby's having ordered the Corporal to wheel off the pioneer's shovel, the spade, the pick-axe, the picquets, and other military stores which lay scatter'd upon the ground where Dunkirk stood.—The Corporal had march'd;—the field was clear.

Now, consider, Sir, what nonsense it is, either in fighting, or writing, or anything else (whether in rhyme to it, or not) which a man has occasion to do,—to act by plan: for if ever Plan, independent of all circumstances, deserved

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registering in letters of gold, (I mean in the archives of Gotham)—it was certainly the Plan of Mrs. Wadman's attack of my uncle Toby in his sentry-box, *by Plan.*—Now, the plan hanging up in it at this juncture, being the plan of Dunkirk,—and the tale of Dunkirk a tale of relaxation, it opposed every impression she could make; and besides, could she have gone upon it,—the manœuvre of fingers and hands in the attack of the sentry-box was so outdone by that of the fair Beguine's, in Trim's story,—that just then, that particular attack, however successful before,—became the most heartless attack that could be made.

Oh! let woman alone for this. Mrs. Wadman had scarce open'd the wicker-gate, when her genius sported with the change of circumstances.

—She formed a new attack in a moment.

CHAPTER XXIV.

——I AM half distracted, Captain Shandy, said Mrs. Wadman, holding up her cambric handkerchief to her left eye, as she approach'd the door of my uncle Toby's sentry-box; a mote,—or sand,—or something,—I know not what, has got into this eye of mine;—do look into it:—it is not in the white.—

In saying which, Mrs. Wadman edged herself close in beside my uncle Toby, and squeezing herself down upon the corner of his bench, she gave him an opportunity of doing it without rising up.——Do look into it, said she.

Honest soul! thou didst look into it with as much innocency of heart as ever child look'd into a raree-show-box; and 'twere as much a sin to have hurt thee.

If a man will be peeping of his own accord into things of that nature, I've nothing to say to it.—

My uncle Toby never did: and I will answer for him, that he would have sat quietly upon a sofa from June to January (which, you know, takes in both the hot and cold

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months) with an eye as fine as the Thracian Rhodope's * beside him, without being able to tell whether it was a black or a blue one.

The difficulty was, to get my uncle Toby to look at one at all.

'Tis surmounted. And

I see him yonder, with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the ashes falling out of it,—looking,—and looking,—then rubbing his eyes,—and looking again, with twice the good-nature that ever Galileo look'd for a spot in the sun.

In vain! for, by all the powers which animate the organ,—Widow Wadman's left eye shines this moment as lucid as her right;—there is neither mote, nor sand, nor dust, nor chaff, nor speck, nor particle of opaque matter floating in it.—There is nothing, my dear paternal uncle! but one lambent delicious fire, furtively shooting out from every part of it, in all directions, into thine.

——If thou lookest, uncle Toby, in search of this mote one moment longer,—thou art undone.

CHAPTER XXV.

An eye is, for all the world, exactly like a cannon in this respect, That it is not so much the eye or the cannon, in themselves, as it is the carriage of the eye, and the carriage of the cannon; by which both the one and the other are enabled to do so much execution. I don't think the comparison a bad one: however, as 'tis made and placed at the head of the chapter, as much for use as ornament, all I desire in return, is, that whenever I speak of Mrs. Wadman's eyes (except once in the next period) that you keep it in your fancy.

* Rhodope Thracia tam inevitabili fascino instructa, tam exactè oculis intuens attraxit, ut si in illam quis incidisset, fieri non posset, quin caperetur.—I know not who.

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——I protest, Madam, said my uncle Toby, I can see nothing whatever in your eye.

——It is not in the white, said Mrs. Wadman.——My uncle Toby look'd with might and main into the pupil.——

Now, of all the eyes which ever were created: from your own, Madam, up to those of Venus herself, which certainly were as venereal a pair of eyes as ever stood in a head,—there never was an eye of them all so fitted to rob my uncle Toby of his repose, as the very eye at which he was looking;—it was not, Madam, a rolling eye,—a romping, or a wanton one;—nor was it an eye sparkling, petulant, or imperious,—of high claims and terrifying exactions, which would have curdled at once that milk of human nature, of which my uncle Toby was made up;—but 'twas an eye full of gentle salutations,—and soft responses,—speaking,—not like the trumpet-stop of some ill-made organ, in which many an eye I talk to holds coarse converse, but whispering soft,—like the last low accents of an expiring saint,—"How can you live comfortless, Captain Shandy, and alone, without a bosom to lean your head on,—or trust your cares to?"

It was an eye——

But I shall be in love with it myself, if I say another word about it.

It did my uncle Toby's business.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THERE is nothing shows the characters of my father and my uncle Toby in a more entertaining light, than their different manner of deportment under the same accident;—for I call not love a misfortune; from a persuasion, that a man's heart is ever the better for it.—Great God! what must my uncle Toby's have been, when 'twas all benignity without it!——

My father, as appears from many of his papers, was very subject to this passion before he married;—but, from a little subacid kind of drollish impatience in his nature, whenever

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it befell him, he would never submit to it like a Christian; but would pish, and huff, and bounce, and kick, and play the Devil, and write the bitterest Philippics against the eye that ever man wrote:—there is one in verse upon somebody's eye or other, that, for two or three nights together, had put him by his rest; which, in his first transport of resentment against it, he begins thus:—

"A Devil 'tis—and mischief such doth work
As never yet did Pagan, Jew, or Turk." *

In short, during the whole paroxysm, my father was all abuse and foul language, approaching rather towards malediction;—only he did not do it with as much method as Ernulphus's;—he was too impetuous; nor with Ernulphus's policy;—for tho' my father, with the most intolerant spirit, would curse both this and that, and everything under heaven, which was either adding or abetting to his love,—yet he never concluded his chapter of curses upon it, without cursing himself in at the bargain, as one of the most egregious fools and coxcombs, he would say, that ever was let loose in the world.

My uncle Toby, on the contrary, took it like a lamb,—sat still, and let the poison work in his veins without resistance:—in the sharpest exacerbations of his wound (like that on his groin) he never dropt one fretful or discontented word,—he blamed neither heaven nor earth,—nor thought nor spoke an injurious thing of anybody, nor any part of it; he sat solitary and pensive with his pipe,—looking at his lame leg,—then whiffing out a sentimental heigh-ho! which, mixing with the smoke, incommoded no one mortal.

He took it like a lamb, I say.

In truth, he had mistook it at first; for, having taken a ride with my father that very morning, to save, if possible, a beautiful wood, which the dean and chapter were hewing down to give to the poor†; which said wood being in full

* This will be printed with my father's Life of Socrates, &c.

† Mr. Shandy must mean the poor in spirit; inasmuch as they divided the money amongst themselves.

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view of my uncle Toby's house, and of singular service to him in his description of the battle of Wynnendale,—by trotting on too hastily to save it, upon an uneasy saddle, worse horse, &c. &c. . . . it had so happened, that the serous part of the blood had got betwixt the two skins, in the nethermost part of my uncle Toby,—the first shootings of which (as my uncle Toby had no experience of love) he had taken for a part of the passion,—till the blister breaking in the one case, and the other remaining, my uncle Toby was presently convinced that his wound was not a skin-deep wound, but that it had gone to his heart.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The world is ashamed of being virtuous.—My uncle Toby knew little of the world; and therefore, when he felt he was in love with Widow Wadman, he had no conception that the thing was any more to be made a mystery of, than if Mrs. Wadman had given him a cut with a gap'd knife across his finger. Had it been otherwise,—yet, as he ever look'd upon Trim as a humble friend, and saw fresh reasons every day of his life to treat him as such,—it would have made no variation in the manner in which he informed him of the affair.

"I am in love, Corporal!" quoth my uncle Toby.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

In love!—said the Corporal,—your Honour was very well the day before yesterday, when I was telling your Honour the story of the King of Bohemia.——Bohemia! said my uncle Toby - - - - musing a long time - - - What became of that story, Trim?

——We lost it, an' please your Honour, somehow betwixt

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us!—but your Honour was as free from love then, as I am. ——'Twas just whilst thou went'st off with the wheel-barrow,—with Mrs. Wadman, quoth my uncle Toby.—She has left a ball here,—added my uncle Toby, pointing to his breast.——

——She can no more, an' please your Honour, stand a siege, than she can fly, cried the Corporal.

But as we are neighbours, Trim, the best way, I think, is to let her know it civilly first, quoth my uncle Toby.

Now, if I might presume, said the Corporal, to differ from your Honour,——

Why else do I talk to thee, Trim? said my uncle Toby, mildly.

——Then I would begin, an' please your Honour, with making a good thundering attack upon her, in return,—and telling her civilly afterwards;—for if she knows anything of your Honour's being in love, beforehand—— L—d help her!—she knows no more at present of it, Trim, said my uncle Toby,—than the child unborn.

Precious souls!—

Mrs. Wadman had told it, with all its circumstances, to Mrs. Bridget, twenty-four hours before; and was, at that very moment, sitting in council with her, touching some slight misgivings with regard to the issue of the affairs, which the Devil, who never lies dead in a ditch, had put into her head,—before he would allow half time to get quietly through her *Te Deum*.

I am terribly afraid, said Widow Wadman, in case I should marry him, Bridget,—that the poor Captain will not enjoy his health, with the monstrous wound upon his groin.

——It may not, Madam, be so very large, replied Bridget, as you think;—and I believe, besides, added she,—that 'tis dried up.

——I could like to know,—merely for his sake, said Mrs. Wadman.

——We'll know the long and the broad of it in ten days, answered Mrs. Bridget; for whilst the Captain is paying his addresses to you,—I'm confident Mr. Trim will be for

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making love to me;—and I'll let him as much as he will, added Bridget, to get it all out of him.

The measures were taken at once; and my uncle Toby and the Corporal went on with theirs.

Now, quoth the Corporal, setting his left hand akimbo, and giving such a flourish with his right as just promised success,—and no more,—if your Honour will give me leave to lay down the plan of this attack,——

Thou wilt please me by it, Trim, said my uncle Toby, exceedingly;—and as I foresee thou must act in it as my *aide-de-camp*, here's a crown, Corporal, to begin with, to steep my commission.

——Then, an' please your Honour, said the Corporal (making a bow first for this commission)—we will begin with getting your Honour's laced clothes out of the great campaign-trunk, to be well air'd, and have the blue and gold taken up at the sleeves;—and I'll put your white Ramillies wig fresh into pipes;—and send for a tailor to have your Honour's thin scarlet breeches turn'd.——

I had better take the red plush ones, quoth my uncle Toby.——They will be too clumsy, said the Corporal.

CHAPTER XXIX.

——Thou wilt get a brush and a little chalk to my sword.

——'Twill be only in your Honour's way, replied Trim.

CHAPTER XXX.

—But your Honour's two razors shall be new set:—and I will get my Montero-cap furbish'd up, and put on poor Lieutenant Le Fevre's regimental coat, which your Honour gave me to wear for his sake;—and as soon as your Honour is clean shaved,—and has got your clean shirt on, with your

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blue and gold or your fine scarlet,—sometimes one and sometimes t'other,—and everything is ready for the attack,—we'll march up boldly, as if 'twas to the face of a bastion; and whilst your Honour engages Mrs. Wadman in the parlour, to the right,—I'll attack Mrs. Bridget in the kitchen, to the left; and having seiz'd the pass, I'll answer for it, said the Corporal, snapping his fingers over his head,—that the day is our own.

——I wish I may but manage it right, said my uncle Toby;—but I declare, Corporal, I had rather march up to the very edge of a trench.

——A woman is quite a different thing, said the Corporal.

——I suppose so, quoth my uncle Toby.

CHAPTER XXXI.

If anything in this world which my father said could have provoked my uncle Toby, during the time he was in love, it was the perverse use my father was always making of an expression of Hilarion, the hermit; who, in speaking of his abstinence, his watchings, flagellations, and other instrumental parts of his religion,—would say,—though with more facetiousness than became a hermit,—"That they were the means he used to make his *ass* (meaning his body) leave off kicking."

It pleased my father well; it was not only a laconic way of expressing,—but of libelling, at the same time, the desires and appetites of the lower part of us; so that for many years of my father's life, 'twas his constant mode of expression;—he never used the word *passions* once,—but *ass* always, instead of them;—so that he might be said truly to have been upon the bones, or the back of his own ass, or else of some other man's, during all that time.

I must here observe to you the difference betwixt

My father's Ass and

My Hobby-Horse,—in order to keep

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characters as separate as may be, in our fancies as we go along.

For my Hobby-Horse, if you recollect a little, is no way a vicious beast; he has scarce one hair or lineament of the ass about him.—'Tis the sporting little filly-folly which carries you out for the present hour,—a maggot, a butterfly, a fiddlestick,—an uncle Toby's siege, or an *anything* which a man makes a shift to get astride on, to canter it away from the cares and solicitudes of life.—'Tis as useful a beast as is in the whole creation;—nor do I really see how the world could do without it.

—But for my father's ass.—Oh! mount him,—mount him,—mount him,—(that's three times, is it not?)—mount him not:—'tis a beast concupiscent;—and foul befall the man who does not hinder him from kicking.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Well, dear brother Toby, said my father, upon his first seeing him after he fell in love,—and how goes it with your Ass?

Now, my uncle Toby thinking more of the *part* where he had had the blister, than of Hilarion's metaphor,—and our preconceptions having (you know) as great a power over the sounds of words as the shapes of things, he had imagined that my father, who was not very ceremonious in his choice of words, had inquired after the part by its proper name: so, notwithstanding my mother, Doctor Slop, and Mr. Yorick were sitting in the parlour, he thought it rather civil to conform to the term my father had made use of than not. When a man is hemm'd in by two indecorums, and must commit one of 'em,—I always observe,—let him choose which he will, the world will blame him;—so I should not be astonish'd if it blames my uncle Toby.

My A—e, quoth my uncle Toby, is much better, brother Shandy.—My father had formed great expectations from

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his Ass in the onset; and would have brought him on again; but Doctor Slop setting up an intemperate laugh,—and my mother calling out L— bless us!—it drove my father's Ass off the field;—and the laugh then becoming general,—there was no bringing him back to the charge for some time:—

And so the discourse went on without him.

Everybody, said my mother, says you are in love, brother Toby;—and we hope it is true.

——I am as much in love, sister, I believe, replied my uncle Toby, as any man usually is.——Humph! said my father.——And when did you know it? quoth my mother.

——When the blister broke, replied my uncle Toby.

My uncle Toby's reply put my father into good temper,—so he charg'd o'foot.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

As the ancients agree, brother Toby, said my father, that there are two different and distinct kinds of *love*, according to the different parts which are affected by it,—the brain or liver,—I think, when a man is in love, it behoves him a little to consider which of the two he is fallen into.

——What signifies it, brother Shandy, replied my uncle Toby, which of the two it is, provided it will but make a man marry, and love his wife, and get a few children?

——A few children! cried my father, rising out of his chair, and looking full in my mother's face, as he forced his way betwixt hers and Doctor Slop's—A few children! cried my father, repeating my uncle Toby's words as he walk'd to and fro.

Not, my dear brother Toby, cried my father, recovering himself all at once, and coming close up to the back of my uncle Toby's chair,—not that I should be sorry hadst thou a score;—on the contrary, I should rejoice,—and be as kind, Toby, to every one of them as a father.——

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My uncle Toby stole his hand, unperceived, behind his chair, to give my father's a squeeze.——

Nay, moreover, continued he, keeping hold of my uncle Toby's hand,—so much dost thou possess, my dear Toby, of the milk of human nature, and so little of its asperities, —'tis piteous the world is not peopled by creatures which resemble thee! and was I an Asiatic monarch, added my father, heating himself with his new project,—I would oblige thee, provided it would not impair thy strength,—or dry up thy radical moisture too fast,—or weaken thy memory or fancy, brother Toby, which these gymnics inordinately taken are apt to do,—else, dear Toby, I would procure thee the most beautiful women in the empire, and I would oblige thee, *nolens volens,* to beget for me one subject once a *month.*

As my father pronounced the last word of the sentence, my mother took a pinch of snuff.—

Now I would not, quoth my uncle Toby, get a child, *nolens volens,* that is, whether I would or no, to please the greatest prince upon earth.—

And 'twould be cruel in me, brother Toby, to compel thee, said my father;—but 'tis a case put to show thee, that it is not thy begetting a child,—in case thou should'st be able,—but the system of Love and Marriage thou goest upon, which I would set thee right in.——

There is at least, said Yorick, a great deal of reason and plain sense in Captain Shandy's opinion of love; and 'tis amongst the ill-spent hours of my life, which I have to answer for, that I have read so many flourishing poets and rhetoricians in my time, from whom I never could extract so much.——

I wish, Yorick, said my father, you had read Plato; for there you would have learnt that there are two *loves.*——I know there were two *religions,* replied Yorick, amongst the ancients:—one for the vulgar,—and another for the learned; —but I think *one love* might have served both of them very well.——

It could not, replied my father,—and for the same

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reasons; for, of these loves, according to Ficinus's comment upon Velasius, the one is rational,—

The other is *natural*;—

the first ancient,—without mother, where Venus had nothing to do, the second begotten of Jupiter and Dione.——

Pray, brother, quoth my uncle Toby, what has a man who believes in God to do with this?——My father could not stop to answer, for fear of breaking the thread of his discourse.—

This latter, continued he, partakes wholly of the nature of Venus.

The first, which is the golden chain let down from Heaven, excites to love heroic, which comprehends in it, and excites to, the desire of philosophy and truth;—the second, excites to *desire*, simply.——

I think the procreation of children as beneficial to the world, said Yorick, as the finding out the longitude.

To be sure, said my mother, *love* keeps peace in the world.——

In the *house*,—my dear, I own.——

It replenishes the earth, said my mother.——

But it keeps heaven empty, — my dear, replied my father.——

'Tis Virginity, cried Slop triumphantly, which fills paradise.——

Well push'd, nun! quoth my father.——

CHAPTER XXXIV.

My father had such a skirmishing, cutting kind of a slashing way with him in his disputations, thrusting and ripping, and giving every one a stroke to remember him by in his turn,—that if there were twenty people in company,—in less than half an hour he was sure to have every one of 'em against him.

What did not a little contribute to leave him thus without

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an ally, was, that if there was any one post more untenable than the rest, he would be sure to throw himself into it; and, to do him justice, when he was once there, he would defend it so gallantly, that 'twould have been a concern, either to a brave man or a good-natured one, to have seen him driven out.

Yorick, for this reason, though he would often attack him, —yet could never bear to do it with all his force.

Dr. Slop's *Virginity*, in the close of the last chapter, had got him for once on the right side of the rampart; and he was beginning to blow up all the convents in Christendom about Slop's ears, when Corporal Trim came into the parlour to inform my uncle Toby, that his thin scarlet breeches, in which the attack was to be made upon Mrs. Wadman, would not do; for that the tailor, in ripping them up, in order to turn them, had found they had been turn'd before.——Then turn them again, brother, said my father, rapidly, for there will be many a turning of 'em yet, before all's done in the affair.——They are as rotten as dirt, said the Corporal.—— Then by all means, said my father, bespeak a new pair, brother;—for though I know, continued my father, turning himself to the company, that Widow Wadman has been deeply in love with my brother Toby for many years, and has used every art and circumvention of woman to outwit him into the same passion, yet now that she has caught him, —her fever will be past its height.

She has gain'd her point.

In this case, continued my father, which Plato, I am persuaded, never thought of,—Love, you see, is not so much a *sentiment* as a *situation*, into which a man enters, as my brother Toby would do into a *corps*,—no matter whether he loves the service or no;—being once in it,—he acts as if he did; and takes every step to show himself a man of prowess.——

The hypothesis, like the rest of my father's, was plausible enough, and my uncle Toby had but a single word to object to it,—in which Trim stood ready to second him;—but my father had not drawn his conclusion.——

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For this reason, continued my father (stating the case over again),—notwithstanding all the world knows that Mrs. Wadman *affects* my brother Toby,—and my brother Toby contrarywise *affects* Mrs. Wadman, and no obstacle in nature to forbid the music striking up this very night, yet will I answer for it, that this selfsame tune will not be play'd this twelvemonth.——

We have taken our measures badly, quoth my uncle Toby, looking up interrogatively in Trim's face.——

I would lay my Montero-cap, said Trim.——Now Trim's Montero-cap, as I once told you, was his constant wager; and having furbish'd it up that very night, in order to go upon the attack,—it made the odds look more considerable.——I would lay, an' please your Honour, my Montero-cap to a shilling,—was it proper, continued Trim (making a bow), to offer a wager before your Honours.——

There is nothing improper in it, said my father,—'tis a mode of expression; for in saying thou would'st lay thy Montero-cap to a shilling,—all thou meanest is this,—that thou believest,——

Now, What dost thou believe?——

That Widow Wadman, an' please your Worship, cannot hold it out ten days.——

And whence, cried Slop jeeringly, has thou all this knowledge of woman, friend?——

By falling in love with a popish clergywoman, said Trim.——

'Twas a Beguine, said my uncle Toby.——

Dr. Slop was too much in wrath to listen to the distinction; and my father taking that very crisis to fall in helter-skelter upon the whole order of Nuns and Beguines, a set of silly, fusty baggages,—Slop could not stand it;—and my uncle Toby having some measures to take about his breeches,—and Yorick about his fourth general division,—in order for their several attacks next day,—the company broke up; and my father being left alone, and having half an hour upon his hands betwixt that and bedtime, he called

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for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote my uncle Toby the following letter of instructions :—

My dear brother Toby,

What I am going to say to thee, is upon the nature of women, and of lovemaking to them ; and perhaps it is as well for thee,—tho' not so well for me,—that thou hast occasion for a letter of instructions upon that head, and that I am able to write it to thee.

Had it been the good pleasure of Him who disposes of our lots, and thou no sufferer by the knowledge, I had been well content that thou should'st have dipp'd the pen this moment into the ink, instead of myself: but that not being the case,——Mrs. Shandy being now close beside me, preparing for bed,—I have thrown together, without order, and just as they have come into my mind, such hints and documents as I deem may be of use to thee, intending in this, to give thee a token of my love; not doubting, my dear Toby, of the manner in which it will be accepted.

In the first place, with regard to all which concerns religion in the affair,—though I perceive, from a glow in my cheek, that I blush as I begin to speak to thee upon the subject, as well knowing, notwithstanding thy unaffected secrecy, how few of its offices thou neglectest,—yet I would remind thee of one (during the continuance of thy courtship) in a particular manner, which I would not have omitted ; and that is, never to go forth upon the enterprise, whether it be in the morning or the afternoon, without first recommending thyself to the protection of Almighty God, that he may defend thee from the evil one.

Shave the whole top of thy crown clean once at least every four or five days, but oftener if convenient; lest, in taking off thy wig before her, thro' absence of mind, she should be able to discover how much has been cut away by Time,—how much by Trim.

'Twere better to keep ideas of baldness out of her fancy.

Always carry it in thy mind, and act upon it as a sure maxim, Toby,——

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"That women are timid;" and 'tis well they are,—else there would be no dealing with them.

Let not thy breeches be too tight, or hang too loose about thy thighs, like the trunk-hose of our ancestors:—

A just medium prevents all conclusions.

Whatever thou hast to say, be it more or less, forget not to utter it in a low soft tone of voice;—silence, and whatever approaches it, weaves dreams of midnight secrecy into the brain: for this cause, if thou canst help it, never throw down the tongs and poker.

Avoid all kinds of pleasantry and facetiousness in thy discourse with her; and do whatever lies in thy power, at the same time, to keep from her all books and writings which tend thereto. There are some devotional tracts, which if thou canst entice her to read over,—it will be well; but suffer her not to look into Rabelais, or Scarron, or Don Quixote:—

They are all books which excite laughter; and thou knowest, dear Toby, that there is no passion so serious as lust.

Stick a pin in the bosom of thy shirt, before thou enterest her parlour.

And if thou art permitted to sit upon the same sofa with her, and she gives thee occasion to lay thy hand upon hers,—beware of taking it:—thou canst not lay thy hand on hers, but she will find the temper of thine.—Leave that, and as many other things as thou can'st, quite undetermined: by so doing, thou wilt have her curiosity on thy side; and if she is not conquered by that, and thy *ass* continues still kicking, which there is great reason to suppose,—thou must begin, with first losing a few ounces of blood below the ears, according to the practice of the ancient Scythians, who cured the most intemperate fits of the appetite by that means.

Avicenna, after this, is for having the part anointed with the syrup of hellebore, using proper evacuations and purges;—and I believe rightly.—But thou must eat little or no goat's flesh, nor red deer;—nor even foal's flesh by any

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means;—and carefully abstain,—that is, as much as thou canst, from peaeocks, cranes, coots, didappers, and water-hens.

As for thy drink, I need not tell thee, it must be the infusion of *Vervain* and the herb *Hanea*, of which Ælian relates such effects;—but if thy stomach palls with it,—discontinue it from time to time,—taking cucumbers, melons, purslaine, water-lilies, woodbine, and lettuce in the stead of them.

There is nothing further for thee which occurs to me at present,——

Unless the breaking out of a fresh war.—So wishing everything, dear Toby, for the best,

I rest thy affectionate brother,

WALTER SHANDY.

CHAPTER XXXV.

WHILST my father was writing his letter of instructions, my uncle Toby and the Corporal were busy in preparing everything for the attack. As the turning of the thin scarlet breeches was laid aside (at least for the present), there was nothing which should put it off beyond the next morning; so, accordingly, it was resolved upon for eleven o'clock.

Come, my dear, said my father to my mother, 'twill be but like a brother and sister, if you and I take a walk down to my brother Toby's,—to countenance him in this attack of his.

My uncle Toby and the Corporal had both been accoutred some time, when my father and mother enter'd, and the clock striking eleven, were that moment in motion to sally forth;—but the account of this is worth more than to be wove into the fag end of the eighth * volume of such a

* Alluding to the first edition.

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work as this.—My father had no time but to put the letter of instructions into my uncle Toby's coat-pocket, and join with my mother in wishing his attack prosperous.

I could like, said my mother, to look through the key-hole, out of *curiosity*.——Call it by its right name, my dear, quoth my father,—

And look through the keyhole as long as you will.

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A DEDICATION TO A GREAT MAN.

HAVING, *a priori*, indended to dedicate The Amours of my Uncle Toby to Mr. ***,—I see more reasons, *a posteriori*, for doing it to Lord *******.

I should lament from my soul, if this exposed me to the jealousy of their Reverences; because, *a posteriori*, in Court Latin, signifies the kissing hands for preferment, or anything else, in order to get it.

My opinion of Lord ******* is neither better nor worse than it was of Mr. ***. Honours, like impressions upon coin, may give an ideal and local value to a bit of base metal; but gold and silver will pass all the world over, without any other recommendation than their own weight.

The same goodwill that made me think of offering up half an hour's amusement to Mr. *** when out of place,—operates more forcibly at present; as half an hour's amusement will be more serviceable and refreshing after labour and sorrow, than after a philosophical repast.

Nothing is so perfectly *amusement* as a total change of ideas; no ideas are so totally different as those of Ministers and innocent Lovers: for which reason, when I come to talk of Statesmen and Patriots, and set such marks upon them as will prevent confusion and mistakes concerning them in the future,—I propose to dedicate that Volume to some gentle Shepherd,

> Whose thoughts proud Science never taught to stray,
> Far as the Statesman's walk or Patriot-way;
> Yet *simple Nature* to his hopes had given,
> Out of a cloud-cap't hill, a humbler heaven;

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Some *untam'd* World in depth of woods embrac'd—
Some happier Island in the wat'ry waste—
And where, admitted to that equal sky,
His *faithful Dog* shall bear him company.

In a word, by thus introducing an entire new set of objects to his imagination, I shall unavoidably give a *Diversion* to his passionate and love-sick contemplations. In the meantime,

I am

THE AUTHOR.

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THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOL. IX. ORIG. EDIT.

Si quid urbaniusculè lusum à nobis, per Musas et Charitatem et omnium Poetarum Numina, Oro te, ne me malè capias!

CHAPTER I.

I CALL all the powers of time and chance, which severely check us in our careers in this world, to bear me witness, that I could never yet get fairly to my uncle Toby's amours, till this very moment, that my mother's *curiosity*, as she stated the affair,—or a different impulse in her, as my father would have it,—wished her to take a peep at them through the keyhole.

"Call it, my dear, by its right name," quoth my father, "and look through the keyhole as long as you will."

Nothing but the fermentation of that little subacid humour, which I have often spoken of in my father's habit, could have vented such an insinuation;—he was, however, frank and generous in his nature, and at all times open to conviction; so that he had scarce got to the last word of this ungracious retort, when his conscience smote him.

My mother was then conjugally swinging with her left

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arm twisted under his right, in such wise, that, the inside of her hand rested upon the back of his;—she raised her fingers, and let them fall,—it could scarce be call'd a tap; or if it was a tap—'twould have puzzled a casuist to say, whether 'twas a tap of remonstrance or a tap of confession: my father, who was all sensibilities from head to foot, class'd it right;—Conscience redoubled her blow,—he turned his face suddenly the other way, and my mother, supposing his body was about to turn with it, in order to move homewards, by a cross-movement of her right leg, keeping her left as its centre, brought herself so far in front, that, as he turned his head he met her eye:—Confusion again! he saw a thousand reasons to wipe out the reproach, and as many to reproach himself:—a thin, blue, chill, pellucid crystal, with all its humours so at rest, the least mote or speck of desire might have been seen at the bottom of it, had it existed;—it did not:—and how I happen to be so lewd myself, particularly a little before the vernal and autumnal equinoxes,—Heaven above knows;—my mother, Madam, was so at no time, either by nature, by institution, or example.

A temperate current of blood ran orderly through her veins in all months of the year, and in all critical moments both of the day and night alike; nor did she superinduce the least heat into her humours from the manual effervescences of devotional tracts, which, having little or no meaning in them, nature is oftentimes obliged to find one; and, as for my father's example! 'twas so far from being either aiding or abetting thereunto, that 'twas the whole business of his life to keep all fancies of that kind out of her head;—Nature had done her part to have spared him this trouble; and, what was not a little inconsistent, my father knew it.—And here am I sitting, this 12th day of August, 1766, in a purple jerkin and yellow pair of slippers, without either wig or cap on, a most tragi-comical completion of his prediction, "That I should neither think nor act like any other man's child, upon that very account."

The mistake of my father, was, in attacking my mother's motive, instead of the act itself; for, certainly, keyholes

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were made for other purposes; and, considering the act as an act which interfered with a true proposition, and denied a keyhole to be what it was—it became a violation of nature; and was so far, you see, criminal.

It is for this reason, an' please your Reverences, that keyholes are the occasions of more sin and wickedness than all the other holes in this world put together:

——Which leads me to my uncle Toby's amours.

CHAPTER II.

THOUGH the Corporal had been as good as his word in putting my uncle Toby's great Ramillies wig into pipes, yet the time was too short to produce any great effects from it; it had lain many years squeezed up in the corner of his old campaign-trunk; and as bad forms are not so easy to be got the better of, and the use of candle-ends not so well understood, it was not so pliable a business as one would have wished. The Corporal, with cheery eye and both arms extended, had fallen back perpendicular from it a score times, to inspire it, if possible, with a better air:—had *Spleen* given a look at it; 'twould have cost her ladyship a smile;—it curl'd everywhere but where the Corporal would have it; and where a buckle or two, in his opinion, would have done it honour, he could as soon have raised the dead.

Such it was,—or, rather, such would it have seem'd upon any other brow; but the sweet look of goodness which sat upon my uncle Toby's, assimilated everything around it so sovereignly to itself, and Nature had, moreover, wrote *Gentleman* with so fair a hand in every line of his countenance, that even his tarnish'd gold-lac'd hat and huge cockade of flimsy taffety became him; and though not worth a button in themselves, yet the moment my uncle Toby put them on, they became serious objects, and, altogether, seem'd to have been picked up by the hand of Science, to set him off to advantage.

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Nothing in this world could have co-operated more powerfully towards this, than my uncle Toby's blue and gold,—*had not Quantity, in some measure, been necessary to Grace.* In a period of fifteen or sixteen years since they had been made, by a total inactivity in my uncle Toby's life (for he seldom went further than the bowling-green)—his blue and gold had become so miserably too strait for him, that it was with the utmost difficulty the Corporal was able to get him into them; the taking them up at the sleeves was of no advantage: they were laced, however, down the back, and at the seams of the sides, &c., in the mode of King William's reign; and to shorten all description, they shone so bright against the sun that morning, and had so metallic and doughty an air with them, that, had my uncle Toby thought of attacking in armour, nothing could have so well imposed upon his imagination.

As for the thin scarlet breeches, they had been unripp'd by the tailor between the legs, and left at *sixes and sevens.*

——Yes, madam; but let us govern our fancies. It is enough they were held impracticable the night before; and, as there was no alternative in my uncle Toby's wardrobe, he sallied forth in the red plush.

The Corporal had array'd himself in poor Le Fevre's regimental coat; and with his hair tuck'd up under his Montero-cap, which he had furbish'd up for the occasion, march'd three paces distant from his master: a whiff of military pride had puff'd out his shirt at the wrist; and upon that, in a black leather thong clipp'd into a tassel beyond the knot, hung the Corporal's stick.—My uncle Toby carried his cane like a pike.

——It looks well at least, quoth my father to himself.

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CHAPTER III.

My uncle Toby turned his head more than once behind him, to see how he was supported by the Corporal; and the Corporal, as oft as he did it, gave a slight flourish with a stick,—but not vapouringly; and, with the sweetest accent of most respectful encouragement, bid his Honour "never fear."

Now, my uncle Toby did fear, and grievously too; he knew not (as my father had reproach'd him) so much as the right end of a women from the wrong, and, therefore, was never altogether at his ease near any one of them,—unless in sorrow or distress; then infinite was his pity; nor would the most courteous knight of romance have gone further, at least upon one leg, to have wiped away a tear from a woman's eye: and yet, excepting once that he was beguiled into it by Mrs. Wadman, he had never looked steadfastly into one; and would often tell my father, in the simplicity of his heart, that it was almost (if not about) as bad as talking bawdy.

——And suppose it is? my father would say.

CHAPTER IV.

She cannot, quoth my uncle Toby, halting, when they had march'd up to within twenty paces of Mrs. Wadman's door, —she cannot, Corporal, take it amiss.

——She will take it, an' please your Honour, said the Corporal, just as the Jew's widow at Lisbon took it off my brother Tom.

——And how was that? quoth my uncle Toby, facing quite about to the Corporal.

——Your Honour, replied the Corporal, knows of Tom's misfortunes; but this affair has nothing to do with them any further than this, That if Tom had not married the widow, —or had it pleased God, after their marriage, that they had

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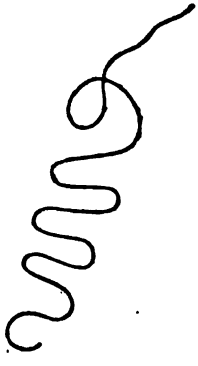
but put pork into their sausage, the honest soul had never been taken out of his warm bed, and dragg'd to the Inquisition:—'tis a cursed place! added the Corporal, shaking his head; when once a poor creature is in, he is in, an' please your Honour, for ever.

——'Tis very true, said my uncle Toby, looking gravely at Mrs. Wadman's house as he spoke.

——Nothing, continued the Corporal, can be so sad as confinement for life,—or sweet, an' please your Honour, as liberty.

——Nothing, Trim, said my uncle Toby, musing.

——Whilst a man is free, cried the Corporal, giving a flourish with his stick thus:—



A thousand of my father's most subtle syllogisms could not have said more for celibacy.

My uncle Toby look'd earnestly towards his cottage and his bowling-green.

The Corporal had unwarily conjured up the Spirit of calculation with his wand; and he had nothing to do but to conjure him down again with his story; and in this form of exorcism, most unecclesiastically did the Corporal do it.

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CHAPTER V.

As Tom's place, an' please your Honour, was easy, and the weather warm, it put him upon thinking seriously of settling himself in the world; and, as it fell out about that time, that a Jew, who kept a sausage-shop in the same street, had the ill-luck to die of a strangury, and leave his widow in possession of a rousing trade,—Tom thought (as everybody in Lisbon was doing the best he could devise for himself) there could be no harm in offering her his service to carry it on; so without any introduction to the widow, except that of buying a pound of sausages at her shop,—Tom set out,—counting the matter thus within himself as he walk'd along,—That, let the worst come of it that could, he should, at least, get a pound of sausages for their worth;—but, if things went well, he should be set up; inasmuch as he should get not only a pound of sausages,—but a wife, and a sausage-shop, an' please your Honour, into the bargain.

Every servant in the family, from high to low, wish'd Tom success; and I can fancy, an' please your Honour, I see him this moment with his white dimity waistcoat and breeches, and a hat a little o' one side, passing jollily along the street, swinging his stick, with a smile and a cheerful word for everybody he met.—But, alas! Tom! thou smilest no more, cried the Corporal, looking on one side of him upon the ground, as if he apostrophised him in his dungeon.

——Poor fellow! said my uncle Toby feelingly.

——He was an honest, light-hearted lad, an' please your Honour, as ever blood warm'd.

——Then he resembled thee, Trim! said my uncle Toby, rapidly.

The Corporal blush'd down to his fingers' ends;—a tear of sentimental bashfulness,—another of gratitude to my uncle Toby,—and a tear of sorrow for his brother's misfortunes, started into his eye, and ran sweetly down his cheek together.—My uncle Toby's kindled as one lamp does at another; and taking hold of the breast of Trim's coat (which had been

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that of Le Fevre's), as if to ease his lame leg, but in reality to gratify a finer feeling,—he stood silent for a minute and a half; at the end of which he took his hand away; and the Corporal, making a bow, went on with his story of his brother and the Jew's widow.

CHAPTER VI.

When Tom, an' please your Honour, got to the shop, there was nobody in it but a poor negro girl, with a bunch of white feathers slightly tied to the end of a long cane, flapping away flies,—not killing them.——'Tis a pretty picture! said my uncle Toby;—she had suffered persecution, Trim, and had learnt mercy.

——She was good, an' please your Honour, from nature, as well as from hardships; and there are circumstances in the story of that poor friendless slut, that would melt a heart of stone, said Trim; and some dismal winter's evening, when your Honour is in the humour, they shall be told you with the rest of Tom's story, for it makes a part of it.

——Then do not forget, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

——A negro has a soul! an' please your Honour, said the Corporal (doubtingly).

——I am not much versed, Corporal, quoth my uncle Toby, in things of that kind; but I suppose God would not leave him without one, any more than thee or me.

——It would be putting one sadly over the head of another, quoth the Corporal.

——It would so, said my uncle Toby.——Why then, an' please your Honour, is a black wench to be used worse than a white one?

——I can give no reason, said my uncle Toby.

——Only, cried the Corporal, shaking his head, because she has no one to stand up for her.

——'Tis that very thing, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby,—

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which recommends her to protection,—and her brethren with her; 'tis the fortune of war which has put the whip into our hands *now*:—where it may be hereafter, Heaven knows!—but be it where it will, the brave, Trim, will not use it unkindly.

——God forbid! said the Corporal.

——Amen! responded my uncle Toby, laying his hand upon his heart.

The Corporal return'd to his story, and went on,—but with an embarrassment in doing it, which here and there a reader in this world will not be able to comprehend; for by the many sudden transitions all along, from one kind and cordial passion to another, in getting thus far on his way, he had lost the sportable key of his voice, which gave sense and spirit to his tale: he attempted twice to resume it, but could not please himself: so giving a stout *hem!* to rally back the retreating spirits, and aiding nature at the same time, with his left arm akimbo on one side, and with his right a little extended, supporting her on the other,—the Corporal got as near the note as he could; and in that attitude continued his story:—

CHAPTER VII.

As Tom, an' please your Honour, had no business at that time with the Moorish girl, he passed on into the room beyond, to talk to the Jew's widow about love,—and his pound of sausages; and being, as I have told your Honour, an open cheery-hearted lad, with his character wrote in his looks and carriage, he took a chair, and without much apology, but with great civility at the same time, placed it close to her at the table, and sat down.

There is nothing so awkward as courting a woman, an' please your Honour, whilst she is making sausages.—So Tom began a discourse upon them; First, gravely,—"As how they were made;—with what meats, herbs, and spices:"

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—then, a little gaily,—as "With what skins,—and if they never burst?—whether the largest were not the best?" and so on,—taking care only, as he went along, to season what he had to say upon sausages, rather under than over,—that he might have room to act in.——

It was owing to the neglect of that very precaution, said my uncle Toby, laying his hand upon Trim's shoulder, that Count de la Motte lost the battle of Wynnendale: he pressed too speedily into the wood; which if he had not done, Lisle had not fallen into our hands, nor Ghent and Bruges, which both followed her example.—It was so late in the year, continued my uncle Toby, and so terrible a season came on, that if things had not fallen out as they did, our troops must have perish'd in the open field.

——Why, therefore, may not battles, an' please your Honour, as well as marriages, be made in Heaven?—— My uncle Toby mused.——Religion inclined him to say one thing, and his high idea of military skill tempted him to say another; so, not being able to frame a reply exactly to his mind,—my uncle Toby said nothing at all; and the Corporal finished his story.

As Tom perceived, an' please your Honour, that he gained ground, and that all he had said upon the subject of sausages was kindly taken, he went on to help her a little in making them:—First, by taking hold of the ring of the sausage whilst she stroked the forced-meat down with her hand;—then by cutting the strings into proper lengths, and holding them in his hand whilst she took them out one by one;—then by putting them across her mouth, that she might take them out as she wanted them,—and so on from little to more, till at last he adventured to tie the sausage himself, whilst she held the snout.

——Now a widow, an' please your Honour, always chooses a second husband as unlike the first as she can: so the affair was more than half settled in her mind before Tom mentioned it.

She made a feint, however, of defending herself, by snatching up a sausage.——Tom instantly laid hold of another.—

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But seeing Tom's had more gristle in it,—

She signed the capitulation,—and Tom sealed it; and there was an end of the matter.

CHAPTER VIII.

ALL womankind, continued Trim (commenting upon his story), from the highest to the lowest, an' please your Honour, love jokes; the difficulty is to know how they choose to have them cut; and there is no knowing that, but by trying, as we do with our artillery in the field, by raising or letting down their breeches, till we hit the mark.

——I like the comparison, said my uncle Toby, better than the thing itself.

——Because your Honour, quoth the Corporal, loves glory more than pleasure.

——I hope, Trim, answered my uncle Toby, I love mankind more than either; and as the knowledge of arms tends so apparently to the good and quiet of the world,—and particularly that branch of it which we have practised together in our bowling-green, has no object but to shorten the strides of *Ambition*, and intrench the lives and fortunes of the *few* from the plunderings of the *many*;—whenever that drum beats in our ears, I trust, Corporal, we shall neither of us want so much humanity and fellow-feeling as to face about and march.

In pronouncing this, uncle Toby faced about, and march'd firmly, as at the head of his company; and the faithful Corporal, shouldering his stick, and striking his hand upon his coat-skirt, as he took his first step,—march'd close behind him down the avenue.

——Now what can their two noddles be about? cried my father to my mother.—By all that's strange, they are besieging Mrs. Wadman in form, and are marching round her house to mark out the lines of circumvallation!

——I dare say, quoth my mother,——But stop, dear Sir,

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—for what my mother dared to say upon the occasion,—and what my father did say upon it,—with her replies and his rejoinders, shall be read, perused, paraphrased, commented, and descanted upon,—or, to say it all in a word, shall be thumb'd over by Posterity,—in a chapter apart;—I say, by Posterity,—and care not, if I repeat the word again,—for what has this book done more than the Legation of Moses, or the Tale of a Tub, that it may not swim down the gutter of Time along with them?

I will not argue the matter: Time wastes too fast: every letter I trace tells me with what rapidity Life follows my pen; the days and hours of it more precious,—my dear Jenny,—than the rubies about thy neck, are flying over our heads like light clouds of a windy day, never to return more;—everything presses on,—whilst thou art twisting that lock;—see! it grows grey; and every time I kiss thy hand to bid adieu, and every absence which follows it, are preludes to that eternal separation which we are shortly to make.—

Heaven have mercy upon us both!

CHAPTER IX.

Now, for what the world thinks of that ejaculation,—I would not give a groat.

CHAPTER X.

My mother had gone with her left arm twisted in my father's right, till they had got to the fatal angle of the old garden wall, where Doctor Slop was overthrown by Obadiah on the coach-horse. As this was directly opposite to the front of Mrs. Wadman's house, when my father came to it, he gave a look across; and seeing my uncle Toby and the

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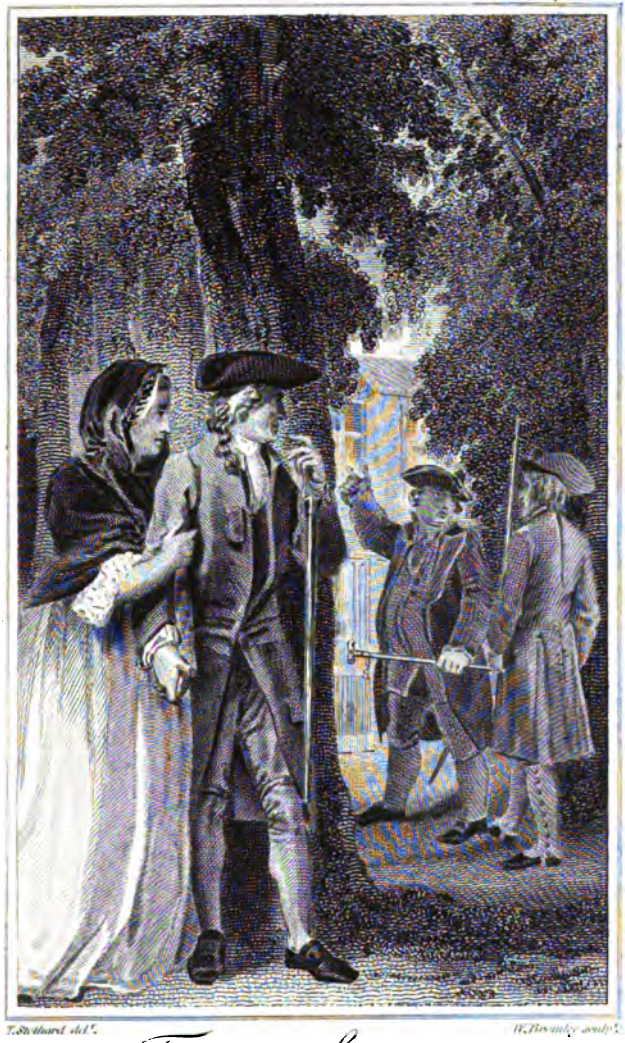
Vol. I. p. 550.



T. Stothard del.t. W. Bromley sculp.t

Tristram Shandy. Ch. 10.

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Corporal within ten paces of the door, he turn'd about,—"Let us just stop a moment," quoth my father, "and see with what ceremonies my brother Toby and his man Trim make their first entry;—it will not detain us," added my father, "a single minute."

——No matter if it be ten minutes, quoth my mother.

——It will not detain us half a one, said my father.

The Corporal was just then setting in with the story of his brother Tom and the Jew's widow: the story went on,—and on;—it had episodes in it,—it came back, and went on,—and on again; there was no end of it:—the reader found it very long.

G— help my father! he *pish'd* fifty times at every new attitude, and gave the Corporal's stick, with all its flourishings and danglings, to as many Devils as chose to accept them.

When issues of events, like these my father is waiting for, are hanging in the scales of Fate, the mind has the advantage of changing the principle of expectation three times, without which it would not have the power to see it out.

Curiosity governs the *first moment;* and the second moment is all economy to justify the expense of the first;—and for the third, fourth, fifth and sixth moments, and so on to the day of judgment—'tis a point of *Honour.*

I need not be told, that the ethic writers have assigned this all to Patience; but that *Virtue,* methinks, has extent of dominion sufficient of her own, and enough to do in it, without invading the few dismantled castles which *Honour* has left him upon the earth.

My father stood it out as well as he could with these three auxiliaries, to the end of Trim's story; and from thence to the end of my uncle Toby's panegyric upon arms, in the chapter following it; when seeing that, instead of marching up to Mrs. Wadman's door, they both faced about and march'd down the avenue diametrically opposite to his expectation,—he broke out at once with that little subacid soreness of humour, which, in certain situations, distinguished his character from that of all other men.

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CHAPTER XI.

"Now what can their two noddles be about?" cried my father, - - &c. - - - -

——I dare say, said my mother, they are making fortifications.

——Not on Mrs. Wadman's premises! cried my father, stepping back.

——I suppose not, quoth my mother.

——I wish, said my father, raising his voice, the whole science of fortification at the Devil, with all its trumpery of saps, mines, blinds, gabions, faussebrayes, and cuvettes.

——They are foolish things, said my mother.

Now she had a way, which, by the bye, I would this moment give away my purple jerkin, and my yellow slippers into the bargain, if some of your Reverences would imitate, —and that was, never to refuse her assent and consent to any proposition my father laid before her, merely because she did not understand it, or had no idea of the principal word or term of art upon which the tenet or proposition rolled. She contented herself with doing all that her godfathers and godmothers promised for her,—but no more;—and so would go on using a hard word for twenty years together,—and replying to it, too, if it was a verb, in all its moods and tenses, without giving herself any trouble to inquire about it.

This was an eternal source of misery to my father, and broke the neck, at the first setting out, of more good dialogues between them, than could have done the most petulant contradiction;—the few which survived were the better for the *cuvettes*.

"They are foolish things," said my mother.

——Particularly the *cuvettes*, replied my father.

'Tis enough;—he tasted the sweet of triumph,—and went on.

—Not that they are, properly speaking, Mrs. Wadman's

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premises, said my father, partly correcting himself,—because she is but tenant for life.

——That makes a great difference—said my mother.

In a fool's head, replied my father.

——Unless she should happen to have a child, said my mother.

——But she must persuade my brother Toby first to get her one.

——To be sure, Mr. Shandy, quoth my mother.

——Tho' if it comes to persuasion,—said my father,—Lord have mercy upon them!

——Amen, said my mother, *piano.*

——Amen, cried my father, *fortissimo.*

——Amen, said my mother again,—but with such a sighing cadence of personal pity at the end of it, as discomfited every fibre about my father:—he instantly took ou this almanac;—but before he could untie it, Yorick's congregation coming out of church, became a full answer to one half of his business with it;—and my mother telling him it was a sacrament day,—left him as little in doubt, as to the other part.—He put his almanac into his pocket.

The First Lord of the Treasury, thinking of *ways and means*, could not have returned home with a more embarrassed look.

CHAPTER XII.

Upon looking back from the end of the last chapter, and surveying the texture of what has been wrote, it is necessary, that upon this page and the five following a good quantity of heterogeneous matter be inserted, to keep up that just balance betwixt wisdom and folly, without which a book would not hold together a single year; nor is it a poor creeping digression (which, but for the name of a man, might continue as well going on in the King's highway) which will do the business.—No; if it is to be a digression, it must be a good frisky one, and upon a frisky subject too,

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where neither the horse nor his rider are to be caught but by rebound.

The only difficulty is, raising powers suitable to the nature of the service: *Fancy* is capricious,—*Wit* must not be searched for,—and *Pleasantry* (good-natured slut as she is) will not come in at a call, was an empire to be laid at her feet.

—The best way for a man, is, to say his prayers.

Only, if it puts him in mind of his infirmities and defects, as well ghostly as bodily,—for that purpose, he will find himself rather worse after he has said them than before; for other purposes, better.

For my own part, there is not a way, either moral or mechanical, under heaven, that I could think of, which I have not taken with myself in this case: sometimes by addressing myself directly to the soul herself, and arguing the point over and over again with her, upon the extent of her own faculties.

—I never could make them an inch the wider.

Then, by changing my system, and trying what could be made of it upon the body, by temperance, soberness, and chastity. These are good, quoth I, in themselves,—they are good absolutely;—they are good relatively;—they are good for health,—they are good for happiness in this world, they are good for happiness in the next.

In short, they were good for everything but the thing wanted; and there they were good for nothing, but to leave the soul just as Heaven made it. As for the theological virtues of Faith and Hope, they give it courage; but then, that snivelling virtue of Meekness (as my father would always call it) takes it quite away again; so you are exactly where you started.

Now in all common and ordinary cases, there is nothing which I have found to answer so well as this.——

Certainly, if there is any dependence upon Logic, and that I am not blinded by self-love, there must be something of true genius about me, merely upon this symptom of it, That I do not know what Envy is: for never do I hit upon

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any invention or device which tendeth to the furtherance of good writing, but I instantly make it public; willing that all mankind should write as well as myself:

—Which they certainly will, when they think as little.

CHAPTER XIII.

Now, in ordinary cases, that is, when I am only stupid, and the thoughts rise heavily and pass gummous through my pen,—

Or that I am got, I know not how, into a cold unmetaphorical vein of infamous writing, and cannot take a plump-lift out of it *for my soul;* so must be obliged to go on writing like a Dutch commentator to the end of the Chapter, unless something be done,—

I never stand conferring with pen and ink one moment: for if a pinch of snuff, or a stride or two across the room, will not do the business for me,—I take a razor at once; and having tried the edge of it upon the palm of my hand, without further ceremony, except that of first lathering my beard, I shave it off; taking care only, if I do leave a hair, that it be not a gray one: this done, I change my shirt, put on a better coat;—send for my last wig,—put my topaz ring upon my finger; and, in a word, dress myself from one end to the other of me, after my best fashion.

Now the Devil in Hell must be in it if this does not do: for consider, Sir, as every man chooses to be present at the shaving of his own beard (though there is no rule without an exception), and unavoidably sits over against himself the whole time it is doing, in case he has a hand in it,—the Situation, like all others, has notions of her own to put into the brain.

I maintain it, the conceits of a rough-bearded man are seven years more terse and juvenile for one single operation; and if they did not run a risk of being quite shaved away, might be carried up, by continual shavings, to the

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highest pitch of sublimity,—How Homer could write with so long a beard, I don't know;—and as it makes against my hypothesis, I as little care:—but let us return to the Toilet.

Ludovicus Sorbonensis makes this entirely an affair of the body (εξωτερικη πραξις) as he calls it,—but he is deceived; the soul and body are joint-sharers in everything they get: a man cannot dress, but his ideas get cloth'd at the same time: and if he dresses like a gentleman, every one of them stands presented to his imagination, genteelised along with him;—so that he has nothing to do but take his pen and write like himself.

For this cause, when your Honours and Reverences would know whether I write clean, and fit to be read, you will be able to judge full as well by looking into my Laundress's bill as my book: there was one single month, in which I can make it appear, that I dirtied one-and-thirty shirts with clean writing; and after all, was more abused, cursed, criticised, and confounded, and had more mystic heads shaken at me, for what I had wrote in that one month, than in all the months of that year put together.

But their Honours and Reverences had not seen my bills.

CHAPTER XIV.

As I never had any intention of beginning the Digression I am making all this preparation for, till I come to the 15th chapter,—I have this chapter to put to whatever use I think proper.—I have twenty this moment ready for it.—I could write my chapter of *Button-holes* in it,——

Or my chapter of *Pishes*, which should follow them,——

Or my chapter of *Knots*, in case their Reverences have done with them:—they might lead me into mischief. The safest way is to follow the track of the learned, and raise objections against what I have been writing; though I declare beforehand, I know no more than my heels how to answer them.

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And first, it may be said, there is a pelting kind of *Thersitical* satire, as black as the very ink 'tis wrote with—(and by the bye, whoever says so, is indebted to the Muster-master-General of the Grecian army, for suffering the name of so ugly and foul-mouthed a man as Thersites to continue upon his roll,—for it has furnished him with an epithet)—in these productions he will urge, all the personal washings and scrubbings upon earth do a sinking genius no sort of good—but just the contrary, inasmuch as the dirtier the fellow is, the better generally he succeeds in it.

To this I have no other answer at least ready,—but that the Archbishop of Benevento wrote his *nasty* Romance of the Galatea, as all the world knows, in a purple coat, waistcoat, and a purple pair of breeches; and that the penance set him of writing a commentary upon the book of the Revelation, as severe as it was look'd upon by one part of the world, was far from being deem'd so by the other, upon the single account of that *Investment*.

Another objection to all this remedy, is its want of universality: forasmuch as the shaving part of it, upon which so much stress is laid, by an unalterable law of nature excludes one half of the species entirely from its use,—all I can say is, that female writers, whether of England or of France, must e'en go without it.

As for the Spanish ladies,—I am in no sort of distress.

CHAPTER XV.

THE fifteenth chapter has come at last; and brings nothing with it but a sad signature of "How our pleasures slip from under us in this world!"

For in talking of my digression,—I declare before Heaven, I have made it! What a strange creature is mortal man! said she.

——'Tis very true, said I:—but 'twere better to get all these things out of our heads, and return to my uncle Toby.

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CHAPTER XVI.

When my uncle Toby and the Corporal had marched down to the bottom of the avenue, they recollected their business lay the other way; so they faced about, and marched up straight to Mrs. Wadman's door.

I warrant your Honour, said the Corporal, touching his Montero-cap with his hand as he passed him, in order to give a knock at the door.—My uncle Toby, contrary to his invariable way of treating his faithful servant, said nothing good or bad: the truth was, he had not altogether marshall'd his ideas; he wished for another conference, and, as the Corporal was mounting up the three steps before the door, he *hem'd* twice; a portion of my uncle Toby's most modest spirit fled, at each expulsion, towards the Corporal; he stood with the rapper of the door suspended for a full minute in his hand, he scarce knew why. Bridget stood perdue within, with her finger and her thumb upon the latch, benumb'd with expectation; and Mrs. Wadman, with an eye ready to be deflowered again, sat breathless behind the window-curtain of her bedchamber, watching their approach.

——Trim! said my uncle Toby;—but, as he articulated the word, the minute expired, and Trim let fall the rapper.

My uncle Toby, perceiving that all hopes of a conference were knock'd on the head by it, whistled *Lillibullero*.

CHAPTER XVII.

As Mrs. Bridget's finger and thumb were upon the latch, the Corporal did not knock as often as perchance your Honour's tailor.—I might have taken my example something nearer home; for I owe mine some five-and-twenty pounds at least, and wonder at the man's patience.

——But this is nothing at all to the world: only 'tis a

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cursed thing to be in debt; and there seems to be a fatality in the exchequers of some poor princes, particularly those of our house, which no economy can bind down in irons. For my own part, I'm persuaded there is not any one prince, prelate, pope, or potentate, great or small, upon earth, more desirous in his heart of keeping straight with the world than I am,—or who takes more likely means for it. I never give above half-a-guinea,—nor walk with boots, —nor cheapen toothpicks, nor lay out a shilling upon a band-box, the year round; and, for the six months I'm in the country, I'm upon so small a scale, that, with all the good-temper in the world, I outdo Rousseau a bar length! —for I keep neither man nor boy, nor horse, nor cow, nor dog, nor cat, nor anything that can eat or drink, except a thin poor piece of a vestal (to keep my fire in) and who has generally as bad an appetite as myself:—but, if you think this makes a philosopher of me,—I would not, my good people, give a rush for your judgments.

True philosophy;—but there is no treating the subject whilst my uncle is whistling *Lillibullero*.

——Let us go into the house.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

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CHAPTER XIX.

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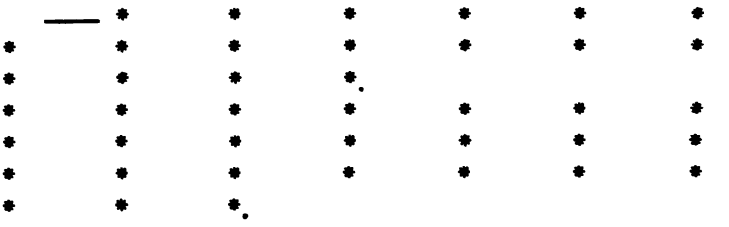
CHAPTER XX.



——You shall see the very place, Madam, said my uncle Toby.

Mrs. Wadman blush'd,—look'd towards the door,—turn'd pale,—blush'd slightly again,—recover'd her natural colour,—blush'd worse than ever; which, for the sake of the unlearned reader, I translate thus:

"*L—d! I cannot look at it!—*
"*What would the world say if I look'd at it?*
"*I should drop down if I look'd at it!*
"*I wish I could look at it!*
"*There can be no sin in looking at it.*
——"*I will look at it.*"

Whilst all this was running through Mrs. Wadman's imagination, my uncle Toby had risen from the sofa, and got to the other side of the parlour door, to give Trim an order about it in the passage——

* * * * * * *
* * *——I believe it is in the garret, said my uncle Toby.——I saw it there, an' please your Honour, this morning, answered Trim.——Then prithee step directly for it, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and bring it into the parlour.

The Corporal did not approve of the orders; but most cheerfully obeyed them. The first was not an act of his will,—the second was; so he put on his Montero-cap, and went as fast as his lame knee would let him. My uncle Toby returned into the parlour, and sat himself down again upon the sofa.

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——You shall lay your finger upon the place, said my uncle Toby.

——I will not touch it, however, quoth Mrs. Wadman to herself.

This requires a second translation:—it shows what little knowledge is got by mere words;—we must go up to the first springs.

Now, in order to clear up the mist which hangs upon these three pages, I must endeavour to be as clear as possible myself.

Rub your hands thrice across your foreheads,—blow your noses,—cleanse your emunctories,—sneeze, my good people;—God bless you!

Now, give me all the help you can.

CHAPTER XXI.

As there are fifty different ends (counting all ends in,—as well civil as religious) for which a woman takes a husband, she first sets about and carefully weighs, then separates and distinguishes, in her mind, which of all that number of ends is hers; then, by discourse, inquiry, argumentation, and inference, she investigates and finds out whether she has got hold of the right one;—and if she has,—then, by pulling it gently this way and that way, she further forms a judgment, whether it will not break in the drawing.

The imagery under which Slawkenbergius impresses this upon his reader's fancy, in the beginning of his third Decade, is so ludicrous, that the honour I bear the sex will not suffer me to quote it,—otherwise, it is not destitute of humour.

"She first, saith Slawkenbergius, stops the ass; and holding his halter in her left hand (lest he should get away) she thrusts her right hand into the very bottom of his pannier, to search for it.——For what?—You'll not know the sooner, quoth Slawkenbergius, for interrupting me.—

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"I have nothing, good Lady, but empty bottles," says the ass.

——"I am loaded with tripes," says the second.

——And thou art little better, quoth she to the third; for nothing is there in thy panniers but trunk-hose and pantoufles;—and so to the fourth and fifth, going on, one by one, thro' the whole string, till coming to the ass which carries it, she turns the pannier upside down, looks at it,—considers it,—samples it,—measures it,—stretches it,—wets it,—dries it,—then takes her teeth both to the warp and weft of it.

——Of what? for the love of Christ!

——I am determined, answered Slawkenbergius, that all the powers upon earth shall never wring that secret from my breast.

CHAPTER XXII.

We live in a world beset on all sides with mysteries and riddles,—and so 'tis no matter;—else it seems strange, that Nature, who makes everything so well to answer its destination, and seldom or never errs, unless for pastime, in giving such forms and aptitudes to whatever passes through her hands, that, whether she designs for the plough, the caravan, the cart,—or whatever other creature she models, be it but an ass's foal, you are sure to have the thing you wanted; and yet, at the same time, should so eternally bungle it as she does, in making so simple a thing as a married man.

Whether it is in the choice of the clay,—or that it is frequently spoiled in the baking (by an excess of which a husband may turn out too crusty, you know on one hand,—or not enough so, through defect of heat, on the other);—or whether this great artificer is not so attentive to the little Platonic exigencies *of that part* of the species, for whose use she is fabricating *this*;—or that her Ladyship sometimes scarce knows what sort of a husband will do,—I know not: we will discourse about it after supper.

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It is enough that neither the observation itself, nor the reasoning upon it, are at all to the purpose,—but rather against it; since, with regard to my uncle Toby's fitness for the marriage state, nothing was ever better; she had formed him of the best and kindliest clay,—had tempered it with her own milk, and breathed into it the sweetest spirit;—she had made him all gentle, generous, and humane;—she had filled his heart with trust and confidence, and disposed every passage which led to it for the communication of the tenderest offices;—she had, moreover, considered the other causes for which matrimony was ordained——

And, accordingly, * * * *
* * * * * * *
* * * *.

The *Donation* was not defeated by my uncle Toby's wound.

Now, this last article was somewhat apocryphal; and the Devil, who is the great disturber of our faiths in this world, had raised scruples in Mrs. Wadman's brain about it; and, like a true Devil as he was, had done his own work at the same time, by turning my uncle Toby's virtue thereupon into nothing *but empty bottles, tripes, trunk-hose*, and *pantoufles*.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MRS. BRIDGET had pawn'd all the little stock of honour a poor chambermaid was worth in the world, that she would get to the bottom of the affair in ten days; and it was built upon one of the most concessible *postulata* in nature; namely, that, whilst my uncle Toby was making love to her mistress, the Corporal could find nothing better to do than to make love to her;—"*And I'll let him as much as he will,*" said Bridget, "*to get it out of him.*"

Friendship has two garments, an outer and an under one. Bridget was serving her mistress's interests in the one,—and doing the thing which most pleased herself in the other; so

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had as many stakes depending upon my uncle Toby's wound as the Devil himself.—Mrs. Wadman had but one,—and, as it possibly might be her last (without discouraging Mrs. Bridget, or discrediting her talents) was determined to play her cards herself.

She wanted not encouragement: a child might have look'd into his hand;—there was such a plainness and simplicity in his playing out what trumps he had,—with such an unmistrusting ignorance of the *ten-ace*,—and so naked and defenceless did he sit upon the same sofa with Widow Wadman, that a generous heart would have wept to have won the game of him.

Let us drop the metaphor.

CHAPTER XXIV.

——AND the story too, if you please; for, though I have all along been hastening towards this part of it with so much earnest desire, as well knowing it to be the choicest morsel of what I had to offer to the world, yet now that I am got to it, any one is welcome to take my pen and go on with the story for me that will;—I see the difficulties of the descriptions I'm going to give,—and feel my want of powers.

It is at least some comfort to me, that I lost some fourscore ounces of blood this week, in a most uncritical fever which attacked me at the beginning of this chapter; so that I have still some hopes remaining it may be more in the serous or globular parts of the blood, than in the subtle *aura* of the brain:—be it which it will,—an Invocation can do no hurt;—and I leave the affair entirely to the *invoked*, to inspire or to inject me as he sees good.

THE INVOCATION.

Gentle Spirit of sweetest humour, who erst did sit upon the easy pen of 'my beloved Cervantes! Thou who glidest

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daily through the lattice, and turnedst the twilight of his prison into noonday brightness by thy presence,—tingedst his little urn of water with heaven-sent nectar, and all the time he wrote of Sancho and his master, didst cast thy mystic mantle o'er his wither'd stump,* and wide extended it to all the evils of his life,—

Turn in hither, I beseech thee!—behold these breeches!—they are all I have in the world; that piteous rent was given them at Lyons.

My shirts! see what a deadly schism has happen'd amongst 'em; for the laps are in Lombardy, and the rest of 'em here.—I never had but six, and a cunning gipsy of a laundress at Milan cut me off the *fore*-flaps of five.—To do her justice, she did it with some consideration,—for I was returning out of Italy.

And yet, notwithstanding all this, and a pistol tinder-box, which was, moreover, filch'd from me at Sienna, and twice that I paid five Pauls for two hard eggs, once at Radicofani, and a second time at Capua, I do not think a journey through France and Italy, provided a man keeps his temper all the way, so bad a thing as some people would make you believe: there must be *ups* and *downs*, or how the deuce should we get into valleys where Nature spreads so many tables of entertainment.—'Tis nonsense to imagine they will lend you their voitures to be shaken to pieces for nothing; and, unless you pay twelve sous for greasing your wheels, how should the poor peasant get butter to his bread?—We really expect too much,—and, for the livre or two above par for your supper and bed,—at the most they are but one and ninepence halfpenny,—who would embroil their philosophy for it? For Heaven's and for your own sake, pay it,—pay it with both hands open, rather than leave *Disappointment* sitting drooping upon the eyes of your fair hostess and her damsels in the gateway, at your departure;—and besides, my dear Sir, you get a sisterly kiss of each of 'em worth a pound:—at least I did;

—For my uncle Toby's amours running all the way in

* He lost his hand at the battle of Lepanto.

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my head, they had the same effect upon me as if they had been my own.—I was in the most perfect state of bounty and goodwill, and felt the kindliest harmony vibrating within me; with every oscillation of the chaise alike; so that whether the roads were rough or smooth, it made no difference; everything I saw or had to do with, touched upon some secret spring, either of sentiment or rapture.

——They were the sweetest notes I ever heard; and I instantly let down the fore-glass to hear them more distinctly.—'Tis Maria, said the postillion, observing I was listening.—Poor Maria, continued he (leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for he was in a line betwixt us) is sitting upon a bank playing her vespers upon her pipe, with her little goat beside her.

The young fellow uttered this with an accent and a look so perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I instantly made a vow I would give him a four-and-twenty sous piece when I got to Moulins.——

——And who is *poor* Maria? said I.

——The love and pity of all the villages around us, said the postillion:—it is but three years ago that the sun did not shine upon so fair, so quick-witted and amiable a maid; and better fate did Maria deserve than to have her banns forbid by the intrigues of the curate of the parish who publish'd them.

He was going on, when Maria, who had made a short pause, put the pipe to her mouth and began the air again; —they were the same notes,—yet were ten times sweeter. ——It is the evening service to the Virgin, said the young man;—but who has taught her to play it, or how she came by her pipe, no one knows: we think that Heaven has assisted her in both; for, ever since she has been unsettled in her mind, it seems her only consolation; she has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that *service* upon it almost day and night.

The postillion delivered this with so much discretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help deciphering something in his face above his condition, and should have

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sifted out his history, had not poor Maria's taken such full possession of me.

We had got up by this time almost to the bank where Maria was sitting: she was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two tresses, drawn up into a silk net, with a few olive leaves twisted a little fantastically on one side;—she was beautiful; and, if ever I felt the full force of an honest heart-ache, it was the moment I saw her.

——God help her! poor damsel! above an hundred masses (said the postillion) have been said, in the several parish churches and convents around, for her,—but without effect: we have still hopes, as she is sensible for short intervals, that the Virgin at last will restore her to herself; but her parents, who know her best, are hopeless upon that score, and think her senses are lost for ever.

As the postillion spoke this, Maria made a cadence so melancholy, so tender and querulous, that I sprung out of the chaise to help her, and found myself sitting betwixt her and her goat before I relapsed from my enthusiasm.

Maria look'd wistfully for some time at me, and then at her goat,—and then at me,—and then at her goat again, and so on, alternately.

——Well, Maria, said I softly, what resemblance do you find?

I do entreat the candid reader to believe me that it was from the humblest conviction of what a *beast* man is,—that I asked the question; and that I would not have let fallen an unseasonable pleasantry in the venerable presence of Misery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever Rabelais scattered;—and yet I own my heart smote me, and that I so smarted at the very idea of it, that I swore I would set up for Wisdom, and utter grave sentences the rest of my days;—and never,—never attempt again to commit mirth with man, woman, or child, the longest day I had to live.

As for writing nonsense to them,—I believe there was a reserve;—but that I leave to the world.

Adieu, Maria!—adieu, poor hapless damsel!—some time, but not *now*, I may hear thy sorrows from thy own lips;

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——but I was deceived; for that moment she took her pipe, and told me such a tale of woe with it, that I rose up, and with broken and irregular steps walk'd softly to my chaise.

——What an excellent inn at Moulins!

CHAPTER XXV.

When we have got to the end of this chapter (but not before) we must all turn back to the two blank chapters; on account of which my honour has lain bleeding this half-hour. I stop it, by pulling off one of my yellow slippers, and throwing it, with all violence, to the opposite side of the room, with a declaration at the heel of it,—

That whatever resemblance it may bear to half the chapters which are written in the world, or, for aught I know, may be now writing in it,—that it was as casual as the foam of Zeuxis his horse;—besides, I look upon a chapter which has *only nothing in it*, with respect; and considering what worse things there are in the world,—That it is no way a proper subject for satire.

—Why then was it left so? And here, without staying for my reply, shall I be called as many blockheads, numsculls, doddypoles, dunderheads, ninny-hammers, goosecaps, joltheads, nincompoops, and sh—t-a-beds,—and other unsavoury appellations, as ever the cake-bakers of Lernè cast in the teeth of King Garangantan's shepherds:—and I'll let them do it, as Bridget said, as much as they please; for how was it possible they should foresee the necessity I was under of writing the 25th chapter of my book before the 18th? &c.

—So I don't take it amiss.—All I wish is, That it may be a lesson to the world, "*to let people tell their stories their own way.*"

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The Eighteenth Chapter.

As Mrs. Bridget opened the door before the Corporal had well given the rap, the interval betwixt that and my uncle Toby's introduction into the parlour was so short, that Mrs. Wadman had but just time to get from behind the curtain, —lay a Bible upon the table, and advance a step or two towards the door to receive him.

My uncle Toby saluted Mrs. Wadman, after the manner in which women were saluted by men in the year of our Lord God one thousand seven hundred and thirteen;—then facing about, he march'd up abreast with her to the sofa, and in three plain words,—though not before he was sat down,—nor after he was sat down, but as he was sitting down, told her, "*he was in love;*" so that my uncle Toby strained himself more in the declaration than he needed.

Mrs. Wadman naturally looked down upon a slit she had been darning up in her apron, in expectation every moment that my uncle Toby would go on; but having no talents for amplification, and Love, moreover, of all others, being a subject of which he was the least a master,—when he had told Mrs. Wadman once that he loved her, he let it alone, and left the matter to work after its own way.

My father was always in raptures with this system of my uncle Toby's, as he falsely called it; and would often say, that could his brother Toby to his process have added but a pipe of tobacco,—he had wherewithal to have found his way, if there was faith in a Spanish proverb, towards the hearts of half the women upon the globe.

My uncle Toby never understood what my father meant; nor will I presume to extract more from it than a condemnation of an error which the bulk of the world lie under,—but the French, every one of 'em to a man, who believe in it almost as much as the *real presence*,—"*That talking of love, is making it.*"

—I would as soon set about making a black-pudding by the same receipt.

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Let us go on:—Mrs. Wadman sat in expectation my uncle Toby would do so, to almost the first pulsation of that minute, wherein silence on one side or the other generally becomes indecent: so edging herself a little more towards him, and raising up her eyes, sub-blushing, as she did it,—she took up the gauntlet,—or the discourse (if you like it better), and communed with my uncle Toby thus:—

The cares and disquietudes of the marriage state, quoth Mrs. Wadman, are very great.——I suppose so, said my uncle Toby.——And therefore, when a person, continued Mrs. Wadman, so much at his ease as you are,—so happy, Captain Shandy, in yourself, your friends, and your amusements,—I wonder what reasons can incline you to the state!

——They are written, quoth my uncle Toby, in the Common-Prayer Book.

Thus far my uncle Toby went on warily, and kept within his depth, leaving Mrs. Wadman to sail upon the gulf as she pleased.

——As for children, said Mrs. Wadman, though a principal end, perhaps, of the institution, and the natural wish, I suppose, of every parent,—yet do not we all find, they are certain sorrows, and uncertain comforts? and what is there, dear Sir, to pay one for the heart-aches?—what compensation for the many tender and disquieting apprehensions of a suffering and defenceless mother who brings them into life?

——I declare, said my uncle Toby, smit with pity, I know of none; unless it be the pleasure which it has pleased God——

——A fiddlestick! quoth she.

Chapter the Nineteenth.

Now there are such an infinitude of notes, tunes, cants, chants, airs, looks, and accents with which the word *fiddlestick* may be pronounced in all such cases as this, every one of 'em impressing a sense and meaning as different from the

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other as *dirt* from *cleanliness*,—that Casuists (for it is an affair of conscience upon that score) reckon up no less than fourteen thousand in which you may do either right or wrong.

Mrs. Wadman hit upon the *fiddlestick* which summoned up all my uncle Toby's modest blood into his cheeks;—so feeling within himself that he had somehow or other got beyond his depth, he stopt short; and without entering further either into the pains or pleasures of matrimony, he laid his hand upon his heart, and made an offer to take them as they were, and share them along with her.

When my uncle Toby had said this, he did not care to say it again; so casting his eye upon the Bible which Mrs. Wadman had laid upon the table, he took it up; and popping, dear soul! upon a passage in it, of all others the most interesting to him,—which was the siege of Jericho,—he set himself to read it over,—leaving his proposal of marriage, as he had done his declaration of love, to work with her after its own way. Now it wrought neither as an astringent nor a loosener; nor like opium, nor bark, nor mercury, nor buckthorn, nor any one drug which nature had bestowed upon the world;—in short, it worked not at all in her; and the cause of that was, that there was something working there before.—Babbler that I am! I have anticipated what it was a dozen times; but there is fire still in the subject.—*Allons.*

CHAPTER XXVI.

It is natural for a perfect stranger who is going from London to Edinburgh, to inquire, before he sets out, how many miles to York? which is about the halfway:—nor does anybody wonder, if he goes on and asks about the corporation, &c.—

It was just as natural for Mrs. Wadman, whose first husband was all his time afflicted with a Sciatica, to wish to know how far from the hip to the groin; and how far

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she was likely to suffer more or less in her feelings, in the one case than in the other.

She had accordingly read Drake's Anatomy from one end to the other. She had peeped into Wharton upon the Brain, and borrowed Graaf upon the Bones and Muscles;* but could make nothing of it.

She had reason'd likewise from her own powers,—laid down theorems,—drawn consequences, and come to no conclusions.

To clear up all, she had twice asked Doctor Slop, "If poor Captain Shandy was ever likely to recover of his wound——?"

——He is recovered, Dr. Slop would say.——

What, quite?

——Quite, Madam.

——But what do you mean by a recovery? Mrs. Wadman would say.

Dr. Slop was the worst man alive at definitions; and so Mrs. Wadman could get no knowledge. In short, there was no way to extract it, but from my uncle Toby himself.

There is an accent of humanity in an inquiry of this kind, which lulls *Suspicion* to rest;—and I am half persuaded the serpent got pretty near it in his discourse with Eve; for the propensity in the sex to be deceived could not be so great, that she should have boldness to hold chat with the Devil without it.—But there is an accent of humanity:—how shall I describe it?—'tis an accent which covers the part with a garment, and gives the inquirer a right to be as particular with it as your body-surgeon.

"—Was it without remission?

"—Was it more tolerable in bed?

"—Could he lie on both sides alike with it?

"—Was he able to mount a horse?

"—Was motion bad for it?" *et cætera*, were so tenderly spoke to, and so directed towards my uncle Toby's heart, that every item of them sunk ten times deeper into it than

* This must be a mistake in Mr. Shandy; for Graaf wrote upon the pancreatic juice and the parts of generation.

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the evils themselves:—but when Mrs. Wadman went round about by Namur to get at my uncle Toby's groin; and engage him to attack the point of the advanced counterscarp, and *pele-mele* with the Dutch to take the counterguard of St. Roche sword in hand,—and then, with tender notes playing upon his ear, led him, all bleeding, by the hand out of the trench, wiping her eyes as he was carried to his tent,—Heaven! Earth! Sea!—all was lifted up,—the springs of nature rose above their levels,—an angel of mercy sat beside him on the sofa,—his heart glow'd with fire;—and had he been worth a thousand, he had lost every heart of them to Mrs. Wadman.

——And whereabouts, dear Sir, quoth Mrs. Wadman, a little categorically, did you receive this sad blow?——In asking this question, Mrs. Wadman gave a slight glance towards the waistband of my uncle Toby's red plush breeches, expecting naturally, as the shortest reply to it, that my uncle Toby would lay his forefinger upon the place.—It fell out otherwise,—for my uncle Toby having got his wound before the gate of St. Nicholas, in one of the traverses of the trench opposite to the salient angle of the demi-bastion of St. Roche,—he could, at any time, stick a pin upon the identical spot of ground where he was standing when the stone struck him. This struck instantly upon my uncle Toby's sensorium;—and with it, struck his large map of the town and citadel of Namur, and its environs, which he had purchased and pasted down upon a board, by the Corporal's aid, during his long illness:—it had lain, with other military lumber, in the garret ever since; and accordingly the Corporal was detached to the garret to fetch it.

My uncle Toby measured off thirty toises, with Mrs. Wadman's scissors, from the returning angle before the gate of St. Nicholas; and with such a virgin modesty laid her finger upon the place, that the goddess of Decency, if then in being,—if not, 'twas her shade,—shook her head, and, with a finger wavering across her eye,—forbade her to explain the mistake.

Unhappy Mrs. Wadman!

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—For nothing can make this chapter go off with spirit but an apostrophe to thee;—but my heart tells me, that in such a crisis an apostrophe is but an insult in disguise; and ere I would offer one to a woman in distress,—let the chapter go to the Devil; provided any damn'd critic *in keeping* will be but at the trouble to take it with him.

CHAPTER XXVII.

My uncle Toby's map is carried down into the kitchen.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

—And here is the Maes,—and this is the Sambre, said the Corporal, pointing with his right hand extended a little towards the map, and his left upon Mrs. Bridget's shoulder,—but not the shoulder next him;—and this, said he, is the town of Namur,—and this the citadel,—and there lay the French,—and here lay his Honour and myself;—and in this cursed trench, Mrs. Bridget, quoth the Corporal, taking her by the hand, did he receive the wound which crush'd him so miserably *here*.—In pronouncing which, he slightly press'd the back of her hand towards the part he felt for,—and let it fall.

——We thought, Mr. Trim, it had been more in the middle, said Mrs. Bridget.

——That would have undone us for ever, said the Corporal.

——And left my poor mistress undone too, said Bridget.

The Corporal made no reply to the repartee, but by giving Mrs. Bridget a kiss.

——Come, come, said Bridget, holding the palm of her left hand parallel to the plane of the horizon, and sliding the fingers of the other over it, in a way which could not

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have been done had there been the least wart or protuberance,——'Tis every syllable of it false! cried the Corporal, before she had half finished the sentence.

——I know it to be fact, said Bridget, from credible witnesses.

——Upon my Honour, said the Corporal, laying his hand upon his heart, and blushing as he spoke, with honest resentment,—'tis a story, Mrs. Bridget, as false as Hell!——Not, said Bridget, interrupting him, that either I or my mistress care a halfpenny about it, whether it is so or no;—only that when one is married, one would choose to have such a thing by one at least,——

It was somewhat unfortunate for Mrs. Bridget, that she had begun the attack with her manual exercise; for the Corporal instantly * * * * *

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CHAPTER XXIX.

It was like the momentary contest in the moist eyelids of an April morning, "Whether Bridget should laugh or cry."

She snatch'd up a rolling-pin;—twas ten to one she had laugh'd.—

She laid it down,—she cried; and had one single tear of 'em but tasted of bitterness, full sorrowful would the Corporal's heart have been that he had used the argument; but the Corporal understood the sex, a *quart major to a terce* at least, better than my uncle Toby, and accordingly he assailed Mrs. Bridget after this manner:—

I know, Mrs. Bridget, said the Corporal, giving her a most respectful kiss, that thou art good and modest by nature; and art withal so generous a girl in thyself, that, if I know thee rightly, thou would'st not wound an insect, much less

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the honour of so gallant and worthy a soul as my master, wast thou sure to be made a Countess of;—but thou hast been set on, and deluded, dear Bridget, as is often a woman's case, "to please others more than themselves——"

Bridget's eyes poured down at the sensations the Corporal excited.

—Tell me,—tell me, then, my dear Bridget, continued the Corporal, taking hold of her hand, which hung down by her side,—and giving a second kiss,—whose suspicion has misled thee?

Bridget sobb'd a sob or two,—then open'd her eyes;—the Corporal wiped 'em with the bottom of her apron;—she then opened her heart, and told him all.

CHAPTER XXX.

My uncle Toby and the Corporal had gone on separately with their operations the greatest part of the campaign, and as effectually cut off from all communication of what either the one or the other had been doing, as if they had been separated from each other by the Maes or the Sambre.

My uncle Toby, on his side, had presented himself every afternoon in his red and silver, and blue and gold, alternately, and sustained an infinity of attacks in them, without knowing them to be attacks;—and so had nothing to communicate.

The Corporal, on his side, in taking Bridget, by it gain'd considerable advantages,—and consequently had much to communicate;—but what were the advantages,—as well as what was the manner by which he had seiz'd them, required so nice an historian, that the Corporal durst not venture upon it;—and, as sensible as he was of glory, would rather have been contented to have gone bareheaded and without laurels for ever, than torture his master's modesty for a single moment.

—Best of honest and gallant servants!—But I have apostrophis'd thee, Trim, once before;—and could I apotheo-

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size thee also, (that is to say) with good company,—I would do it *without ceremony*, in the very next page.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Now my uncle Toby had one evening laid down his pipe upon the table, and was counting over to himself, upon his fingers' ends (beginning at his thumb) all Mrs. Wadman's perfections, one by one; and happening two or three times together, either by omitting some, or counting others twice over, to puzzle himself sadly before he could get beyond his middle finger,——Prithee, Trim, said he, taking up his pipe again, bring me a pen and ink.——Trim brought paper also.

—Take a full sheet, Trim! said my uncle Toby, making a sign with his pipe at the same time to take a chair and sit down close by him at the table. The Corporal obeyed,—placed the paper directly before him,—took a pen, and dipp'd it in the ink.

—She has a thousand virtues, Trim! said my uncle Toby.

——Am I to set them down, an' please your Honour? quoth the Corporal.

——But they must be taken in their ranks, replied my uncle Toby: for of them all, Trim, that which wins me most, and which is a security for all the rest, is the compassionate turn and singular humanity of her character.—I protest, added my uncle Toby, looking up, as he protested it, towards the top of the ceiling,—That was I her brother, Trim, a thousandfold, she could not make more constant or more tender inquiries after my sufferings,—though now no more.

The Corporal made no reply to my uncle Toby's protestation, but by a short cough;—he dipp'd the pen a second time into the ink-horn; and my uncle Toby, pointing with the end of his pipe as close to the top of the sheet at the left-hand corner of it as he could get it,—the Corporal wrote down the word humanity, thus - - - - - - - - -

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Humanity.

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—Prithee, Corporal, said my uncle Toby, as soon as Trim had done it,—how often does Mrs. Bridget inquire after the wound on the cap of thy knee, which thou receivedst at the battle of Landen?

——She never, an' please your Honour, inquires after it at all.

——That, Corporal, said my uncle Toby, with all the triumph the goodness of his nature would permit,—that shows the difference in the character of the mistress and maid.—Had the fortune of war allotted the same mischance to me, Mrs. Wadman would have inquired into every circumstance relating to it a hundred times.——She would have inquired, an' please your Honour, ten times as often about your Honour's groin.——The pain, Trim, is equally excruciating,—and Compassion has as much to do with the one as the other.

——God bless your Honour! cried the Corporal,—what has a woman's compassion to do with a wound upon the cap of a man's knee? Had your Honour's been shot into ten thousand splinters at the affair at Landen, Mrs. Wadman would have troubled her head as little about it as Bridget; because, added the Corporal, lowering his voice, and speaking very distinctly, as he assigned his reason,—

"The knee is such a distance from the main body,—whereas the groin, as your honour knows, is upon the very *curtain* of the *place*."

My uncle Toby gave a long whistle;—but in a note which could scarce be heard across the table.

The Corporal had advanced too far to retire;—in three words he told the rest.

My uncle Toby laid down his pipe as gently upon the fender as if it had been spun from the unravellings of a spider's web.

——Let us go to my brother Shandy's, said he.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

THERE will be just time, whilst my uncle Toby and Trim are walking to my father's, to inform you that Mrs. Wadman had, some moons before this, made a confidant of my mother; and that Mrs. Bridget, who had the burden of her own, as well as her mistress's secret to carry, had got happily delivered of both to Susannah, behind the garden-wall.

As for my mother, she saw nothing at all in it, to make the least bustle about;—but Susannah was sufficient by herself for all the ends and purposes you could possibly have, in exporting a family secret; for she instantly imparted it by signs to Jonathan; and Jonathan by tokens to the cook, as she was basting a loin of mutton; the cook sold it with some kitchen-fat to the postillion for a groat; who truck'd it with the dairymaid for something of about the same value;—and though whispered in the hay-loft, *Fame* caught the notes with her brazen trumpet, and sounded them upon the house-top.—In a word, not an old woman in the village, or five miles round, who did not understand the difficulties of my uncle Toby's siege, and what were the secret articles which had delayed the surrender.

My father, whose way was to force every event in nature into an hypothesis,—by which means, never man crucified *Truth* at the rate he did,—had but just heard of the report as my uncle Toby set out; and catching fire suddenly at the trespass done his brother by it, was demonstrating to Yorick, notwithstanding my mother was sitting by,—not only, "That the Devil was in women, and that the whole of the affair was lust;" but that every evil and disorder in the world, of what kind or nature soever, from the first fall of Adam, down to my uncle Toby's (inclusive), was owing, one way or the other, to the same unruly appetite.

Yorick was just bringing my father's hypothesis to some temper, when my uncle Toby entering the room with marks of infinite benevolence and forgiveness in his looks, my

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father's eloquence rekindled against the passion;—and as he was not very nice in the choice of his words when he was wroth,—as soon as my uncle Toby was seated by the fire, and had filled his pipe, my father broke out in this manner:—

CHAPTER XXXIII.

—THAT provision should be made for continuing the race of so great, so exalted, and godlike a being as man,—I am far from denying; but philosophy speaks freely of everything; and therefore I still think, and do maintain it to be a pity, that it should be done by means of a passion, which bends down the faculties, and turns all the wisdom, contemplations, and operations of the soul backwards;—a passion, my dear, continued my father, addressing himself to my mother, which couples and equals wise men with fools, and makes us come out of our caverns and hiding-places more like satyrs and four-footed beasts than men.

I know it will be said, continued my father, (availing himself of the *prolepsis*) that in itself, and simply taken,—like hunger, or thirst, or sleep,—'tis an affair neither good nor bad,—nor shameful, nor otherwise.—Why then did the delicacy of Diogenes and Plato so recalcitrate against it? and wherefore, when we go about to make and plant a man, do we put out the candle? and for what reason is it, that all the parts thereof,—the congredients,—the preparations,—the instruments, and whatever serves thereto, are so held as to be conveyed to a cleanly mind by no language, translation, or periphrasis whatever?

—The act of killing and destroying a man, continued my father, raising his voice,—and turning to my uncle Toby,—you see, is glorious,—and the weapons by which we do it are honourable;—we march with them upon our shoulders; we strut with them by our sides;—we gild them;—we carve them:—we inlay them;—we enrich them;—nay, if it be

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but a *scoundrel* cannon, we cast an ornament upon the breech of it.

— My uncle Toby laid down his pipe, to intercede for a better epithet; — and Yorick was rising up to batter the whole hypothesis to pieces,——

When Obadiah broke into the middle of the room with a complaint, which cried out for an immediate hearing.

The case was this:—

My father, whether by ancient custom of the manor, or as impropriator of the great tithes, was obliged to keep a Bull for the service of the parish; and Obadiah had led his cow upon a *pop-visit* to him one day or other the preceding summer;—I say, one day or other, because, as chance would have it, it was the day on which he was married to my father's housemaid;—so one was a reckoning to the other. Therefore, when Obadiah's wife was brought to bed,—Obadiah thanked God.——

Now, said Obadiah, I shall have a calf: so Obadiah went daily to visit his cow.

She'll calve on Monday,—or Tuesday,——or Wednesday at the farthest.

The cow did not calve;—no,—she'll not calve till next week;—the cow put it off terribly,—till, at the end of the sixth week, Obadiah's suspicions (like a good man's) fell upon the Bull.

Now the parish being very large, my father's Bull, to speak the truth of him, was no way equal to the department; he had, however, got himself, somehow or other, thrust into employment,—and as he went through the business with a grave face, my father had a high opinion of him.

——Most of the townsmen, an' please your Worship, quoth Obadiah, believe that 'tis all the Bull's fault.

——But may not a cow be barren? replied my father, turning to Doctor Slop.

——It never happens, said Doctor Slop; but the man's wife may have come before her time, naturally enough.—Prithee has the child hair upon his head? added Dr. Slop.

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——It is as hairy as I am, said Obadiah.—Obadiah had not been shaved for three weeks.——Wheu - - u - - - - u - - - - - - - ! cried my father, beginning the sentence with an exclamatory whistle ;—and so, brother Toby, this poor Bull of mine, who is as good a Bull as ever p—ss'd, and might have done for Europa herself in purer times,—had he but two legs less, might have been driven into Doctor's Commons and lost his character;—which, to a Town-Bull, brother Toby, is the same thing as his life.

——L—d ! said my mother, what is all this story about ?

——A *Cock* and a *Bull*, said Yorick ;—and one of the best of its kind I ever heard.

END OF TRISTRAM SHANDY.

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A

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY.

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A

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY.

THEY order, said I, this matter better in France.——You have been in France? said my gentleman, turning quick upon me, with the most civil triumph in the world.——Strange! quoth I, debating the matter with myself, That one-and-twenty miles sailing, for 'tis absolutely no farther from Dover to Calais, should give a man these rights:—I'll look into them: so giving up the argument,—I went straight to my lodgings, put up half-a-dozen shirts and a black pair of silk breeches;—"the coat I have on," said I, looking at the sleeve, "will do;"—took a place in the Dover Stage; and, the packet sailing at nine the next morning,—by three I had got sat down to my dinner upon a fricaseed chicken, so incontestably in France, that, had I died that night of an indigestion, the world could not have suspended the effects of the *droits d'aubaine*;*—my shirts, and black pair of silk breeches,—portmanteau and all, must have gone to the King of France;—even the little picture which I have so long

* All the effects of strangers (Swiss and Scots excepted) dying in France are seized, by virtue of this law, though the heir be upon the spot.—The profit of these contingencies being farmed, there is no redress.

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worn, and so often told thee, Eliza, I would carry with me into my grave, would have been torn from my neck!—Ungenerous! to seize upon the wreck of an unwary passenger, whom your subjects had beckoned to their coast!—By Heaven! Sire, it is not well done; and much does it grieve me 'tis the monarch of a people so civilised and courteous, and so renowned for sentiment and fine feelings, that I have to reason with!——

But I have scarce set a foot in your dominions.——

CALAIS.

When I had finished my dinner, and drank the King of France's health, to satisfy my mind that I bore him no spleen, but, on the contrary, high honour for the humanity of his temper,——I rose up an inch taller for the accommodation.

—No, said I, the Bourbon is by no means a cruel race: they may be misled, like other people; but there is a mildness in their blood. As I acknowledged this, I felt a suffusion of a finer kind upon my cheek, more warm and friendly to a man than what Burgundy (at least of two livres a bottle, which was such as I had been drinking) could have produced.

——Just God! said I, kicking my portmanteau aside, what is there in this world's goods which should sharpen our spirits, and make so many kindhearted brethren of us fall out so cruelly as we do by the way.

When man is at peace with man, how much lighter than a feather is the heaviest of metals in his hand! he pulls out his purse, and holding it airily and uncompress'd, looks round him, as if he sought for an object to share it with.—In doing this, I felt every vessel in my frame dilate,—the arteries beat all cheerily together, and every power which sustained life performed it with so little friction, that 'twould have confounded the most *physical précieuse* in France:

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with all her materialism, she could scarce have called me a machine.

I'm confident, said I to myself, I should have overset her creed.

The accession of that idea carried Nature, at that time, as high as she could go;—I was at peace with the world before, and this finish'd the treaty with myself.

—Now, was I a king of France, cried I, what a moment for an orphan to have begg'd his father's portmanteau of me!

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

I HAD scarce uttered the words, when a poor Monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room, to beg something for his convent. No man cares to have his virtues the sport of contingencies—or one man may be generous, as another man is puissant;—*sed non quoad hanc*,—or be it as it may,—for there is no regular reasoning upon the ebbs and flows of our humours,—they may depend upon the same causes, for aught I know, which influence the tides themselves:—'twould oft be no discredit to us to suppose it was so: I'm sure, at least for myself, that in many a case I should be more highly satisfied to have it said by the world—"I had had an affair with the moon, in which there was neither sin nor shame," than have it pass altogether as my own act and deed, wherein there was so much of both.

—But be this as it may,—the moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was predetermined not to give him a single sous; and, accordingly, I put my purse into my pocket, button'd it up, set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him. There was something, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The Monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure

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a few scatter'd white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about seventy;—but, from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in them, which seemed more tempered by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty:—truth might lie between,—he was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seem'd to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted,—mild, pale, penetrating, free from all commonplace ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth;—it look'd forwards, but look'd as if it look'd at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, Heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders, best knows; but it would have suited a Brahmin, and, had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had reverenced it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design, for 'twas neither elegant nor otherwise, but as character and expression made it so: it was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forward in the figure,—but it was the attitude of Entreaty: and, as it now stands presented to my imagination, it gained more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast (a slender white staff with which he journeyed being in his right)—when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order;—and did it with so simple a grace,—and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure,—I was bewitch'd not to have been struck with it.—

——A better reason was, I had predetermined not to give him a single sous.

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THE MONK.

CALAIS.

——'Tis very true, said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address;—'tis very true,—and Heaven be their resource who have no other but the charity of the world! the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a slight glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunic:—I felt the full force of the appeal;—I acknowledge it, said I:—a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet,—are no great matters; and the true point of pity is, as they can be earn'd in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm!—the captive, who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the *order of Mercy*, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full cheerfully should it have been opened to you, for the ransom of the unfortunate.——The monk made me a bow. ——But of all others, resum'd I, the unfortunate of our own country, surely, have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore.——The monk gave a cordial wave with his head,—as much as to say, No doubt, there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within the convent.——But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal,—we distinguish, my good father, betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour—and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, *for the love of God.*

The poor Franciscan made no reply: a hectic of a

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moment pass'd across his cheek, but could not tarry:—Nature seemed to have had done with her resentments in him; he showed none:—but letting his staff fall within his arm, he press'd both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door.—Psha! said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times,—but it would not do; every ungracious syllable I had uttered crowded back into my imagination: I reflected I had no right over the poor Franciscan but to deny him; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unkind language.—I considered his gray hairs:—his courteous figure seem'd to re-enter, and gently ask me what injury he had done me?—and why I could use him thus?—I would have given twenty livres for an advocate.—I have behaved very ill, said I, within myself; but I have only just set out upon my travels, and shall learn better manners as I get along.

THE DESOBLIGEANT.

CALAIS.

When a man is discontented with himself, it has one advantage, however, that it puts him into an excellent frame of mind for making a bargain. Now, there being no travelling through France and Italy without a chaise,—and Nature generally prompting us to the thing we are fittest for, I walked out into the coach-yard to buy or hire something of that kind to my purpose: an old *desobligeant*,* in the furthest corner of the court, hit my fancy at first sight; so

* A chaise so called in France, from its holding but one person.

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I instantly got into it, and finding it in tolerable harmony with my feelings, I ordered the waiter to call Monsieur Dessein, the master of the hotel:—but Monsieur Dessein being gone to vespers, and not caring to face the Franciscan, whom I saw on the opposite side of the court, in conference with a lady just arrived at the inn,—I drew the taffeta-curtain betwixt us, and, being determined to write my journey, I took out my pen and ink, and wrote the preface to it in the *desobligeant*.

PREFACE.

IN THE DESOBLIGEANT.

It must have been observed by many a peripatetic philosopher, That Nature has set up, by her own unquestionable authority, certain boundaries and fences to circumscribe the discontent of man: she has effected her purpose in the quietest and easiest manner, by laying him under almost insuperable obligations to work out his ease, and to sustain his sufferings at home. It is there only that she has provided him with the most suitable objects to partake of his happiness, and bear a part of that burden which, in all countries and ages, has ever been too heavy for one pair of shoulders. 'Tis true, we are endued with an imperfect power of spreading our happiness sometimes beyond *her* limits; but 'tis so ordered, that, from the want of languages, connections, and dependencies, and, from the difference in educations, customs, and habits, we lie under so many impediments in communicating our sensations out of our own sphere, as often amount to a total impossibility.

It will always follow from hence, that the balance of sentimental commerce is always against the expatriated adventurer: he must buy what he has little occasion for, at their own price;—his conversation will seldom be taken in exchange for theirs without a large discount,—and this, by the bye, eternally driving him into the hands of more equit-

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able brokers, for such conversation as he can find, it requires no great spirit of divination to guess at his party.

This brings me to my point, and naturally leads me (if the see-saw of this *desobligeant* will but let me get on) into the efficient as well as final causes of travelling.

Your idle people that leave their native country, and go abroad for some reason or reasons which may be derived from one of these general causes:—

Infirmity of body,
Imbecility of mind, or
Inevitable necessity.

The two first include all those who travel by land or by water, labouring with pride, curiosity, vanity, or spleen, subdivided and combined *in infinitum.*

The third class includes the whole army of peregrine martyrs; more especially those travellers who set out upon their travels with the benefit of the clergy, either as delinquents, travelling under the direction of governors recommended by the magistrate;—or young gentlemen, transported by the cruelty of parents and guardians, and travelling under the direction of governors recommended by Oxford, Aberdeen, and Glasgow.

There is a fourth class; but their number is so small, that they would not deserve a distinction, were it not necessary, in a work of this nature, to observe the greatest precision and nicety, to avoid a confusion of character: and these men I speak of, are such as cross the seas, and sojourn in a land of strangers, with a view of saving money for various reasons and upon various pretences; but as they might also save themselves and others a great deal of unnecessary trouble by saving their money at home,—and, as their reasons for travelling are the least complex of any other species of emigrants, I shall distinguish these gentlemen by the name of

Simple Travellers.

Thus, the whole circle of travellers may be reduced to the following heads:—

Idle Travellers,
Inquisitive Travellers,

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Lying Travellers,
Proud Travellers,
Vain Travellers,
Splenetic Travellers,

then follow

The Travellers of Necessity,
The Delinquent and Felonious Traveller,
The Unfortunate and Innocent Traveller,
The Simple Traveller,

And last of all (if you please) The Sentimental Traveller (meaning thereby myself), who have travelled, and of which I am now sitting down to give an account,—as much out of *Necessity,* and the *besoin de voyager,* as any one in the class.

I am well aware, at the same time, as both my travels and observations will be altogether of a different cast from any of my forerunners, that I might have insisted upon a whole niche entirely to myself;—but I should break in upon the confines of the *Vain* Traveller, in wishing to draw attention towards me, till I have some better grounds for it than the mere *Novelty of my Vehicle.* It is sufficient for my reader, if he has been a Traveller himself, that with study and reflection hereupon, he may be able to determine his own place and rank in the catalogue;—it will be one step towards knowing himself, as it is great odds but he retains some tincture and resemblance of what he imbibed or carried out, to the present hour.

The man who first transplanted the grape of Burgundy to the Cape of Good Hope—(observe he was a Dutchman)—never dreamt of drinking the same wine at the Cape that the same grape produced upon the French mountains,—he was too phlegmatic for that; but, undoubtedly, he expected to drink some sort of vinous liquor; but whether good, bad, or indifferent,—he knew enough of this world to know that it did not depend upon his choice, but that what is generally called *chance* was to decide his success: however, he hoped for the best; and in these hopes, by an intemperate confidence in the fortitude of his head and the depth of his discretion, *Mynheer* might possibly overset both in his new

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vineyard, and, by discovering his nakedness, become a laughing-stock to his people.

Even so it fares with the poor Traveller, sailing and posting through the politer kingdoms of the globe, in pursuit of knowledge and improvements.

Knowledge and improvements are to be got by sailing and posting for that purpose; but whether useful knowledge and real improvements is all a lottery;—and, even where the adventurer is successful, the acquired stock must be used with caution and sobriety, to turn to any profit:—but, as the chances run prodigiously the other way, both as to the acquisition and application, I am of opinion, That a man would act as wisely, if he could prevail upon himself to live contented without foreign knowledge or foreign improvements, especially if he lives in a country that has no absolute want of either;—and, indeed, much grief of heart has it oft and many a time cost me, when I have observed how many a foul step the Inquisitive Traveller has measured to see sights and look into discoveries, all which, as Sancho Panca said to Don Quixote, that they might have seen dry shod at home. It is an age so full of light, that there is scarce a country or corner in Europe whose beams are not crossed and interchanged with others.—Knowledge, in most of its branches, and in most affairs, is like music in an Italian street, whereof those may partake who pay nothing. —But there is no nation under Heaven,—and God is my record (before whose tribunal I must one day come and give an account of this work)—that I do not speak it vauntingly, —But there is no nation under heaven abounding with more variety of learning,—where the sciences may be more fitly wooed, or more surely won, than here,—where art is encouraged, and will soon rise high,—where Nature (take her altogether) has so little to answer for,—and, to close all, where there is more wit and variety of character to feed the mind with:—Where then, my dear countrymen, are you going?—

——We are only looking at this chaise, said they.—— Your most obedient servant, said I, skipping out of it, and

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pulling off my hat.——We are wondering, said one of them, who, I found, was an *Inquisitive Traveller*,—what could occasion its motion.—'Twas the agitation, said I, coolly, of writing a Preface.——I never heard, said the other, who was a *Simple Traveller*, of a Preface wrote in a *desobligeant*. ——It would have been better, said I, in a *vis-à-vis*.

As an Englishman does not travel to see Englishmen, I retired to my room.

CALAIS.

I PERCEIVED that something darken'd the passage more than myself, as I stepp'd along it to my room; it was effectually Mons. Dessein, the master of the hotel, who had just returned from vespers, and, with his hat under his arm, was most complaisantly following me, to put me in mind of my wants. I had wrote myself pretty well out of conceit with the *desobligeant;* and Mons. Dessein speaking of it with a shrug, as if it would no way suit me, it immediately struck my fancy that it belonged to some *Innocent Traveller*, who, on his return home, had left it to Mons. Dessein's honour to make the most of. Four months had elapsed since it had finished its career of Europe in the corner of Mons. Dessein's coach-yard: and having sailed out from thence but a vampt-up business at the first, though it had been twice taken to pieces on Mount Cenis, it had not profited much by its adventures,—but by none so little as the standing so many months unpitied in the corner of Mons. Dessein's coach-yard. Much, indeed, was not to be said for it,—but something might;—and when a few words will rescue Misery out of her distress, I hate the man who can be a churl of them.

—Now, was I the master of this hotel, said I, laying the point of my forefinger on Mons. Dessein's breast, I would inevitably make a point of getting rid of this unfortunate *desobligeant;*—it stands swinging reproaches at you every time you pass by it.

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Mon Dieu! said Mons. Dessein,—I have no interest.—— Except the interest, said I, which men of a certain turn of mind take, Mons. Dessein, in their own sensations,—I'm persuaded, to a man who feels for others as well as for himself, every rainy night, disguise it as you will, must cast a damp upon your spirits. You suffer, Mons. Dessein, as much as the machine.

I have always observed, when there is as much *sour* as *sweet* in a compliment, that an Englishman is eternally at a loss within himself whether to take it or let it alone;—a Frenchman never is;—Mons. Dessein made me a bow.

C'est bien vrai, said he.—But in this case, I should only exchange one disquietude for another, and with loss.—Figure to yourself, my dear Sir, that in giving you a chaise which would fall to pieces before you had got half-way to Paris,—figure to yourself how much I should suffer, in giving an ill impression of myself to a man of honour, and lying at the mercy, as I must do, *d'un homme d'esprit*.

The dose was made up exactly after my own prescription; so I could not help taking it,—and returning to Mons. Dessein his bow, without more casuistry we walk'd together towards his remise, to take a view of his magazine of chaises.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

It must needs be a hostile kind of a world, when the buyer (if it be but of a sorry post-chaise) cannot go forth with the seller thereof into the street, to terminate the difference betwixt them, but he instantly falls into the same frame of mind, and views his conventionist with the same sort of eye, as if he was going along with him to Hyde Park Corner to fight a duel. For my own part, being but a poor swordsman, and no way a match for Mons. Dessein, I felt the rotation of all the movements within me, to which the situation is incident;—I looked at Monsieur Dessein

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through and through,—eyed him as he walk'd along in profile,—then *en face*;—thought he looked like a Jew,—then a Turk,—disliked his wig,—cursed him by my gods,—wished him at the Devil!

—And is all this to be lighted up in the heart for a beggarly account of three or four Louis d'ors, which is the most I can be overreached in?—Base passion! said I, turning myself about as a man naturally does upon a sudden reverse of sentiment,—base, ungentle passion! thy hand is against every man, and every man's hand against thee.——Heaven forbid! said she, raising her hand up to her forehead, for I had turned full in front upon the lady whom I had seen in conference with the monk:—she had followed us unperceived.——Heaven forbid, indeed! said I, offering her my own;—she had a black pair of silk gloves, open only at the thumb and two forefingers, so accepted it without reserve,—and I led her up to the door of the remise.

Monsieur Dessein had *diabled* the key about fifty times, before he found out he had come with a wrong one in his hand: we were as impatient as himself to have it open'd; and so attentive to the obstacle, that I continued holding her hand almost without knowing it: so that Mons. Dessein left us together, with her hand in mine, and with our faces turned towards the door of the remise, and said he would be back in five minutes.

Now, a colloquy of five minutes, in such a situation, is worth one of as many ages with your faces turned towards the street. In the latter case, 'tis drawn from the objects and occurrences without;—when your eyes are fixed upon a dead blank,—you draw purely from yourselves. A silence of a single moment, upon Mons. Dessein's leaving us, had been fatal to the situation,—she had infallibly turned about;—so I began the conversation instantly.

—But what were the temptations (as I write not to apologise for the weaknesses of my heart in this tour,—but to give an account of them)—shall be described with the same simplicity with which I felt them.

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THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

When I told the reader that I did not care to get out of the *desobligeant*, because I saw the monk in close conference with a lady just arrived at the inn, I told him the truth,—but I did not tell him the whole truth; for I was full as much restrained by the appearance and figure of the lady he was talking to. Suspicion crossed my brain, and said, he was telling her what had passed: something jarred upon it within me,—I wished him at his convent.

When the heart flies out before the understanding, it saves the judgment a world of pains.—I was certain she was of a better order of beings;—however, I thought no more of her, but went on and wrote my preface.

The impression returned upon my encounter with her in the street; a guarded frankness with which she gave me her hand, showed, I thought, her good education and her good sense; and, as I led her on, I felt a pleasurable ductility about her, which spread a calmness over all my spirits.

——Good God! how a man might lead such a creature as this round the world with him!

I had not yet seen her face,—'twas not material; for the drawing was instantly set about; and, long before we had got to the door of the remise, *Fancy* had finish'd the whole head, and pleased herself as much with its fitting her goddess, as if she had dived into the Tiber for it;—but thou art a seduced, and a seducing slut; and albeit thou cheatest us seven times a day with thy pictures and images, yet with so many charms dost thou do it, and thou deckest out thy pictures in the shapes of so many angels of light, 'tis a shame to break with thee.

When we had got to the door of the remise, she withdrew her hand from across her forehead, and let me see the original:—it was a face of about six-and-twenty,—of a clear transparent brown, simply set off, without rouge or powder;—it was not critically handsome, but there was that in it

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which, in the frame of mind I was in, attached me much more to it,—it was interesting; I fancied it wore the characters of a widow'd look, and in that state of its declension which had passed the two first paroxysms of sorrow, and was quietly beginning to reconcile itself to its loss;—but a thousand other distresses might have traced the same lines; I wish'd to know what they had been,—and was ready to inquire (had the same *bon ton* of conversation permitted as in the days of Esdras) "*What aileth thee? and why art thou disquieted? and why is thy understanding troubled?*"—In a word, I felt benevolence for her, and resolv'd, some way or other, to throw in my mite of courtesy,—if not of service.

Such were my temptations;—and in this disposition to give way to them, was I left alone with the lady, with her hand in mine, and with our faces both turned closer to the door of the remise than what was absolutely necessary.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

THIS certainly, fair lady, said I, raising her hand up a little lightly as I began, must be one of Fortune's whimsical doings; to take two utter strangers by their hands,—of different sexes, and, perhaps, from different corners of the globe, and in one moment place them together in such a cordial situation as Friendship herself could scarce have achieved for them, had she projected it for a month.—

——And your reflection upon it, shows how much, Monsieur, she has embarrassed you by the adventure.

When the situation is what we would wish, nothing is so ill-timed as to hint at the circumstances which make it so.

——You thank Fortune, continued she;—you had reason,—the heart knew it, and was satisfied; and who but an English philosopher would have sent notice of it to the brain to reverse the judgment?

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In saying this she disengaged her hand, with a look which I thought a sufficient commentary upon the text.

It is a miserable picture which I am going to give of the weakness of my heart, by owning that it suffered a pain, which worthier occasions could not have inflicted.—I was mortified with the loss of her hand; and the manner in which I had lost it, carried neither oil nor wine to the wound: I never felt the pain of a peevish inferiority so miserably in my life.

The triumphs of a true feminine heart are short upon these discomfitures. In a very few seconds she laid her hand upon the cuff of my coat, in order to finish her reply; so, some way or other, God knows how, I regained my situation.

——She had nothing to add.

I forthwith began to model a different conversation for the lady, thinking, from the spirit as well as moral of this, that I had been mistaken in her character; but, upon turning her face towards me, the spirit which had animated the reply was fled,—the muscles relaxed, and I saw the same unprotected look of distress which first won me to her interest:—melancholy! to see such sprightliness the prey of sorrow,—I pitied her from my soul; and, though it may seem ridiculous enough to a torpid heart,—I could have taken her into my arms, and cherished her, though it was in the open street, without blushing.

The pulsations of the arteries along my fingers pressing across hers, told her what was passing within me. She looked down:—a silence of some moments followed.

I fear, in this interval, I must have made some slight efforts towards a closer compression of her hand, from a subtle sensation I felt in the palm of my own,—not as if she was going to withdraw hers,—but as if she thought about it!—and I had infallibly lost it a second time, had not instinct, more than reason, directed me to the last resource in these dangers,—to hold it loosely, and in a manner as if I was every moment going to release it of myself: so she let it continue till Monsieur Dessein returned

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with the key; and in the meantime, I set myself to consider how I should undo the ill impressions which the poor monk's story, in case he had told it her, must have planted in her breast against me.

THE SNUFF-BOX.

CALAIS.

THE good old monk was within six paces of us as the idea of him cross'd my mind; and was advancing towards us a little out of the line, as if uncertain whether he should break in upon us or no.—He stopp'd, however, as soon as he came up to us, with a world of frankness, and having a horn snuff-box in his hand, he presented it open to me.——You shall taste mine, said I, pulling out my box (which was a small tortoise one) and putting it into his hand.——'Tis most excellent, said the monk.—Then do me the favour, I replied, to accept of the box and all; and when you take a pinch out of it, sometimes recollect it was the peace-offering of a man who once used you unkindly, but not from his heart.

The poor monk blush'd as red as scarlet. *Mon Dieu!* said he, pressing his hands together,—you never used me unkindly.——I should think, said the lady, he is not likely.——I blush'd in my turn; but from what movements, I leave to the few who feel, to analyse.—Excuse me, Madam, replied I,—I treated him most unkindly; and from no provocations.——'Tis impossible, said the lady.——My God! cried the monk, with a warmth of asseveration which seemed not to belong to him,—the fault was in me, and in the indiscretion of my zeal.——The lady opposed it; and I joined with her,—in maintaining it was impossible that a spirit so regulated as his could give offence to any.

I knew not that contention could be rendered so sweet and pleasurable a thing to the nerves as I then felt it. We remained silent, without any sensation of that foolish pain

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which takes place, when, in such a circle, you look for ten minutes in one another's faces without saying a word. Whilst this lasted, the monk rubbed his horn-box upon the sleeve of his tunic; and as soon as it had acquired a little air of brightness by the friction, he made a low bow, and said, 'Twas too late to say whether it was the weakness or goodness of our tempers which had involved us in this contest;—but be it as it would,—he begged we might exchange boxes.—In saying this, he presented his to me with one hand, as he took mine from me in the other; and having kissed it,—with a stream of good-nature in his eyes, he put it into his bosom,—and took his leave.

I guard this box as I would the instrumental part of my religion, to help my mind on something better. In truth, I seldom go abroad without it; and oft and many a time have I called up by it the courteous spirit of its owner to regulate my own in the justlings of the world: they had found full employment for his, as I learnt from his story, till about the forty-fifth year of his age, when, upon some military services ill requited, and meeting at the same time with a disappointment in the tenderest of passions, he abandoned the sword and the sex together, and took sanctuary, not so much in his convent as in himself.

I feel a damp upon my spirits as I am going to add, that in my last return through Calais, upon inquiring after Father Lorenzo, I heard he had been dead near three months; and was buried, not in his convent, but, according to his desire, in a little cemetery belonging to it, about two leagues off. I had a strong desire to see where they laid him,—when, upon pulling out his little horn-box, as I sat by his grave, and plucking up a nettle or two at the head of it, which had no business to grow there, they all struck together so forcibly upon my affections, that I burst into a flood of tears:—but I am as weak as a woman; and I beg the world not to smile, but pity me.

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THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

I HAD never quitted the lady's hand all this time; and had held it so long, that it would have been indecent to let it go, without first pressing it to my lips: the blood and spirits which had suffered a revulsion from her, crowded back to her as I did it.

Now the two travellers, who had spoke to me in the coach-yard, happened at that crisis to be passing by, and observing our communications, naturally took it into their heads that we must be *man and wife* at least; so stopping as soon as they came up to the door of the remise, the one of them, who was the Inquisitive Traveller, ask'd us, if we set out for Paris the next morning?——I could only answer for myself, I said; and the lady added she was for Amiens. ——We dined there yesterday, said the Simple Traveller. ——You go directly through the town, added the other, on your road to Paris. I was going to return a thousand thanks for the intelligence, *that Amiens was in the road to Paris;* but, upon pulling out my poor monk's little horn-box to take a pinch of snuff, I made a quiet bow, and wished them a good passage to Dover.—They left us alone.

—Now, where would be the harm, said I to myself, if I was to beg of this distressed lady to accept of half of my chaise?—and what mighty mischief could ensue?

Every dirty passion and bad propensity in my nature took the alarm as I stated the proposition:—It will oblige you to have a third horse, said *Avarice,* which will put twenty livres out of your pocket.—You know not what she is, said *Caution;*—or what scrapes the affair may draw you into, whisper'd *Cowardice.*

—Depend upon it, Yorick, said *Discretion,* 'twill be said you went off with a mistress; and came, by assignation, to Calais for that purpose.

—You can never after, cried *Hypocrisy* aloud, show your

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face in the world;—nor rise, quoth *Meanness*, in the church!—nor be anything in it, said *Pride*, but a lousy prebendary.

But 'tis a civil thing, said I;—and as I generally act from the first impulse, and therefore seldom listen to these cabals, which serve no purpose that I know of, but to encompass the heart with adamant,—I turn'd instantly about to the lady,——

But she had glided off unperceived, as the cause was pleading, and had made ten or a dozen paces down the street by the time I had made the determination; so I set off after her with a long stride, to make her the proposal with the best address I was master of: but observing she walk'd with her cheek half resting upon the palm of her hand,—with the slow, short-measured step of thoughtfulness, and with her eyes, as she went step by step, fixed upon the ground, it struck me she was trying the same cause herself.—God help her! said I, she has some mother-in-law, or tartufish aunt, or nonsensical old woman, to consult upon the occasion, as well as myself: so not caring to interrupt the process, and deeming it more gallant to take her at discretion than surprise, I faced about, and took a short turn or two before the door of the remise, whilst she walk'd musing on one side.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

HAVING, on first sight of the lady, settled the affair in my fancy, "that she was of the better order of beings;"—and then laid it down as a second axiom, as indisputable as the first, That she was a widow, and wore a character of distress,—I went no further; I got ground enough for the situation which pleased me;—and had she remained close beside my elbow till midnight, I should have held true to my system, and considered her only under that general idea.

She had scarce got twenty paces distant from me, ere something within me called out for a more particular in-

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quiry;—it brought on the idea of a further separation:—I might possibly never see her more:—the heart is for saving what it can; and I wanted the traces through which my wishes might find their way to her, in case I should never rejoin her myself. In a word, I wish'd to know her name,—her family,—her condition;—and as I knew the place to which she was going, I wanted to know from whence she came: but there was no coming at all this intelligence: a hundred little delicacies stood in the way. I form'd a score different plans.—There was no such thing as a man's asking her directly;—the thing was impossible.

A little French *debonnaire* captain, who came dancing down the street, showed me it was the easiest thing in the world;—for, popping in betwixt us, just as the lady was returning back to the door of the remise, he introduced himself to my acquaintance, and before he had well got announced, begg'd I would do him the honour to present him to the lady.—I had not been presented myself;—so turning about to her, he did it just as well, by asking her if she had come from Paris?——No; she was going that route, she said.——*Vous n'êtes pas de Londres!*——She was not, she replied—Then Madame must have come through Flanders.—*Apparemment vous êtes Flammande?* said the French captain.—The lady answered, she was.——*Peut-être de Lisle?* added he.——She answered, she was not of Lisle.——Nor Arras?—nor Cambray?—nor Ghent?—nor Brussels?——She answered, she was of Brussels.

——He had had the honour, he said, to be at the bombardment of it last war;—that it was finely situated, *pour cela*,—and full of noblesse when the Imperialists were driven out by the French (the lady made a slight courtesy);—so giving her an account of the affair, and of the share he had had in it,—he begg'd the honour to know her name,—so made his bow.

—*Et Madame a son Mari?* said he, looking back when he had made two steps,—and, without staying for an answer—danced down the street.

Had I served seven years apprenticeship to good-breeding, I could not have done as much.

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THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

As the little French captain left us, Mons. Dessein came up with the key of the remise in his hand, and forthwith let us into his magazine of chaises.

The first object which caught my eye, as Mons. Dessein open'd the door of the remise, was another old tatter'd *desobligeant*; and, notwithstanding it was the exact picture of that which had hit my fancy so much in the coach-yard but an hour before,—the very sight of it stirr'd up a disagreeable sensation within me now; and I thought 'twas a churlish beast into whose heart the idea could first enter to construct such a machine; nor had I much more charity for the man who could think of using it.

I observed the lady was as little taken with it as myself: so Mons. Dessein led us on to a couple of chaises which stood abreast, telling us, as he recommended them, that they had been purchased by my Lord A. and B. to go the *grand tour*, but had gone no further than Paris; so were, in all respects, as good as new.—They were too good;—so I passed on to a third, which stood behind, and forthwith began to chaffer for the price.——But 'twill scarce hold two, said I, opening the door and getting in.—Have the goodness, Madame, said Mons. Dessein, offering his arm, to step in.——The lady hesitated half a second, and stepp'd in; and the waiter that moment beckoning to speak to Mons. Dessein, he shut the door of the chaise upon us, and left us.

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THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

C'EST *bien comique*, 'tis very droll, said the lady smiling, from the reflection that this was the second time we had been left together by a parcel of nonsensical contingencies, —*c'est bien comique*, said she.

——There wants nothing, said I, to make it so, but the comic use which the gallantry of a Frenchman would put it to,—to make love the first moment,—and an offer of his person the second.

——'Tis their *fort*, replied the lady.

——It is supposed so at least;—and how it has come to pass, continued I, I know not; but they have certainly got the credit of understanding more of love, and making it better than any other nation upon earth: but for my own part, I think them arrant bunglers; and, in truth, the worst set of marksmen that ever tried Cupid's patience.

—To think of making love by *sentiments!*

I should as soon think of making a genteel suit of clothes out of remnants;—and to do it,—pop,—at first sight by declaration,—is submitting the offer and themselves with it, to be sifted with all their *pours* and *contres*, by an unheated mind.

The lady attended, as if she expected I should go on.

—Consider then, Madam, continued I, laying my hand upon hers,——

That grave people hate Love for the name's sake,——

That selfish people hate it for their own,—

Hypocrites for Heaven's,—

And that all of us, both old and young, being ten times worse frightened than hurt by the very *report*,——

What a want of knowledge in this branch of commerce a man betrays, who ever lets the word come out of his lips till an hour or two at least after the time that his silence upon it becomes tormenting! A course of small, quiet attentions, not so pointed as to alarm,—nor so vague as to

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be misunderstood,—with now and then a look of kindness, and little or nothing said upon it,—leaves Nature for your mistress, and she fashions it to her mind.

—Then I solemnly declare, said the lady, blushing,—you have been making love to me all this while.

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

Monsieur Dessein came back to let us out of the chaise, and acquaint the lady that Count de L——, her brother, was just arrived at the hotel. Though I had infinite goodwill for the lady, I cannot say that I rejoiced in my heart at the event,—and could not help telling her so;—for it is fatal to a proposal, Madam, said I, that I was going to make to you.

——You need not tell me what the proposal was, said she, laying her hand upon both mine, as she interrupted me.—A man, my good Sir, has seldom an offer of kindness to make to a woman, but she has a presentiment of it some moments before.

——Nature arms her with it, said I, for immediate preservation.——But I think, said she, looking in my face, I had no evil to apprehend;—and, to deal frankly with you, had determined to accept it.—If I had—(she stopped a moment)—I believe your goodwill would have drawn a story from me, which would have made pity the only dangerous thing in the journey.

In saying this, she suffered me to kiss her hand twice; and, with a look of sensibility mixed with concern, she got out of the chaise,—and bid adieu.

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IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

I NEVER finished a twelve-guinea bargain so expeditiously in my life. My time seemed heavy upon the loss of the lady; and knowing every moment of it would be as two, till I put myself into motion,—I ordered post-horses directly, and walked towards the hotel.

Lord! said I, hearing the town-clock strike four, and recollecting that I had been little more than a single hour in Calais,—

What a large volume of adventures may be grasped within this little span of life, by him who interests his heart in everything, and who, having eyes to see what time and chance are perpetually holding out to him as he journeyeth on his way, misses nothing he can *fairly* lay his hands on!

—If this won't turn out something,—another will;—no matter—'tis an essay upon human nature;—I get my labour for my pains,—'tis enough;—the pleasure of the experiment has kept my senses and the best part of my blood awake, and laid the gross to sleep.

I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, 'Tis all barren;—and so it is: and so is all the world to him who will not cultivate the fruits it offers. I declare, said I, clapping my hands cheerily together, that was I in a desert, I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections:—if I could not do better, I would fasten them upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress to connect myself to;—I would court their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection;—I would cut my name upon them, and swear they were the loveliest trees throughout the desert: if their leaves wither'd, I would teach myself to mourn;—and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice along with them.

The learned Smelfungus travelled from Boulogne to Paris,—from Paris to Rome,—and so on;—but he set out with the spleen and jaundice; and every object he pass'd by was

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discoloured or distorted.—He wrote an account of them; but 'twas nothing but the account of his miserable feelings.

I met Smelfungus in the grand portico of the Pantheon:—he was just coming out of it.—*'Tis nothing but a huge cock-pit,** said he.——I wish you had said nothing worse of the Venus of Medicis, replied I;—for in passing through Florence, I had heard he had fallen foul upon the goddess, and used her worse than a common strumpet, without the least provocation in nature.

I popp'd upon Smelfungus again at Turin, in his return home; and a sad tale of sorrowful adventures he had to tell, "wherein he spoke of moving accidents by flood and field, and of the cannibals who each other eat: the Anthropophagi."—He had been flay'd alive, and bedevil'd, and used worse than St. Bartholomew at every stage he had come at.——

I'll tell it, cried Smelfungus, to the world.——You had better tell it, said I, to your physician.

Mundungus, with an immense fortune, made the whole tour; going on from Rome to Naples,—from Naples to Venice,—from Venice to Vienna,—to Dresden, to Berlin, without one generous connection or pleasurable anecdote to tell of; but he had travelled straight on, looking neither to his right hand nor to his left, lest Love or Pity should seduce him out of his road.

Peace be to them! if it is to be found; but Heaven itself, was it possible to get there with such tempers, would want objects to give it;—every gentle spirit would come flying upon the wings of Love to hail their arrival.—Nothing would the souls of Smelfungus and Mundungus hear of, but fresh anthems of joy, fresh raptures of love, and fresh congratulations of their common felicity.—I heartily pity them: they have brought up no faculties for this work: and was the happiest mansion in Heaven to be allotted to Smelfungus and Mundungus, they would be so far from being happy, that the souls of Smelfungus and Mundungus would do penance there to all eternity!

* *Vide* Dr. Smollett's Travels.

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MONTREUIL.

I HAD once lost my portmanteau from behind my chaise, and twice got out in the rain, and one of the times up to the knees in dirt, to help the postillion to tie it on, without being able to find out what was wanting.—Nor was it till I got to Montreuil, upon the landlord's asking me if I wanted not a servant, that it occurred to me that *that* was the very thing.

A servant! that I do, most sadly, quoth I.——Because, Monsieur, said the landlord, there is a clever young fellow, who would be very proud of the honour to serve an Englishman.——But why an English one more than another?——They are so generous, said the landlord.——I'll be shot if this is not a livre out of my pocket, quoth I to myself, this very night.——But they have wherewithal to be so, Monsieur, added he.——Set down one livre more for that, quoth I.——It was but last night, said the landlord, *qu'un my Lord Anglois présentoit un écu à la fille-de-chambre*——*Tant pis, pour Mademoiselle Janatone*, said I.

Now Janatone being the landlord's daughter, and the landlord supposing I was young in French, took the liberty to inform me, I should not have said *tant pis*,—but *tant mieux*.——*Tant mieux, toujours, Monsieur*, said he, when there is anything to be got;—*tant pis*, when there is nothing.——It comes to the same thing, said I.——*Pardonnez moi*, said the landlord.

I cannot take a fitter opportunity to observe, once for all, that *tant pis* and *tant mieux* being two of the great hinges in French conversation, a stranger would do well to set himself right in the use of them, before he gets to Paris.

A prompt French Marquis at our Ambassador's table, demanded of Mr. H——, if he was H—— the poet?——No, said Mr. H—— mildly.——*Tant pis*, replied the Marquis.

——It is H—— the historian, said another.——*Tant mieux*, said the Marquis.——And Mr. H——, who is a man of an excellent heart, return'd thanks for both.

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When the landlord had set me right in this matter, he called in La Fleur, which was the name of the young man he had spoke of,—saying only first, That as for his talents, he would presume to say nothing—Monsieur was the best judge what would suit him; but for the fidelity of La Fleur, he would stand responsible in all that he was worth.

The landlord delivered this in a manner which instantly set my mind to the business I was upon;—and La Fleur, who stood waiting without, in that breathless expectation which every son of Nature of us have felt in our turns, came in.

MONTREUIL.

I AM apt to be taken with all kinds of people at first sight; but never more so than when a poor Devil comes to offer his service to so poor a Devil as myself; and as I know this weakness, I always suffer my judgment to draw back something on that very account,—and this more or less, according to the mood I am in, and the case;—and, I may add, the gender too of the person I am to govern.

When La Fleur entered the room, after every discount I could make, for my soul the genuine look and air of the fellow determined the matter at once in his favour: so I hired him first,—and then began to inquire what he could do.—But I shall find out his talents, quoth I, as I want them;—besides, a Frenchman can do everything.

Now poor La Fleur could do nothing in the world but beat a drum, and play a march or two upon the fife. I was determined to make his talents do: and can't say my weakness was ever so insulted by my wisdom as in the attempt.

La Fleur had set out early in life, as gallantly as most Frenchmen do, with *serving* for a few years: at the end of which, having satisfied the sentiment, and found, moreover, that the honour of beating a drum was likely to be its own reward, as it open'd no further track of glory to him,—he retired *à ses terres*, and lived *comme il plaisoit à Dieu*;—that is to say, upon nothing.

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——And so, quoth Wisdom, you have hired a drummer to attend you in this tour of yours through France and Italy!——Psha! said I, and do not one-half of our gentry go with a humdrum *compagnon du voyage* the same round, and have the piper and the Devil and all to pay besides? When man can extricate himself with an *équivoque* in such an unequal match,—he is not ill off.——But you can do something else, La Fleur? said I.——*O qu'oui!* he could make spatterdashes, and play a little upon the fiddle.——Bravo! said Wisdom.——Why I play a bass myself, said I;—we shall do very well. You can shave and dress a wig a little, La Fleur?—He had all the dispositions in the world.—It is enough for Heaven, said I, interrupting him,—and ought to be enough for me.—So supper coming in, and having a frisky English spaniel on one side of my chair, and a French valet, with as much hilarity in his countenance as ever nature painted in one, on the other,—I was satisfied to my heart's content with my empire; and if monarchs knew what they would be at, they might be as satisfied as I was.

MONTREUIL.

As La Fleur went the whole tour of France and Italy with me, and will be often upon the stage, I must interest the reader a little further in his behalf, by saying that I had never less reason to repent of the impulses which generally do determine me, than in regard to this fellow;—he was a faithful, affectionate, simple soul as ever trudged after the heels of a philosopher; and notwithstanding his talents of drum-beating and spatterdash-making, which, though very good in themselves, happened to be of no great service to me, yet was I hourly recompensed by the festivity of his temper;—it supplied all defects:—I had a constant resource in his looks in all difficulties and distresses of my own—(I was going to have added, of his too); but La Fleur was out of the reach of everything; for whether it

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was hunger or thirst, or cold or nakedness, or watchings, or whatever stripes of ill-luck La Fleur met with in our journeyings, there was no index in his physiognomy to point them out by,—he was eternally the same; so that if I am a piece of a philosopher, which Satan now and then puts it into my head I am,—it always mortifies the pride of the conceit, by reflecting how much I owe to the complexional philosophy of this poor fellow, for shaming me into one of a better kind. With all this, La Fleur had a small cast of the coxcomb;—but he seemed, at first sight, to be more a coxcomb of nature than of art; and before I had been three days in Paris with him,—he seemed to be no coxcomb at all.

MONTREUIL.

THE next morning, La Fleur entering upon his employment, I delivered to him the key of my portmanteau, with an inventory of my half-a-dozen shirts and a silk pair of breeches: and bid him fasten all upon the chaise,—get the horses put to,—and desire the landlord to come in with his bill.

——*C'est un garçon de bonne fortune*, said the landlord, pointing through the window to half-a-dozen wenches who had got round about La Fleur, and were most kindly taking their leave of him as the postillion was leading out the horses. La Fleur kissed all their hands round and round again, and thrice he wiped his eyes, and thrice he promised he would bring them all pardons from Rome.

—The young fellow, said the landlord, is beloved by all the town; and there is scarce a corner in Montreuil where the want of him will not be felt. He has but one misfortune in the world, continued he, "He is always in love."——I am heartily glad of it, said I; 'twill save me the trouble every night of putting my breeches under my head. In saying this, I was making not so much La Fleur's *éloge* as my own, having been in love with one Princess or other

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almost all my life, and I hope I shall go on so till I die, being firmly persuaded, that if ever I do a mean action, it must be in some interval betwixt one passion and another; whilst this interregnum lasts, I always perceive my heart locked up,—I can scarce find in it to give Misery a sixpence; and therefore I always get out of it as fast as I can: and the moment I am rekindled, I am all generosity and good-will again; and would do anything in the world, either for or with any one, if they will but satisfy me there is no sin in it.

—But in saying this,—sure I am commending the passion,—not myself.

A FRAGMENT.

——The town of Abdera, notwithstanding Democritus lived there, trying all the powers of irony and laughter to reclaim it, was the vilest and most profligate town in all Thrace. What for poisons, conspiracies, and assassinations,—libels, pasquinades, and tumults, there was no going there by day; —'twas worse by night.

Now, when things were at the worst, it came to pass that the Andromeda of Euripides being represented at Abdera, the whole orchestra was delighted with it; but of all the passages which delighted them, nothing operated more upon their imagination than the tender strokes of nature which the poet had wrought up in that pathetic speech of Perseus, *O Cupid, Prince of Gods and men! &c.* Every man almost spoke pure iambics the next day, and talked of nothing but Perseus his pathetic address,—"O Cupid, prince of Gods and men!" in every street of Abdera, in every house,—"O Cupid! Cupid!"—in every mouth, like the natural notes of sweet melancholy which drop from it, whether it will or no, —nothing but "Cupid! Cupid! prince of Gods and men!" —the fire caught,—and the whole city, like the heart of one man, open'd itself to Love.

No pharmacopolist could sell one grain of helebore,—not

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a single armourer had a heart to forge one instrument of death;—Friendship and Virtue met together, and kiss'd each other in the street;—the golden age returned, and hung over the town of Abdera;—every Abderite took his oaten pipe; and every Abderitish woman left her purple web, and chastely sat her down, and listened to the song.

—'Twas only in the power, says the Fragment, of the God whose empire extendeth from heaven to earth, and even to the depths of the sea, to have done this.

MONTREUIL.

When all is ready, and every article is disputed and paid for in the inn, unless you are a little soured by the adventure, there is always a matter to compound at the door, before you can get into your chaise, and that is, with the sons and daughters of poverty who surround you. Let no man say, "Let them go to the Devil!"—'tis a cruel journey to send a few miserables; and they have had sufferings enough without it. I always think it better to take a few sous out in my hand; and I would counsel every gentle traveller to do so likewise: he need not be so exact in setting down his motives for giving them;—they will be register'd elsewhere.

For my own part, there is no man gives so little as I do; for few, that I know, have so little to give: but as this was the first public act of my charity in France, I took the more notice of it.

——A well-a-way! said I,—I have but eight sous in the world, showing them in my hand, and there are eight poor men and eight poor women for 'em.

A poor tattered soul, without a shirt on, instantly withdrew his claim, by retiring two steps out of the circle, and making a disqualifying bow on his part. Had the whole *parterre* cried out, *Place aux dames*, with one voice, it would not have conveyed the sentiment of a deference for the sex with half the effect.

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Just Heaven! for what wise reasons hast Thou ordered it, that beggary and urbanity, which are at such variance in other countries, should find a way to be at unity in this?

I insisted upon presenting him with a single sous, merely for his *politesse.*

A poor little dwarfish, brisk fellow, who stood over against me in the circle, putting something first under his arm, which had once been a hat, took his snuff-box out of his pocket, and generously offer'd a pinch on both sides of him: it was a gift of consequence, and modestly declined.—The poor little fellow press'd it upon them with a nod of welcomeness.——*Prenez-en,—prenez,* said he, looking another way; so they each took a pinch.——Pity thy box should ever want one, said I to myself; so I put a couple of sous into it,—taking a small pinch out of his box to enhance their value, as I did it.——He felt the weight of the second obligation more than of the first,—'twas doing him an honour,—the other was only doing him a charity;—and he made me a bow to the ground for it.

——Here! said I to an old soldier with one hand, who had been campaign'd and worn out to death in the service,—here's a couple of sous for thee.——*Vive le Roi!* said the old soldier.

I had then but three sous left: so I gave one simply *pour l'amour de Dieu,* which was the footing on which it was begg'd.——The poor woman had a dislocated hip; so it could not be well upon any other motive.

Mon cher et très-charitable Monsieur.——There's no opposing this, said I.

My Lord Anglois;—the very sound was worth the money;—so I gave *my last sous for it.* But, in the eagerness of giving, I had overlooked a *pauvre honteux,* who had no one to ask a sous for him, and who, I believe, would have perish'd ere he could have ask'd one for himself: he stood by the chaise, a little without the circle, and wiped a tear from a face which I thought had seen better days.——Good God! said I, and I have not one single sous left to give him.——But you have a thousand! cried all the powers of

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Nature, stirring within me;—so I gave him——no matter what,—I am ashamed to say *how much* now,—and was ashamed to think how little then; so, if the reader can form any conjecture of my disposition, as these two fixed points are given him, he may judge within a livre or two what was the precise sum.

I could afford nothing for the rest, but *Dieu vous bénisse!* ——*Et le bon Dieu vous bénisse encore*, said the old soldier, the dwarf, &c. The *pauvre honteux* could say nothing;—he pull'd out a little handkerchief and wiped his face as he turned away;—and I thought he thanked me more than them all.

THE BIDET.

HAVING settled all these little matters, I got into my post-chaise with more ease than ever I got into a post-chaise in my life; and La Fleur having got one large jack-boot on the far side of a little *bidet*,* and another on this (for I count nothing of his legs)—he canter'd away before me as happy and as perpendicular as a prince.

—But what is happiness! what is grandeur in this painted scene of life!—A dead ass, before we had got a league, put a sudden stop to La Fleur's career;—his bidet would not pass by it,—a contention arose betwixt them, and the poor fellow was kick'd out of his jack-boots the very first kick.

La Fleur bore his fall like a French Christian, saying neither more nor less upon it than *Diable!* so presently got up, and came to the charge again astride his bidet, beating him up to it as he would have beat his drum.

The bidet flew from one side of the road to the other, then back again,—then this way,—then that way, and, in short, every way but by the dead ass:—La Fleur insisted upon the thing,—and the bidet threw him.

——What's the matter, La Fleur, said I, with this bidet of thine?——*Monsieur*, said he, *c'est un cheval le plus*

* Post-horse.

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opiniâtre du monde——Nay, if he is a conceited beast, he must go his own way, replied I.——So La Fleur got off with him, and giving him a good sound lash, the bidet took me at my word, and away he scampered back to Montreuil. ——*Peste!* said La Fleur.

It is not *mal-à-propos* to take notice here, that though La Fleur availed himself but of two different terms of exclamation in this encounter,—namely, *Diable!* and *Peste!* that there are, nevertheless, three in the French language, like the positive, comparative, and superlative, one or the other of which serve for every unexpected throw of the dice of life.

Le Diable! which is the first and positive degree, is generally used in ordinary emotions of the mind, where small things only fall out contrary to your expectations,—such as—the throwing one's doublets,—La Fleur's being kick'd off his horse, and so forth.—Cuckoldom, for the same reason, is always—*Le Diable!*

But, in cases where the cast has something provoking in it, as in that of the Bidet's running away after, and leaving La Fleur aground in jack-boots,—'tis the second degree;

'Tis then *Peste!*

And for the third—

——But here my heart is wrung with pity and fellow-feeling, when I reflect what miseries must have been their lot, and how bitterly so refined a people must have smarted to have forced them upon the use of it.

Grant me, O ye powers which touch the tongue with eloquence in distress!—whatever is my *cast*, grant me but decent words to exclaim in, and I will give my nature away.

—But as these were not to be had in France, I resolved to take every evil just as it befell me, without any exclamation at all.

La Fleur, who had made no such covenant with himself, followed the bidet with his eyes till it was got out of sight, —and then, you may imagine, if you please, with what word he closed the whole affair.

As there was no hunting down a frighten'd horse in jack-

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boots, there remained no alternative but taking La Fleur either behind the chase, or into it.—

I preferred the latter, and in half an hour we got to the post-house at Nampont.

NAMPONT.

THE DEAD ASS.

——AND this, said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet,—and this should have been thy portion, said he, hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me.——I thought, by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child; but 'twas to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead in the road, which had occasioned La Fleur's misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was sitting upon a stone bench at the door, with the ass's pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time,—then laid them down,—look'd at them and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it, held it some time in his hand,—then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle,—look'd wistfully at the little arrangement he had made,—and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur amongst the rest, whilst the horses were getting ready: as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

——He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the furthest borders of Franconia; and had got so far on his return home when his ass died. Every one seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

——It had pleased Heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having, in one week, lost two of the eldest of them by the small-pox,

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and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all; and made a vow, if Heaven would not take him from him also, he would go, in gratitude, to St. Iago in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far on his story, he stopp'd to pay Nature a tribute,—and wept bitterly.

He said, Heaven had accepted the conditions, and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey;—that it had ate the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Everybody who stood about heard the poor fellow with concern.—La Fleur offered him money.——The mourner said he did not want it;—it was not the value of the ass, but the loss of him. The ass, he said, he was assured, loved him;—and, upon this, told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean Mountains, which had separated them from each other three days; during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass; and that they had scarce either ate or drank till they met.

——Thou hast one comfort, friend, said I, at least, in the loss of thy poor beast,—I'm sure thou hast been a merciful master to him.——Alas! said the mourner, I thought so when he was alive;—but now that he is dead, I think otherwise.—I fear the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too much for him;—they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for.——Shame on the world! said I to myself.——Did we but love each other as this poor soul loved his ass,—'twould be something.——

NAMPONT.

THE POSTILLION.

THE concern which the poor fellow's story threw me into, required some attention: the postillion paid not the least to it, but set off upon the *pavé* in a full gallop.

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The thirstiest soul in the most sandy desert of Arabia could not have wished more for a cup of cold water than mine did for grave and quiet movements; and I should have had an high opinion of the postillion had he but stolen off with me in something like a pensive pace.—On the contrary, as the mourner finished his lamentation, the fellow gave an unfeeling lash to each of his beasts, and set off clattering like a thousand Devils.

I called to him as loud as I could for Heaven's sake to go slower:—and the louder I called, the more unmercifully he galloped.——The deuce take him and his galloping too, said I; he'll go on tearing my nerves to pieces till he has worked me into a foolish passion; and then he'll go slow, that I may enjoy the sweets of it.

The postillion managed the point to a miracle: by the time he had got to the foot of a steep hill, about half a league from Nampont,—he had put me out of temper with him,—and then with myself for being so.

My case then required a different treatment; and a good rattling gallop would have been of real service to me.

——Then, prithee, get on,—get on, my good lad, said I.

——The postillion pointed to the hill.——I then tried to return back to the story of the poor German and his ass;—but I had broke the clue,—and could no more get into it again than the postillion could into a trot.

——The deuce go, said I, with it all! Here am I, sitting as calmly disposed to make the best of the worst as ever wight was, and all runs counter.

There is one sweet lenitive at least for evils, which Nature holds out to us: so I took it kindly at her hands and fell asleep; and the first word which roused me was Amiens.

——Bless me! said I, rubbing my eyes,—this is the very town where my poor lady is to come.

AMIENS.

THE words were scarce out of my mouth when the Count de L***'s post-chaise, with his sister in it, drove hastily by:

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she had just time to make me a bow of recognition,—and of that particular kind of it which told me she had not yet done with me. She was as good as her look; for, before I quite finished my supper, her brother's servant came into the room with a billet, in which she said she had taken the liberty to charge me with a letter, which I was to present myself to Madame R***, the first morning I had nothing to do at Paris. There was only added, she was sorry, but from what *penchant* she had not considered, that she had been prevented telling me her story,—that she still owed it me; and if my route should ever lay through Brussels, and I had not by then forgot the name of Madame de L***,—that Madame de L*** would be glad to discharge her obligation.

——Then I will meet thee, said I, fair spirit! at Brussels; —'tis only returning from Italy, through Germany to Holland, by the route of Flanders, home;—'twill scarce be ten posts out of my way; but were it ten thousand! with what a moral delight will it crown my journey, in sharing in the sickening incidents of a tale of misery told to me by such a sufferer. To see her weep, and, though I cannot dry up the fountain of her tears, what an exquisite sensation is there still left, in wiping them away from off the cheeks of the first and fairest of women, as I'm sitting with my handkerchief in my hand in silence the whole night beside her!

There was nothing wrong in the sentiment; and yet I instantly reproached my heart with it in the bitterest and most reprobate of expressions.

It had ever, as I told the reader, been one of the singular blessings of my life, to be almost every hour of it miserably in love with some one: and my last flame happening to be blown out by a whiff of jealousy on the sudden turn of a corner, I had lighted it up afresh at the pure taper of Eliza but about three months before,—swearing, as I did it, that it should last me through the whole journey.—Why should I dissemble the matter? I had sworn to her eternal fidelity; —she had a right to my whole heart:—to divide my affections was to lessen them;—to expose them, was to risk

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them; where there is risk, there may be loss:—and what wilt thou have, Yorick, to answer to a heart so full of trust and confidence,—so good, so gentle, and unreproaching!

——I will not go to Brussels, replied I, interrupting myself;—but my imagination went on,—I recalled her looks at that crisis of our separation, when neither of us had power to say adieu! I look'd at the picture she had tied in a black riband about my neck,—and blush'd as I look'd at it.—I would have given the world to have kiss'd it,—but was ashamed;—and shall this tender flower, said I, pressing it between my hands,—shall it be smitten to its very root,—and smitten, Yorick! by thee, who hast promised to shelter it in thy breast?

Eternal Fountain of Happiness! said I, kneeling down upon the ground,—be thou my witness,—and every pure spirit which tastes it, be my witness also, That I would not travel to Brussels, unless Eliza went along with me, did the road lead me towards Heaven!

In transports of this kind, the heart, in spite of the understanding, will always say too much.

THE LETTER.

AMIENS.

FORTUNE had not smiled upon La Fleur; for he had been unsuccessful in his feats of chivalry,—and not one thing had offered to signalise his zeal for my service from the time he had entered into it, which was almost four-and-twenty hours. The poor soul burn'd with impatience; and the Count de L——'s servant coming with the letter, being the first practicable occasion which offered, La Fleur had laid hold of it, and, in order to do honour to his master, had taken him into a back-parlour in the *auberge*, and treated him with a cup or two of the best wine in Picardy; and the Count de L——'s servant, in return, not to be behindhand in politeness with La Fleur, had taken him back with him to the

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Count's hotel. La Fleur's *prevenancy* (for there was a passport in his very looks) soon set every servant in the kitchen at ease with him; and as a Frenchman, whatever be his talents, has no sort of prudery in showing them, La Fleur, in less than five minutes, had pulled out his fife, and, leading off the dance himself with the first note, set the *fille de chambre*, the *maître d'hôtel*, the cook, the scullion, and all the household, dogs and cats, besides an old monkey, a-dancing! I suppose there never was a merrier kitchen since the flood.

Madame de L——, in passing from her brother's apartments to her own, hearing so much jollity below stairs, rung up her *fille de chambre* to ask about it; and hearing it was the English gentleman's servant who had set the whole house merry with his pipe, she ordered him up.

As the poor fellow could not present himself empty, he had loaden'd himself in going upstairs with a thousand compliments to Madame de L——, on the part of his master,—added a long apocrypha of inquiries after Madame de L——'s health,—told her that Monsieur his master was *au désespoire* for her re-establishment from the fatigues of the journey,—and, to close all, that Monsieur had received a letter which Madame had done him the honour——And he has done me the honour, said Madame de L——, interrupting La Fleur, to send a billet in return.

Madame de L—— had said this with such a tone of reliance upon the fact, that La Fleur had not power to disappoint her expectations;—he trembled for my honour,—and, possibly, might not altogether be unconcerned for his own sake, as a man capable of being attached to a master who could be wanting *en égards vis à vis d'une femme!* so that, when Madame de L—— asked La Fleur if he had brought a letter,——*O qu'oui*, said La Fleur; so laying down his hat upon the ground, and taking hold of the flap of his right side-pocket with his left hand, he began to search for the letter with his right;—then contrarywise.—*Diable!*—then sought every pocket, pocket by pocket, round; not forgetting his fob:—*Peste!*—Then La Fleur emptied them

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upon the floor,—pulled out a dirty cravat,—a handkerchief,—a comb,—a whip-lash,—a night-cap,—then gave a peep into his hat,—*Quelle étourderie!* He had left the letter upon the table in the *auberge;*—he would run for it, and be back with it in three minutes.

I had just finished my supper when La Fleur came in to give me an account of his adventure: he told the whole story simple as it was; and only added, that if Monsieur had forgot (*par hazard*) to answer Madame's letter, the arrangement gave him an opportunity to recover the *faux pas;*—and if not, that things were only as they were.

Now, I was not altogether sure of my *etiquette*, whether I ought to have wrote or no; but if I had,—a Devil himself could not have been angry: 'twas but the officious zeal of a well-meaning creature for my honour; and however he might have mistook the road, or embarrassed me in so doing,—his heart was in no fault,—I was under no necessity to write;—and, what weighed more than all,—he did not look as if he had done amiss.

——'Tis very well, La Fleur, said I.——'Twas sufficient. La Fleur flew out of the room like lightning, and return'd with pen, ink, and paper in his hand; and, coming up to the table, laid them close before me, with such a delight in his countenance, that I could not help taking up the pen.

I began, and began again; and though I had nothing to say, and that nothing might have been expressed in half-a-dozen lines, I made half-a-dozen different beginnings, and could no way please myself.

In short, I was in no mood to write.

La Fleur stepp'd out and brought a little water in a glass to dilute my ink,—then fetched sand and seal-wax.—It was all one; I wrote, and blotted, and tore off, and burnt, and wrote again.—*Le Diable l'emporte*, said I half to myself,—I cannot write this self-same letter, throwing the pen down despairingly as I said it.

As soon as I had cast down my pen, La Fleur advanced with the most respectful carriage up to the table, and, making a thousand apologies for the liberty he was going to

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take, told me he had a letter in his pocket, wrote by a drummer in his regiment to a Corporal's wife, which, he dare say, would suit the occasion.

I had a mind to let the poor fellow have his humour.—— Then, prithee, said I, let me see it.

La Fleur instantly pulled out a little dirty pocket-book, cramm'd full of small letters and billet-doux in a sad condition; and laying it upon the table, and then untying the string which held them all together, run them over one by one, till he came to the letter in question,—*La voila!* said he, clapping his hands; so unfolding it first, he laid it before me, and retired three steps from the table whilst I read it.

THE LETTER.

Madame,

Je suis pénétré de la douleur la plus vive, et réduit en même temps au désespoir par ce retour imprévû du Corporal, qui rend notre entrevûe de ce soir la chose du monde la plus impossible.

Mais vive la joie! et toute la mienne sera de penser à vous.

L'amour n'est *rien* sans sentiment.

Et le sentiment est encore *moins* sans amour.

On dit aussi que Monsieur le Corporal monte le garde Mercredi: alors ce sera mon tour.

Chacun à son tour.

En attendant—Vive l'amour! et vive la bagatelle!

Je suis, Madame,
Avec toutes les sentiments les plus
respectueux et les plus tendres,
tout à vous,

JAQUES ROQUE.

It was but changing the Corporal into the Count,—and saying nothing about mounting guard on Wednesday,—and the letter was neither right nor wrong;—so to gratify

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the poor fellow, who stood trembling for my honour, his own, and the honour of his letter,—I took the cream gently off, and, whipping it up in my own way,—seal'd it up, and sent it to Madame de L——; and the next morning we pursued our journey to Paris.

PARIS.

WHEN a man can contest the point by dint of equipage, and carry on all floundering before him with half-a-dozen lackeys and a couple of cooks,—'tis very well in such a place as Paris,—he may drive in at which end of a street he will.

A poor prince, who is weak in cavalry, and whose whole infantry does not exceed a single man, had best quit the field, and signalise himself in the cabinet, if he can get up into it,—I say *up into it*,—for there is no descending perpendicularly amongst 'em with a "*Me voici mes enfans*,"—here I am,—whatever many may think.

I own, my first sensations, as soon as I was left solitary and alone in my own chamber in the hotel, were far from being so flattering as I had prefigured them. I walked up gravely to the window in my dusty black coat, and looking through the glass, saw all the world in yellow, blue, and green, running at the ring of pleasure.—The old, with broken lances, and in helmets which had lost their vizards;—the young, in armour bright, which shone like gold, beplumed with each gay feather of the east,—all,—all,—tilting at it like fascinated knights in tournaments of yore for fame and love.

——Alas! poor Yorick! cried I, what art thou doing here? On the very first onset of all this glittering clatter, thou art reduced to an atom;—seek,—seek some winding alley, with a tourniquet at the end of it, where chariot never rolled nor flambeaux shot its rays;—there thou mayest solace thy soul in converse sweet with some kind *grisette* of a barber's wife, and get into such coteries?—

——May I perish, if I do! said I, pulling out a letter

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which I had to present to Madame de R***.—I'll wait upon this lady the very first thing I do. So I called La Fleur to go seek me a barber directly,—and come back and brush my coat.

THE WIG.

PARIS.

When the barber came, he absolutely refused to have anything to do with my wig: 'twas either above or below his art: I had nothing to do but take one ready made, of his own recommendation.

——But I fear, friend, said I, this buckle won't stand. ——You may immerge it, replied he, into the ocean, and it will stand.

What a great scale is everything upon in this city! thought I.—The utmost stretch of an English periwig-maker's ideas could have gone no further than to have "dipp'd it into a pail of water."—What difference! 'tis like time to eternity!

I confess I do hate all cold conceptions, as I do the puny ideas which engender them; and I am generally so struck with the great works of Nature, that, for my own part, if I could help it, I never would make a comparison less than a mountain at least. All that can be said against the French sublime in this instance of it, is this:—That the grandeur is *more* in the *word*, and *less* in the *thing*. No doubt the ocean fills the mind with vast ideas; but Paris being so far inland, it was not likely I should run post a hundred miles out of it to try the experiment:—the Parisian barber meant nothing.

The pail of water standing beside the great deep, makes certainly but a very sorry figure in speech;—but 'twill be said,—it has one advantage—'tis in the next room, and the truth of the buckle may be tried in it, without more ado, in a single moment.

In honest truth, and upon a more candid revision of the

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matter, *The French expression professes more than it performs.*

I think I can see the precise and distinguishing marks of national characters more in these nonsensical *minutiæ*, than in the most important matters of state; where great men of all nations talk and talk so much alike, that I would not give ninepence to choose amongst them.

I was so long in getting from under my barber's hands, that it was too late to think of going with my letter to Madame R—— that night: but when a man is once dressed at all points for going out, his reflections turn to little account; so taking down the name of the Hôtel de Moderne, where I lodged, I walked forth, without any determination where to go;—I shall consider of that, said I, as I walk along.

THE PULSE.

PARIS.

HAIL, ye small sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do ye make the road of it! like grace and beauty, which beget inclinations to love at first sight: 'tis ye who open the door, and let the stranger in.

——Pray, Madam, said I, have the goodness to tell me which way I must turn to go to the *Opera Comique.*—— Most willingly, Monsieur, said she, laying aside her work.

I had given a cast with my eye into half-a-dozen shops as I came along, in search of a face not likely to be disordered by such an interruption; till, at last, this hitting my fancy, I had walked in.

She was working a pair of ruffles as she sat in a low chair on the far side of the shop facing the door.

——*Tres volontiers*—most willingly, said she, laying her work down upon a chair next her, and rising up from the low chair she was sitting in, with so cheerful a movement and so cheerful a look, that, had I been laying out fifty Louis d'ors with her, I should have said—"This woman is grateful."

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You must turn, Monsieur, said she, going with me to the door of the shop, and pointing the way down the street I was to take,—you must turn first to your left hand,—*mais prenez garde*—there are two turns; and be so good as to take the second,—then go down a little way and you'll see a church, and when you are past it, give yourself the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead you to the foot of the *Pont Neuf*, which you must cross, and there any one will do himself the pleasure to show you.

She repeated her instructions three times over to me, with the same good-natur'd patience the third time as the first;—and if *tones and manners* have a meaning, which certainly they have, unless to hearts which shut them out,—she seemed really interested that I should not lose myself.

I will not suppose it was the woman's beauty, notwithstanding she was the handsomest *grisette*, I think, I ever saw, which had much to do with the sense I had of her courtesy; only I remember, when I told her how much I was obliged to her, that I looked very full in her eyes,—and that I repeated my thanks as often as she had done her instructions.

I had not got ten paces from the door, before I found I had forgot every tittle of what she had said;—so looking back, and seeing her still standing in the door of the shop, as if to look whether I went right or not,—I returned back, to ask her whether the first turn was to my right or left, for that I had absolutely forgot.——Is it possible! said she, half laughing.—'Tis very possible, replied I, when a man is thinking more of a woman than of her good advice.

As this was the real truth, she took it, as every woman takes a matter of right, with a slight courtesy.

——*Attendez*, said she, laying her hand upon my arm to detain me, whilst she called a lad out of the back-shop to get ready a parcel of gloves. I am just going to send him, said she, with a packet into that quarter; and if you will have the complaisance to step in, it will be ready in a moment, and he shall attend you to the place. So I walked in with her to the far side of the shop; and taking up the

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ruffle in my hand which she laid upon the chair, as if I had a mind to sit, she sat down herself in her low chair, and I instantly sat myself down beside her.

He will be ready, Monsieur, said she, in a moment.—— And in that moment, replied I, most willingly would I say something very civil to you for all these courtesies. Any one may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of the temperature; and certainly, added I, if it is the same blood which comes from the heart, which descends to the extremes (touching her wrist), I am sure you must have one of the best pulses of any woman in the world. Feel it, said she, holding out her arm. So laying down my hat, I took hold of her fingers in one hand, and applied the two forefingers of my other to the artery.

Would to heaven! my dear Eugenius, thou hadst passed by, and beheld me sitting in my black coat, and in my lackadaisical manner, counting the throbs of it, one by one, with as much true devotion as if I had been watching the critical ebb or flow of her fever! How wouldst thou have laughed and moralised upon my new profession!—and thou shouldst have laughed and moralised on.—Trust me, my dear Eugenius, I should have said "there are worse occupations in this world *than feeling a woman's pulse.*"—But a *grisette's!* thou wouldst have said,—and in an open shop, Yorick!—

—So much the better: for when my views are direct, Eugenius, I care not if all the world saw me feel it.

THE HUSBAND.

PARIS.

I HAD counted twenty pulsations, and was going on fast towards the fortieth, when her husband coming unexpected from a back-parlour into the shop, put me a little out in my reckoning.——'Twas nobody but her husband, she said

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—so I began a fresh score.—Monsieur is so good, quoth she, as he passed by us, as to give himself the trouble of feeling my pulse.——The husband took off his hat, and making me a bow, said, I did him too much honour; and having said that, he put on his hat and walked out.

Good God! said I to myself, as he went out,—and can this man be the husband of this woman!

Let it not torment the few who know what must have been the grounds of this exclamation, if I explain it to those who do not.

In London, a shopkeeper and a shopkeeper's wife seem to be one bone and one flesh. In the several endowments of mind and body, sometimes the one, sometimes the other has it, so as in general to be upon a par, and to tally with each other as nearly as a man and wife need to do.

In Paris, there are scarce two orders of beings more different: for the legislative and executive powers of the shop not resting in the husband, he seldom comes there:—in some dark and dismal room behind, he sits commerceless in his thrum night-cap, the same rough son of Nature that Nature left him.

The genius of a people where nothing but the monarchy is salique, having ceded this department, with sundry others, totally to the women—by a continual higgling with customers of all ranks and sizes from morning to night, like so many rough pebbles shook long together in a bag, by amicable collisions, they have worn down their asperities and sharp angles, and not only become round and smooth, but will receive, some of them, a polish like a brilliant.—Monsieur *le Mari* is little better than the stone under your foot.

—Surely,—surely, man! it is not good for thee to sit alone;—thou wast made for social intercourse and gentle greetings; and this improvement of our natures from it, I appeal to, as my evidence.

—And how does it beat, Monsieur? said she.——With all the benignity, said I, looking quietly in her eyes, that I expected.——She was going to say something civil in

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return, but the lad came into the shop with the gloves.—*À propos*, said I, I want a couple of pairs myself.

THE GLOVES.

PARIS.

The beautiful *grisette* rose up when I said this, and, going behind the counter, reached down a parcel and untied it: I advanced to the side over against her: they were all too large. The beautiful *grisette* measured them one by one across my hand.—It would not alter the dimensions.—She begged I would try a single pair, which seemed to be the least. She held it open;—my hand slipped into it at once.—It will not do, said I, shaking my head a little.—No, said she, doing the same thing.

There are certain combined looks of simple subtlety,—where whim, and sense, and seriousness, and nonsense, are so blended, that all the languages of Babel set loose together, could not express them:—they are communicated and caught so instantaneously, that you can scarce say which party is the infector. I leave it to your men of words to swell pages about it,—it is enough in the present to say again, the gloves would not do; so folding our hands within our arms, we both loll'd upon the counter;—it was narrow, and there was just room for the parcel to lie between us.

The beautiful *grisette* looked sometimes at the gloves, then sideways to the window, then at the gloves,—and then at me. I was not disposed to break silence;—I followed her example: so I looked at the gloves, then to the window, then at the gloves, and then at her,—and so on alternately.

I found I lost considerably in every attack:—she had a quick black eye, and shot through two such long and silken eyelashes with such penetration, that she looked into my very heart and reins.—It may seem strange; but I could actually feel she did.

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It is no matter, said I, taking up a couple of the pairs next me, and putting them into my pocket.

I was sensible the beautiful *grisette* had not asked above a single livre beyond the price. I wished she had asked a livre more; and was puzzling my brains how to bring the matter about.—Do you think, my dear Sir, said she, mistaking my embarrassment, that I could ask a sous too much of a stranger—and of a stranger whose politeness, more than his want of gloves, has done me the honour to lay himself at my mercy?—*M'en croyez capable?*—Faith! not I, said I; and if you were, you are welcome. So counting the money into her hand, and with a lower bow than one generally makes to a shopkeeper's wife, I went out; and her lad with the parcel followed me.

THE TRANSLATION.

PARIS.

THERE was nobody in the box I was let into, but a kindly old French officer. I love the character, not only because I honour the man whose manners are softened by a profession which makes bad men worse, but that I once knew one,—for he is no more,—and why should I not rescue one page from violation by writing his name in it, and telling the world it was Captain Tobias Shandy, the dearest of my flock and friends, whose philanthropy I never think of at this long distance from his death, but my eyes gush out with tears. For his sake, I have a predilection for the whole corps of veterans; and so I strode over the two back rows of benches, and placed myself beside him.

The old officer was reading attentively a small pamphlet (it might be the book of the opera) with a large pair of spectacles. As soon as I sat down, he took his spectacles off, and putting them into a shagreen case, returned them and the book into his pocket together. I half rose up, and made him a bow.

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Translate this into any civilised language in the world, the sense is this:—

"Here's a poor stranger come into the box: he seems as if he knew nobody; and is never likely, was he to be seven years in Paris, if every man he comes near keeps his spectacles upon his nose:—'tis shutting the door of conversation absolutely in his face, and using him worse than a German."

The French officer might as well have said it all aloud: and if he had, I should in course have put the bow I made him into French too, and told him, "I was sensible of his attention, and returned him a thousand thanks for it."

There is not a secret so aiding to the progress of sociality, as to get master of this *shorthand*, and to be quick in rendering the several turns of looks and limbs, with all their inflections and delineations, into plain words. For my own part, by long habitude, I do it so mechanically, that when I walk the streets of London, I go translating all the way; and have more than once stood behind the circle, where not three words have been said, and have brought off twenty different dialogues with me, which I could have fairly wrote down and sworn to.

I was going one evening to Martini's concert at Milan, and was entering the door of the hall, when the Marquisina de F*** was coming out in a sort of a hurry:—she was almost upon me before I saw her; so I gave a spring to one side, to let her pass. She had done the same, and on the same side too: so we ran our heads together: she instantly got to the other side to get out: I was just as unfortunate as she had been; for I had sprung to that side, and opposed her passage again. We both flew together to the other side, and then back,—and so on:—it was ridiculous: we both blushed intolerably; so I did at last the thing I should have done at first;—I stood stock still, and the Marquisina had no more difficulty. I had no power to go into the room till I had made her so much reparation as to wait and follow her with my eye to the end of the passage. She looked back twice, and walked along it

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rather sideways, as if she would make room for any one coming upstairs to pass her.—No, said I, that's a vile translation: the Marquisina has a right to the best apology I can make her; and that opening is left for me to do it in:—so I ran and begged pardon for the embarrassment I had given her, saying it was my intention to have made her way. She answered, she was guided by the same intention towards me;—so we reciprocally thanked each other. She was at the top of the stairs; and seeing no *cicisbeo* near her, I begged to hand her to her coach;—so we went down the stairs, stopping at every third step to talk of the concert and the adventure.—Upon my word, Madam, said I, when I had handed her in, I made six different efforts to let you go out.—And I made six efforts, replied she, to let you enter.—I wish to heaven you would make a seventh, said I. With all my heart, said she, making room.—Life is too short to be long about the forms of it;—so I instantly stepped in, and she carried me home with her. ——And what became of the concert, St. Cecilia, who, I suppose, was at it, knows more than I.

I will only add, that the connection which arose out of the translation, gave me more pleasure than any one I had the honour to make in Italy.

THE DWARF.

PARIS.

I HAD never heard the remark made by any one in my life, except by one; and who that was, will probably come out in this chapter; so that being pretty much unprepossessed, there must have been grounds for what struck me the moment I cast my eyes over the *parterre*,—and that was the unaccountable sport of Nature in forming such numbers of dwarfs.—No doubt she sports at certain times in almost every corner of the world; but in Paris, there is no end to

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her amusements.—The goddess seems almost as merry as she is wise.

As I carried my idea out of the *Opera Comique* with me, I measured everybody I saw walking in the streets by it.—Melancholy application! especially where the size was extremely little,—the face extremely dark,—the eyes quick,—the nose long,—the teeth white,—the jaw prominent,—to see so many miserables, by force of accidents, driven out of their own proper class into the very verge of another, which it gives me pain to write down:—every third man a pigmy!—some by rickety heads and humpbacks;—others by bandy-legs;—a third set arrested by the hand of Nature in the sixth and seventh years of their growth;—a fourth, in their perfect and natural state, like dwarf apple-trees; from the first rudiments and stamina of their existence, never meant to grow higher.

A Medical Traveller might say, 'tis owing to undue bandages;—a Splenetic one, to want of air;—and an Inquisitive Traveller, to fortify the system, may measure the height of their houses,—the narrowness of their streets, and in how few feet square in the sixth and seventh storeys such numbers of the *bourgeoisie* eat and sleep together. But I remember, Mr. Shandy the Elder, who accounted for nothing like anybody else, in speaking one evening of these matters, averred, That children, like other animals, might be increased almost to any size, provided they came right into the world; but the misery was, the citizens of Paris were so coop'd up, that they had not actually room enough to get them.—I do not call it getting anything, said he;—'tis getting nothing.—Nay, continued he, rising in his argument, 'tis getting worse than nothing, when all you have got, after twenty or five-and-twenty years of the tenderest care and most nutritious aliment bestowed upon it, shall not at last be as high as my leg. Now, Mr. Shandy being very short, there could be nothing more said of it.

As this is not a work of reasoning, I leave the solution as I found it, and content myself with the truth only of the remark, which is verified in every lane and bye-lane of Paris.

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—I was walking down that which leads from the Carousal to the Palais-Royal, and observing a little boy in some distress at the side of the gutter which ran down the middle of it, I took hold of his hand, and help'd him over. Upon turning up his face to look at him after, I perceived he was about forty.——Never mind, said I, some good body will do as much for me when I am ninety.

I feel some little principles within me, which incline me to be merciful towards this poor blighted part of my species, who have neither size nor strength to get on in the world. —I cannot bear to see one of them trod upon; and had scarce got seated beside my old French officer ere the disgust was exercised, by seeing the very thing happen under the box we sat in.

At the end of the orchestra, and betwixt that and the first side-box, there is a small esplanade left, where, when the house is full, numbers of all ranks take sanctuary. Though you stand, as in the *parterre*, you pay the same price as in the orchestra. A poor defenceless being of this order had got thrust, somehow or other, into this luckless place;—the night was hot, and he was surrounded by beings two feet and a half higher than himself. The dwarf suffered inexpressibly on all sides; but the thing which incommoded him most, was a tall, corpulent German, near seven feet high, who stood directly betwixt him and all possibility of his seeing either the stage or the actors. The poor dwarf did all he could to get a peep at what was going forwards, by seeking for some little opening betwixt the German's arm and his body, trying first on one side, then on the other; but the German stood square, in the most unaccommodating posture that can be imagined:—the dwarf might as well have been placed at the bottom of the deepest draw-well in Paris; so he civilly reach'd up his hand to the German's sleeve, and told him his distress.—The German turn'd his head back, look'd down upon him as Goliath did upon David,—and unfeelingly resumed his posture.

I was just then taking a pinch of snuff out of my monk's

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little horn-box.—And how would thy meek and courteous spirit, my dear monk! so temper'd to *bear and forbear!*—how sweetly would it have lent an ear to this poor soul's complaint.

The old French officer seeing me lift up my eyes with emotion, as I made the apostrophe, took the liberty to ask me what was the matter?——I told him the story in three words, and added, how inhuman it was.

By this time the dwarf was driven to extremes, and in his first transports, which are generally unreasonable, had told the German he would cut off his long queue with his knife.——The German look'd back coolly, and told him he was welcome, if he could reach it.

An injury sharpen'd by an insult, be it to whom it will, makes every man of sentiment a party: I could have leap'd out of the box to have redressed it.—The old French officer did it with much less confusion; for leaning a little over, and nodding to a sentinel, and pointing at the same time with his finger at the distress,—the sentinel made his way to it.—There was no occasion to tell the grievance,—the thing told itself; so, ~~trusting~~ back the German instantly with his musket,—he took the poor dwarf by the hand, and placed him before him.——This is noble! said I, clapping my hands together.——And yet you would not permit this, said the old officer, in England.

——In England, dear Sir, said I, *we sit all at our ease.*

The old French officer would have set me at unity with myself, in case I had been at variance, by saying it was a *bon mot*;—and as a *bon mot* is always worth something at Paris, he offered me a pinch of snuff.

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THE ROSE.

PARIS.

It was now my turn to ask the old French officer, "What was the matter?" for a cry of "*Haussez les mains, Monsieur l'Abbé!*" re-echoed from a dozen different parts of the *parterre*, was as unintelligible to me as my apostrophe to the monk had been to him.

He told me it was some poor Abbé in one of the upper *loges*, who he supposed had got planted *perdu* behind a couple of *grisettes*, in order to see the opera; and that the *parterre* espying him, were insisting upon his holding up both his hands during the representation.——And can it be supposed, said I, that an ecclesiastic would pick the *grisettes'* pockets?—The old French officer smiled, and, whispering in my ear, opened a door of knowledge which I had no idea of.

——Good God! said I, turning pale with astonishment, —is it possible, that a people so smit with sentiment should at the same time be so unclean, and so unlike themselves.—*Quelle grossierté!* added I.

——The French officer told me it was an illiberal sarcasm at the Church, which had begun in the theatre about the time the Tartuffe was given in it, by Moliere:—but, like other remains of Gothic manners, was declining.—Every nation, continued he, have their refinements and *grossiertés*, in which they take the lead, and lose it of one another by turns;—that he had been in most countries, but never in one where he found not some delicacies, which others seemed to want. *Le pour et le contre se trouvant en chaque nation!* there is a balance, said he, of good and bad everywhere; and nothing but the knowing it is so can emancipate one-half of the world from the prepossession which it holds against the other; that the advantage of travel, as it regarded the *sçavour vivre*, was by seeing a great deal both of men and manners; it taught us mutual toleration; and mutual toleration, concluded he, making me a bow, taught us mutual love.

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The old French officer delivered this with an air of such candour and good sense, as coincided with my first favourable impressions of his character:—I thought I loved the man; but I fear I mistook the object:—'twas my own way of thinking,—the difference was, I could not have expressed it half so well.

It is alike troublesome to both the rider and his beast,—if the latter goes pricking up his ears, and starting all the way at every object which he never saw before.—I have as little torment of this kind as any creature alive; yet I honestly confess, that many a thing gave me pain, and that I blush'd at many a word the first month,—which I found inconsequent and perfectly innocent the second.

Madame de Rambouliet, after an acquaintance of about six weeks with her, had done me the honour to take me in her coach about two leagues out of town.—Of all women, Madame de Rambouliet is the most correct; and I never wish to see one of more virtues and purity of heart.—In our return back, Madame de Rambouliet desired me to pull the cord.——I asked her if she wanted anything?——*Rien que pour pisser*, said Madame de Rambouliet.

Grieve not, gentle traveller, to let Madame de Rambouliet p—ss on. And ye, fair mystic nymphs, go each one *pluck your rose*, and scatter them in your path,—for Madame de Rambouliet did no more.—I handed Madame de Rambouliet out of the coach; and had I been the priest of the chaste *Castalia*, I could not have served at her fountain with a more respectful decorum.

END OF VOL. I.

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